March 12, 1932

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Talbert Josselyn - Zona Gale - William G. Shepherd - Gene Tunney

RCH 12, 1932

Kelvinator *alone* is fully automatic

No other electric refrigerator has four different, constant temperatures that are automatically controlled

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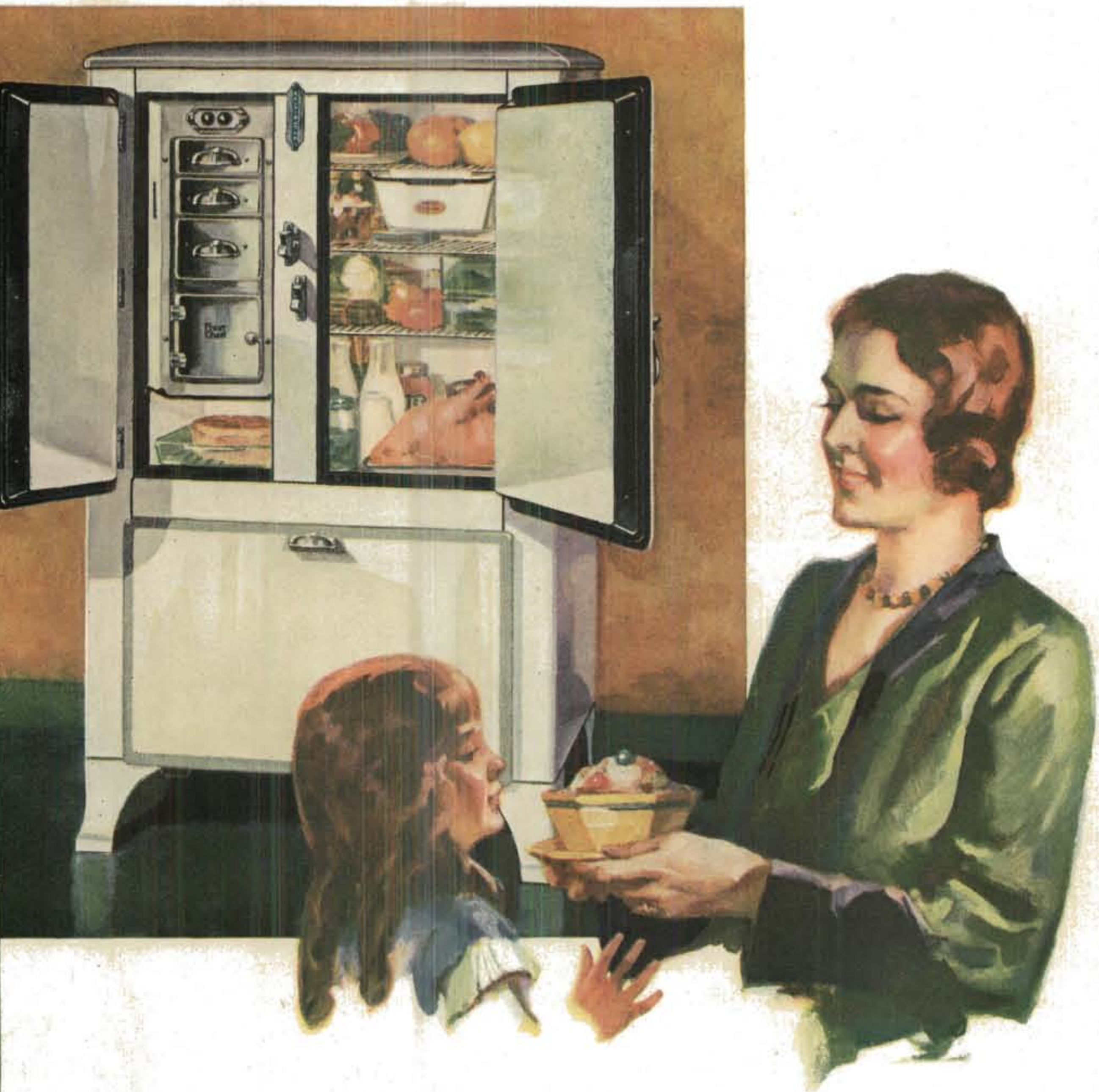

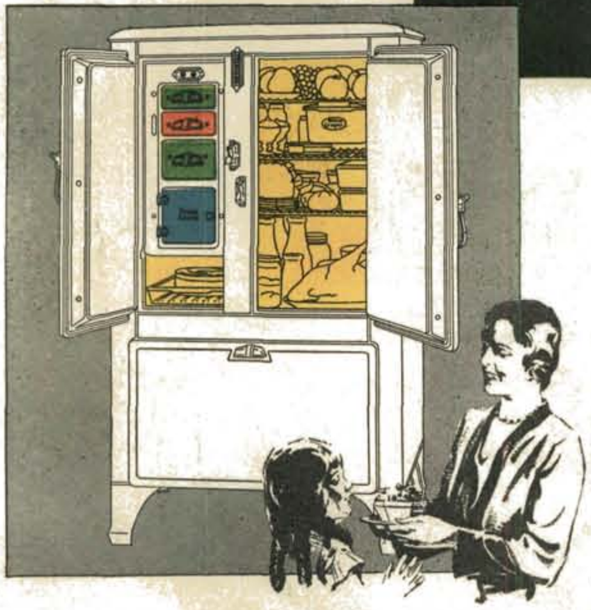

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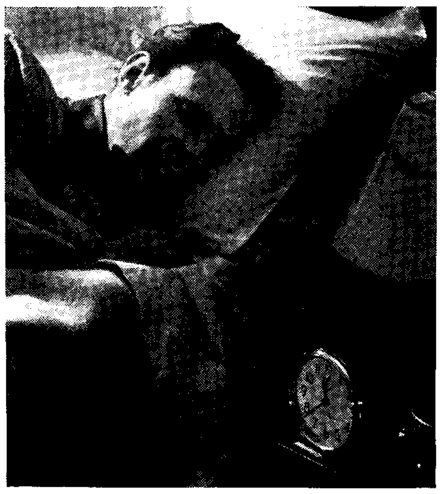

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This New Big Ben is *polite*

HE GETS YOU UP WITHOUT SCARING YOU HALF TO DEATH

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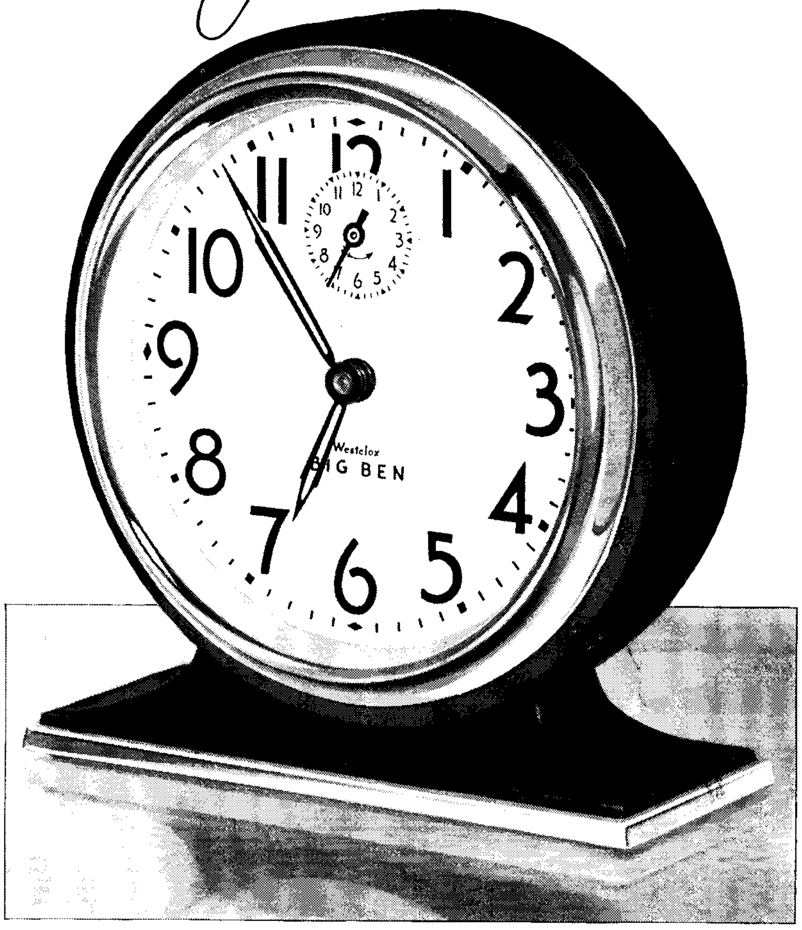

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BIG BEN

Chime Alarm

WITH 2 VOICES AND QUIET TICK

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THIS WEEK

March 12, 1932

Next Week

NOTWITHSTANDING his apparently genuine reluctance, Newton D. Baker's admirers continue to boost him toward the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. Mr. Baker has been so successful in keeping out of the limelight that most of us know little about him except that he was Secretary of War in President Wilson's cabinet. Even his record in that office has been obscured by time and partisan attack, although General Harbord (Republican) *said recently:* "My considered judgment is that Newton D. Baker was the greatest Secretary of War in war that our history has yet produced."

Collier's has asked George Creel to tell us about Mr. Baker—what sort of man he is, how his mind works, with what manner he bears praise and blame. As chairman of the Committee on Public Information Mr. Creel was associated with Mr. Baker throughout the war and we know of no man better fitted to write the article called "Newton D. Baker's Measure."

WE WERE beginning to feel apprehensive about the Lebbeter twins, Clem and Bert. It seemed obvious enough that Belle Temlow, the slickest marrier in the county, was after one of them. Their horrified, ineffectual efforts to escape would have amused the callous but our heart is too closely attuned to human suffering to laugh at the misfortunes of others.

Therefore we felt only relief when they asked their Uncle Amos for advice. Having remained a bachelor for fifty-seven years, he was manifestly an expert. As Uncle Amos himself said: "It ain't just an accident that I've kepp from getting ketched all these years. No, sir. It takes headwork to stay single."

So, with a qualified guide on the job, we settled down to read Hugh MacNair Kahler's story "Divided We Fall," confident that all would yet be well.

—

NOT that we are against marriage, you understand. Not at all. We merely want to see both parties consumed with ecstatic enthusiasm for the adventure. Lucian Cary's story, "The Cat's Away," is an example. It's about Mary Brown, a young man named Henry Jones, a set of unusual vicissitudes having to do with a burgled house and a bagful of stage money. But eventually that goofy look can be observed and one of them actually says something about two living cheaper than one. *That's* what makes business better for everybody.

—

COLLIER'S own retired heavyweight champion comes in his story to the eve of the event he had been working toward for seven years—a fight with Dempsey—and tells how he fortified himself physically and mentally for that combat.

—

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE, Arthur Train, Grantland Rice, Octavus Roy Cohen, Freling Foster and others knock your guard down with well-aimed shots.

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Page 7—Talbert Josselyn

Common Ground: East meets West on the municipal links.

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How Would You Play It? Calling the turn.

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Keep Up with the World: Facts from many lands.

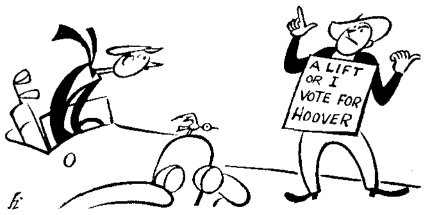
Page 62—Editorials

Any Week

IT JUST goes to show you. We and Gene Tunney too might have gone on indefinitely without knowing the facts about the turkey. No sooner had Mr. Tunney's autobiography reached the hands of our alert readers than letters deluged us with information that, no matter what Mr. Tunney says, his first punching bag was not the bladder from the family's Thanksgiving turkey. Even when Mr. Tunney was ten years old, they assure us, turkeys didn't have them. Of course it isn't our fault that turkeys don't have bladders; but we mentioned the matter to Mr. Tunney anyway and he was visibly affected. Bladder or what not, says he, it came out of that turkey. Furthermore, the thing that holds the air in a punching bag is called a bladder, whether anatomical or not, he insists, and, anyway, what of it?

—

SO WE pass on to Mr. Jordan E. Jones of Washington, D. C., who notifies us that recently while he was driving up from Florida he saw a determined gentleman at the roadside waving his arms at passing motorists. On his chest was a sign reading: "Give me a lift or I vote for Hoover."


A LIFT OR I VOTE FOR HOOVER

"I SEE," writes Mr. Raymond C. Hammond of Bemis, Tennessee, "that the football coaches have got together and decided that football is all right and the admirals have decided that a huge navy is highly desirable. Between you and me I wouldn't be surprised at all if the gangsters held a convention and decided that racketeering is okay."

—

MR. ED. B. MALLILIEU of Woonsocket, Rhode Island, sends us a copy of a letter he has written to Secretary of State Stimson. Mr. Mallilieu demands that Mr. Stimson cease "fooling around that war stuff." He insists that we find out what the World War was all about and who won it before taking on another. "Just socking a guy because he happens to be on your side of the street," writes Mr. Mallilieu, "isn't reasonable, yet that's what we're coming to."

—

AND Miss Grace D. Davis, head of the Department for the Blind at the Detroit Public Library, is utterly right when she thinks we would like to know that "a group of blind people spent a very hilarious half hour listening to Damon Runyon's story "For a Pal." She asks Mr. Runyon whether the story is based on an actual friendship of a blind man. It is.

—

"I'VE got it," cries Mr. Ben Grossup of San Francisco. "If you are running for public office you wait until you find how things are and what the crowd thinks it wants and then you come out strong for it no matter what your previous principles and conduct were."

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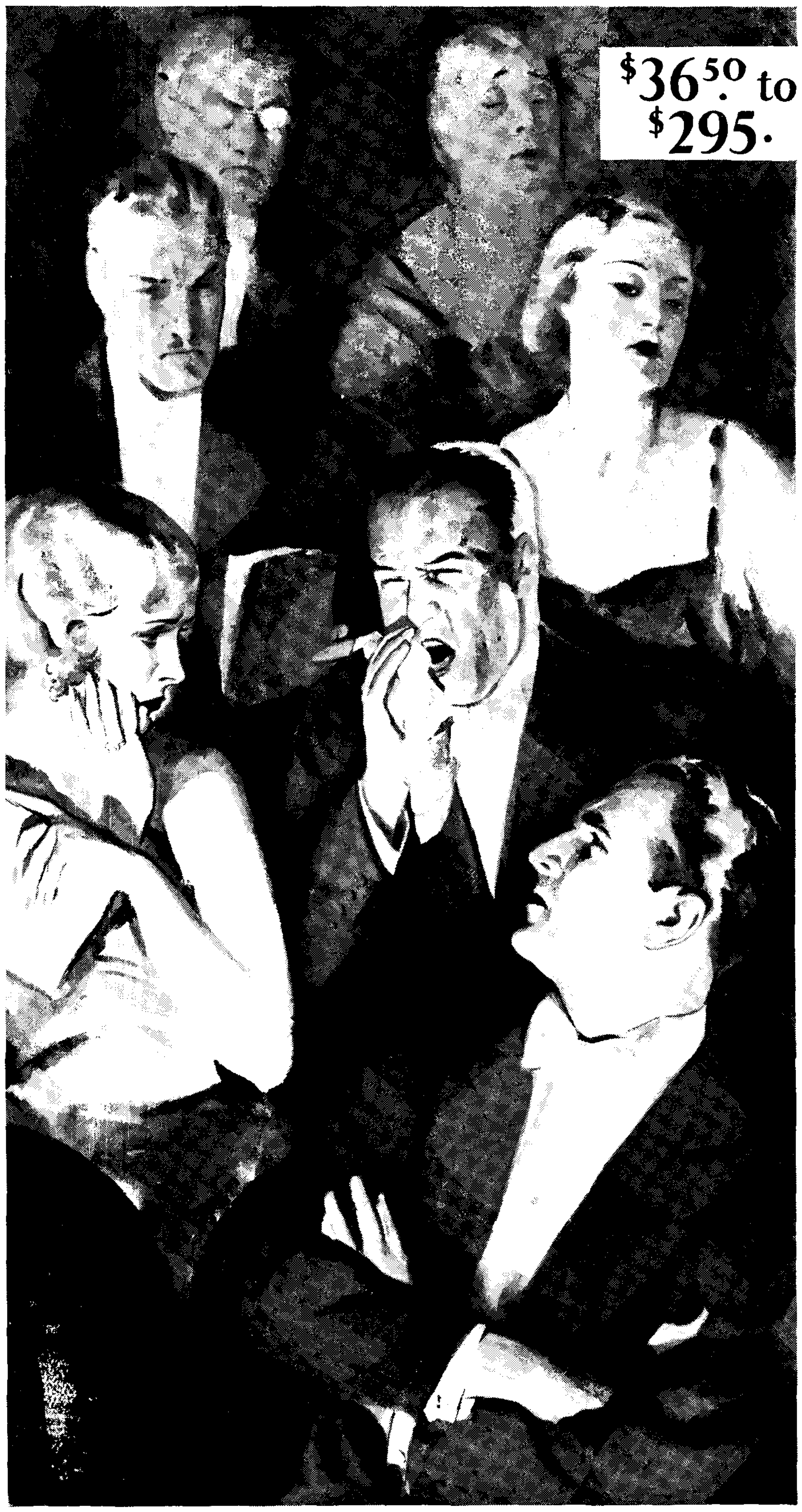

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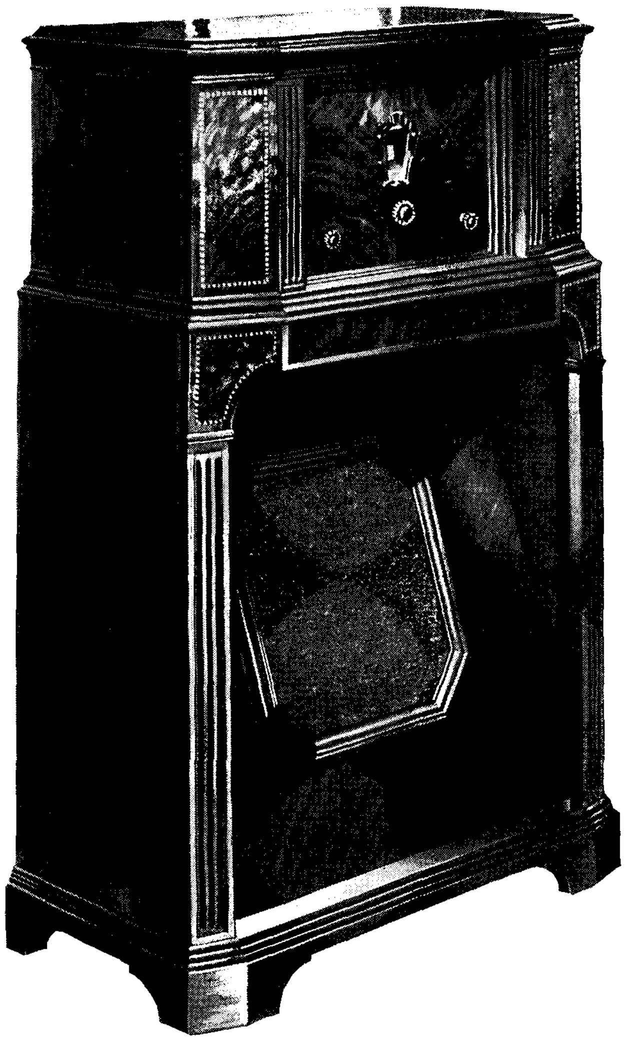

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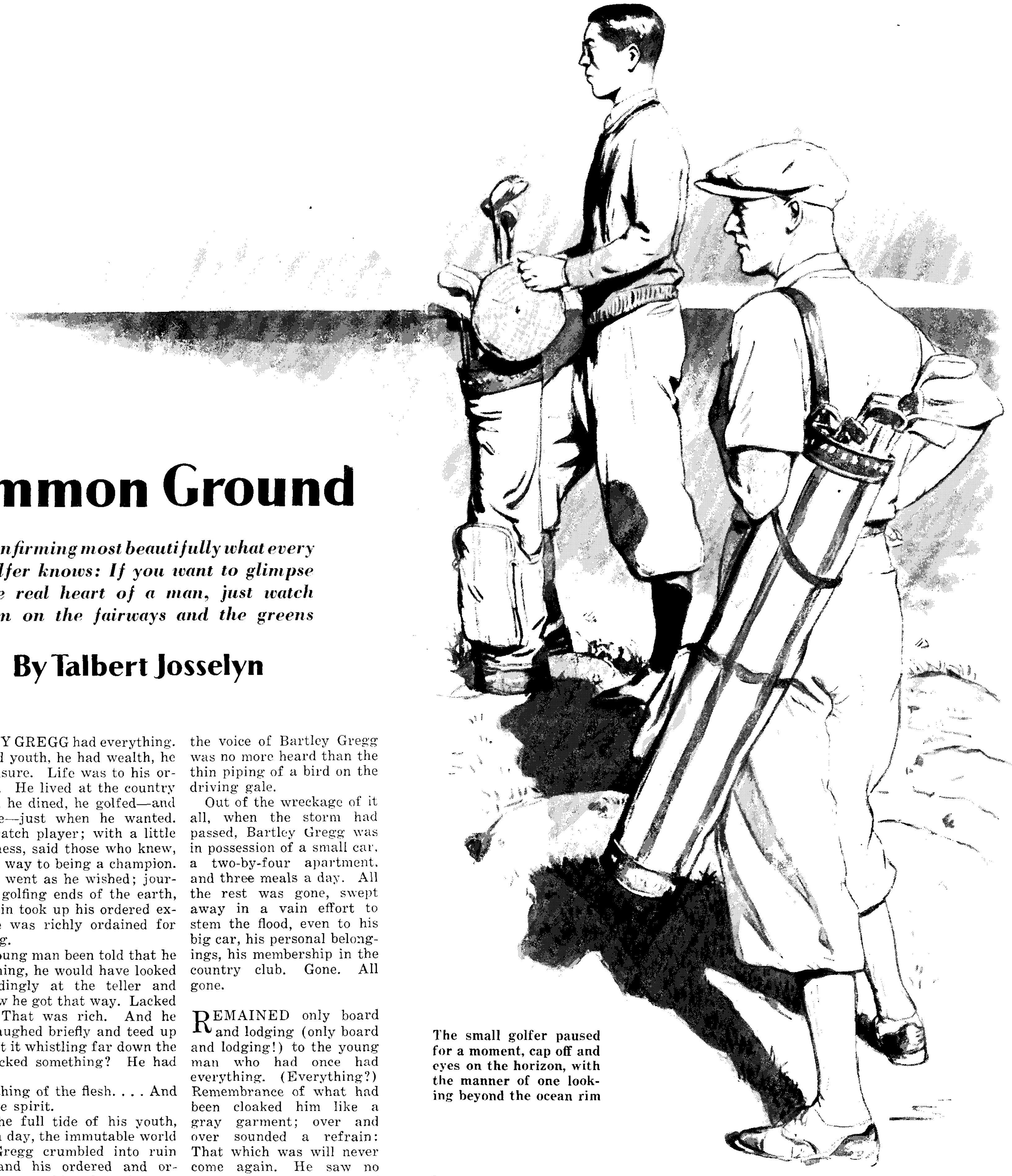


The small golfer paused for a moment, cap off and eyes on the horizon, with the manner of one looking beyond the ocean rim

Common Ground

Confirming most beautifully what every golfer knows: If you want to glimpse the real heart of a man, just watch him on the fairways and the greens

By Talbert Josselyn

BARTLEY GREGG had everything. He had youth, he had wealth, he had leisure. Life was to his ordering. He lived at the country club; he rose, he dined, he golfed—and did little else—just when he wanted. He was a scratch player; with a little more doggedness, said those who knew, he'd be on his way to being a champion. He came and went as he wished; journeyed to the golfing ends of the earth, returned, again took up his ordered existence. Life was richly ordained for Bartley Gregg.

Had this young man been told that he lacked something, he would have looked uncomprehendingly at the teller and asked him how he got that way. Lacked something? That was rich. And he would have laughed briefly and teed up a ball and sent it whistling far down the fairway. Lacked something? He had everything.

Yes, everything of the flesh. . . . And nothing of the spirit.

Then, in the full tide of his youth, on an autumn day, the immutable world of Bartley Gregg crumbled into ruin about him, and his ordered and ordained life went crashing down in company with that of countless thousands of others in world-wide financial disaster.

At first he could not believe it. Would not believe it. He—his life—ruined. It simply couldn't be. Yet it was. Slowly to the dazed, numbed Bartley Gregg the truth came home that the neatly printed securities he held in his hands were no longer money; that they were ashes; that they would buy nothing, nothing. And life to him had been solely a thing of buying.

He cried aloud at the horror of it, but in a time when a multitude of others were clamoring their own tales of woe, the voice of Bartley Gregg was no more heard than the thin piping of a bird on the driving gale.

Out of the wreckage of it all, when the storm had passed, Bartley Gregg was in possession of a small car, a two-by-four apartment, and three meals a day. All the rest was gone, swept away in a vain effort to stem the flood, even to his big car, his personal belongings, his membership in the country club. Gone. All gone.

REMAINED only board and lodging (only board and lodging!) to the young man who had once had everything. (Everything?) Remembrance of what had been cloaked him like a gray garment; over and over sounded a refrain: That which was will never come again. He saw no way out. Work? He didn't know how the word was spelled. The future? The future had always been assured; now there was no future, only the past. Except this much of a future—at any hour he might come upon some of his former friends, he with his tinny car, his two-by-four apartment, his three meals a day.

Never having battled, he was licked from the start. He fled. Balancing travel cost against the two-by-four apartment, he got into the little car and headed . . . anywhere.

Bartley Gregg stopped his travel-worn car at the side of the highway and gazed at the golfers trooping by. Beyond them, beyond the rolling, vividly green fairway, great cliffs went leaping down and down to meet the lapping surf of a mighty harbor entrance, on whose far shore the brown cliffs uprose again, spiring into peaks. Along the eddying channel the ships of the world, reduced to toy size, shouldered their way, inbound from lands far distant beyond the western rim, outbound to lose themselves in a wilderness of waters.

Weeks had passed since Bartley Gregg had set out. Spring was spicing the air; had been, for long, in this land into which he had come. A wave of homesickness went over him; went over him as it had at every golf course he had passed. They would be out on the home course now; he could see them, walking among the elms. And he wouldn't be there.

Long he sat in his car—as he had sat at every other course—hungrily watching the golfers go by; watching as one who peers upon a lost Eden.

A BALL, wildly hit, came to a stop near his car. The author of the shot appeared in a moment, walking fast; he was middle-aged and ordinarily dressed, carrying his own bag, which he carried down at his side, as one might a suitcase. He flung the bag down with a clatter, squared away, gave a hockey-one, hockey-two waggle, and made a roundhouse swipe at the ball. The ball obliged by going right back across the course.

"Gosh!" said the man. Then, catching Bartley Gregg's eye—"That's the way the darned thing's gone all day! Must be I'm standing too near or too far or some other cussed thing."

"Must be," agreed Bartley. And surprised himself by following up with, "Tell me, what is this course?"

"Municipal course," said the other. "A swell layout if you can drive straight and do a thousand other things. Now I wonder if I can find that ball before somebody else does." He went hastening off across the course.

Bartley Gregg watched him go. A municipal course. It was the first one that he had ever come into close contact with. He had at times driven by such courses in the dead past—how long ago it seemed now!—and he had heard them spoken of . . . How was it? . . . Oh, yes, public links . . . but they had been as far removed from his life as a valley is removed from a mountain peak. But now . . .

A STRANGE glow began to steal through him. Municipal course. . . . Public links. . . . Public. That must mean that everybody could play it. Or perhaps only residents. . . . The glow faded, to grow again. If it did mean everybody . . .

Bartley Gregg found himself making mental approach to the green that lay ahead, the feel of firm greensward tinglingly beneath his feet. A number two iron from this distance, with just a little fade to make it hold. His pulse quickened. . . . A public links. . . .

Five minutes later he had driven his car to where many cars were parked near a small, cottage-like building—of a clubhouse he could see no sign. A knot of people were standing near the cottage, swinging clubs and waiting. He approached the knot diffidently, almost warily, like the mountain dweller he once was, now venturing down into the lowlands and not quite certain of his reception. Or like a boy who has always been to private school now mingling with hard-knuckled youths of the public school variety. He knew the sort of reception that a stranger would have received had he arrived without credentials at Bartley Gregg's former club, or at any of the others with which he had been acquainted.

He finally singled out a young man who was practicing little stabbing approaches over a rough mat of grass.

"Do you . . . Now . . . Can anybody play here?" he made question. "I just . . ."

"Huh?" said the other, looking up.

"If I wanted to play on this course," said Bartley Gregg, "what are the rules and—"

"Oh," said the other. "You're new here. Why, just go to whoever's in charge of the caddie house there and pay your fee and sign up. But," and here he regarded Bartley, "you won't get much golf in, this afternoon, with all this crowd signed up ahead of you. It'd be dark before you got halfway around. You better come out earlier tomorrow; yeah, and if you don't want a crowd playing two feet ahead of you, right on your heels, the earlier the better. Me, I got here hours too late today."

"How early?" said Bartley Gregg, who had never played on a crowded course.

"Why, this time of year, around six o'clock—as soon as it's light enough."

"SIX o'clock . . . In the morning?" demanded Bartley.

"Sure. Only you'd better get here earlier to sign up. Maybe around five, and then go get breakfast and come back again. They let you do that now."

Bartley Gregg continued to look at his informant. He tried to tell himself that his hearing had gone wrong. Get up before five o'clock and come out in the dark before you'd had breakfast, to sign up and then go eat and then come back and then . . .

"Of course, in summer," went on the other, "they come out way before that."

He who until a short time before had always had life—and an uncrowded course—just as he wanted, gave inarticulate sounds and threw up his hands. At the same time a call came from someone standing on the tee.

"All right, Ed. We're up."

"Swell," said Bartley Gregg's Ed. "Only a three hours' wait. Well, see you again," and he went toward the tee.

All the way downtown to his moderately priced hotel Bartley Gregg reiterated that he would never get up at any five o'clock in the morning just to play golf on an uncrowded course; why, the whole thing was absurd; it was . . . And all the time the feel of a club was in his hands, the feel of springy turf was beneath his feet, the smell of spiced spring in his nostrils. . . . He left a call at the hotel desk for five o'clock.

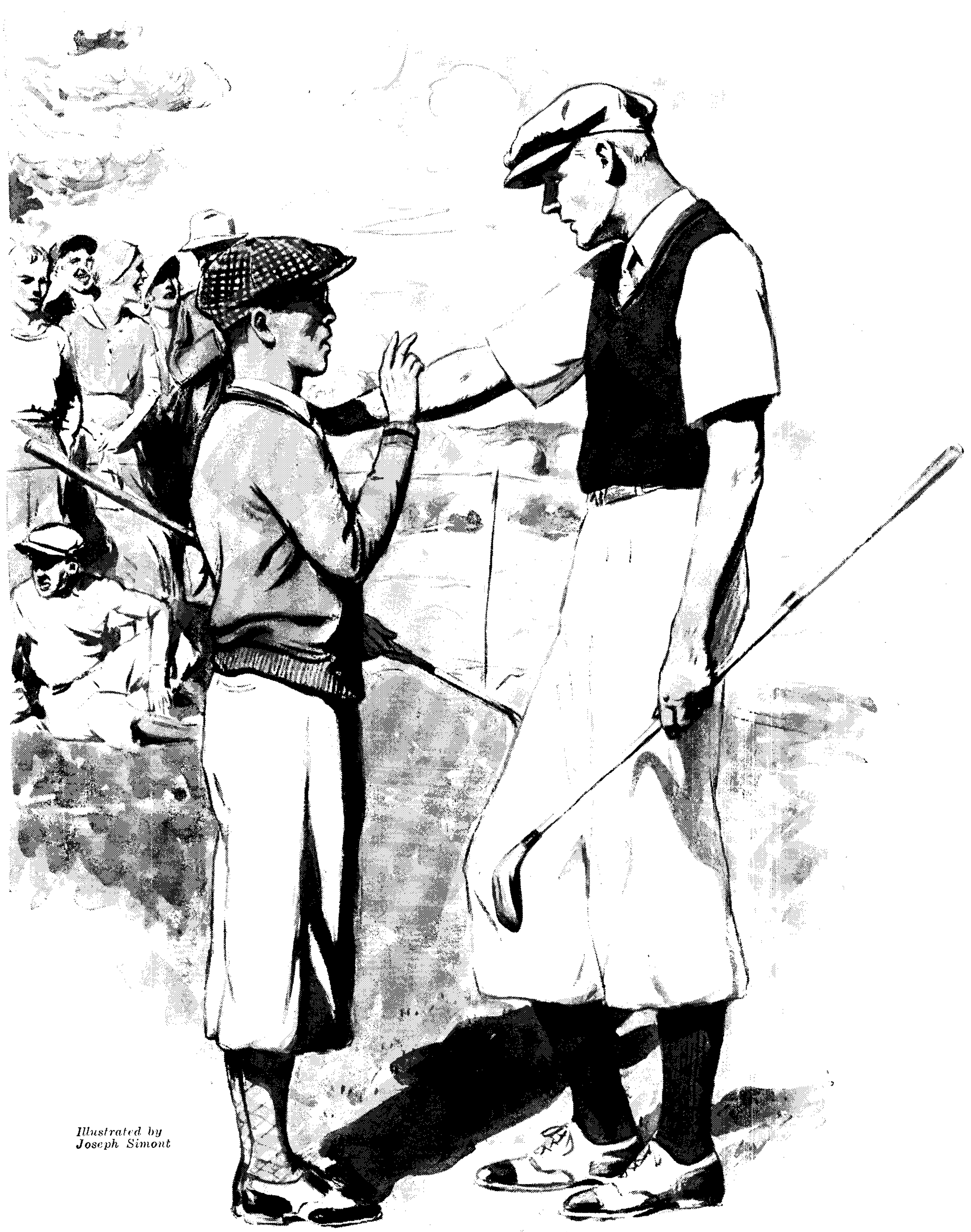
AGAIN calling himself names, he drove out in the growing light of dawn through still sleeping city streets, to come upon a group of shadowy figures in front of the cottage-like caddie house. With a speed that he had never before shown, Bartley Gregg parked and hastened inside. He signed up, paying the small fee, and emerged to seek the coffee-house that he had seen a block away as he drove up. He ate with one eye on the dawn—he who hadn't ever had to keep an eye on anything—and, swallowing the last of his coffee and bolting his ham and eggs, he set swift feet toward the tee. Even as he approached he heard his name being called.

"Coming!" he said. And, "Hey, wait!" he added, looking swiftly about him. "I want a caddie. I . . ."

"Caddie?" said somebody, and peered at him. "There ain't any caddies here this time of day. They figure that people that play this early haven't any money."

Bartley Gregg flushed. He didn't have any money—at least, mighty little; but he had never before carried his own bag. He swung the strap of the heavy leather affair filled with a

(Continued on page 46)

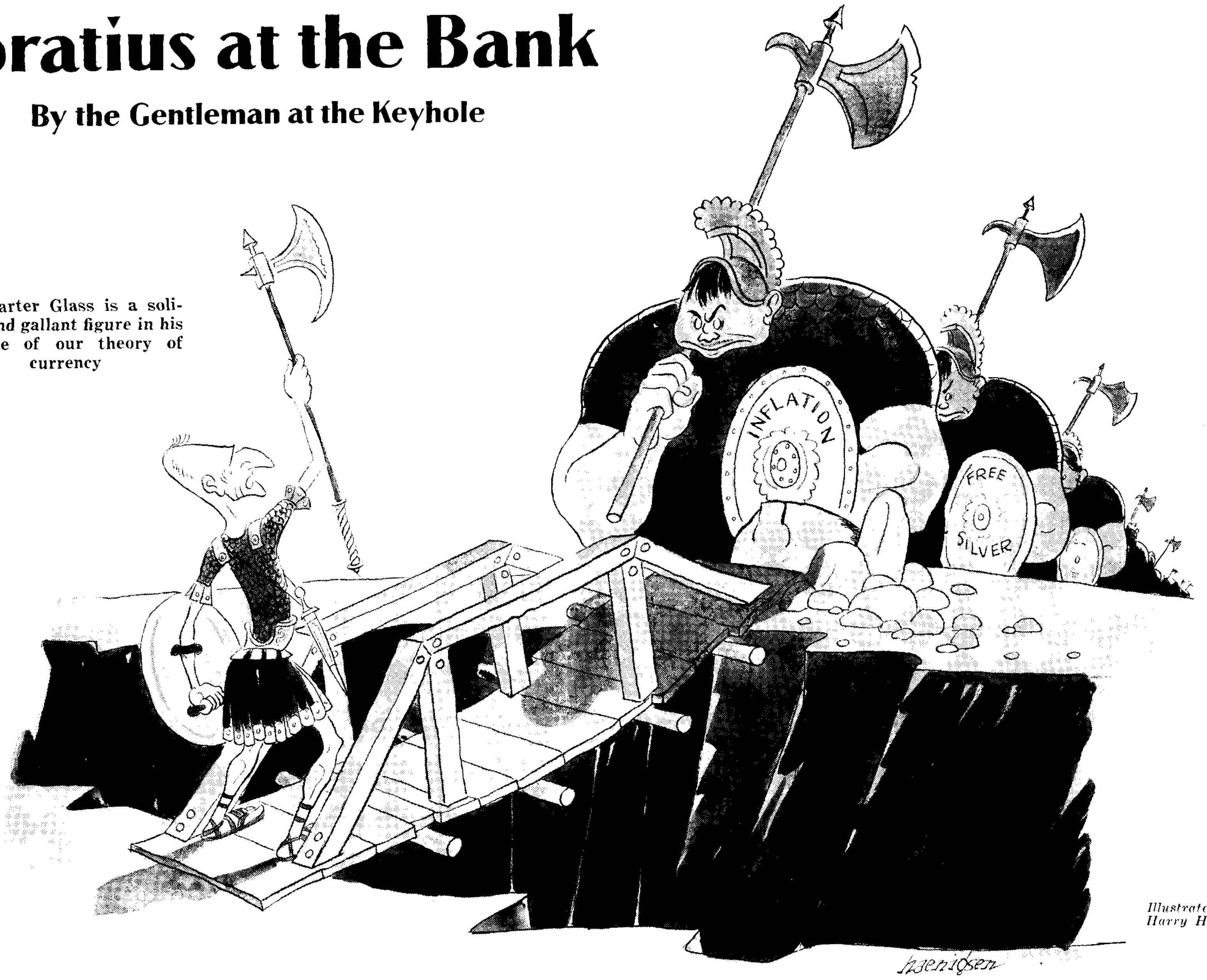


Illustrated by Joseph Simont

Bartley put a hand on the small man's shoulder: "I won't drive until I know what it is. Something's happened. . . ."

Horatius at the Bank

By the Gentleman at the Keyhole



Mr. Carter Glass is a solitary and gallant figure in his defense of our theory of currency

Illustrated by Harry Haenigsen

OF COURSE it is impossible at this writing to predict just what sort of an attempt will be made to cure the depression by the expansion of currency and credit. I avoid the word inflation because it sends cold shivers down the backs of members of the Administration who advocate swelling the volume of currency and credit in the hope of putting up prices.

It is amusing to see the efforts made to call inflation by some other and less objectionable name. Secretary Mills of the Treasury speaks of "arresting the deflationary process," when he means adding largely to the issue of Federal Reserve notes. The ingenious Senator Vandenberg, author of an inflationary bill, calls the process "reflation," a word that hasn't yet got into the dictionary.

The madder hot-gospelers of inflation demand the free coinage of silver, at the old Bryan ratio of 16 to 1. And it is astonishing how many of them there are!

President Hoover seems to waver between the idea that the Federal Reserve Board should be authorized to issue more currency and the fear of the effects of issuing more currency, especially the fear that Europe will cry out that additional currency is inflation. Predictions in English and French financial newspapers are that this country will start on a career of inflation and go off the gold standard.

At one moment members of the Administration say that we should forget Europe, go about the economic restoration of this country as if Europe did not exist; and the next moment the withdrawal of gold from this country by France sends a shudder through the frames of these bold Americans. We are in the midst of a political panic in Washington unequaled even by the panic of the 16,000,000-share day on the New York stock market.

And one of the oddest things of all is the fear that is felt for one little, old, sharp-tongued, keen-minded man in the Senate, the Honorable Carter Glass of Virginia. If only Mr. Glass could be stopped somehow from opening his mouth and saying in a loud voice the dreaded word, "Inflation!" we should no doubt proceed to give the patient a shot in the arm of more Federal Reserve. Perhaps we shall have done so before this article is being read. But one prediction is safe: that no "arresting of the deflationary process," no "reflation," or whatever name it may be called, will get by the senator from Virginia without its nature being thoroughly exposed and without the country's being solemnly warned of its dangers.

Where Knowledge is Power

Mr. Glass is Horatius at the bridge holding back barbarians who don't know what the theory of currency is. And that is practically everyone in Washington except Mr. Glass, Mr. Eugene Meyer, and probably some other members of the Federal Reserve Board. Mr. Glass does know, because he is the author of the Federal Reserve Act. He is passionately addicted to that Act, and wishes to make it more perfectly automatic in its operations, less susceptible to the pressure of politicians and speculators. He is severe, almost ascetic, about currency, perhaps a little inhuman. But he knows, and everybody is afraid of him because he knows.

They take him up into high places and show him the earth beneath. They put his name on a new banking bill including provisions that he would like to have in it and that they don't want in it. All they ask is a little inflation in the bill. I have never known one man in a legislative body to exercise quite the influence that the senator from Virginia does. Probably they will overbear him in the end. But probably the bill that is passed will bear the marks of his incorruptible opposition. It will be a compromise between *all* the rest of Washington and a minority of one. Anyway he is an amazing figure, a gallant figure.

The theory that underlies the Federal Reserve currency system is that the currency will expand as business expands and contract as business contracts. And there isn't the slightest doubt that if business should expand now the currency would expand with it. The idea of the expansionists is that this process can be reversed; that is, by expanding the currency you can expand business.

According to common report Eugene Meyer, governor of the Federal Reserve, is doubtful of the wisdom of this remedy. Mr. Meyer was nearly made head of the new Reconstruction Corporation, which would have insured its direction by an able and conservative financier who understands economics and credit.

Then suddenly by a shift in the Administration's plans Ambassador Dawes was transferred to the presidency of the Reconstruction Corporation. Mr. Dawes is a great politician and he has been a successful banker. His appointment was popular in the isolationist mood of Washington, because his bank is a thousand miles from the Atlantic Coast, which is perverted by the influence of Europe.

The Democrats saw to it that the Democratic members of the board of the corporation would be amenable to the influence of Mr. Dawes, rather than to that of Mr. Meyer, which is probably well, for if we are going to have a Dawes reconstruction the board should be a Dawes board.

Getting Off on the Wrong Foot

The new scheme for curing the depression starts off with a certain awkwardness. President Hoover seemed to feel the awkwardness, for when he announced his first appointment he announced that Mr. Dawes would be president of the corporation and Mr. Meyer would be chairman of the board, although the bill did not provide for those officers and although the Democrats felt that in a non-partisan body a Democrat should have the second title.

When the Senate Committee on Currency and Banking was considering the first three appointments, those of Mr. Dawes, of Mr. Jesse H. Jones of Texas, and Mr. Harvey C. Couch of Arkansas, a member suggested that the three appointees be invited before the committee and asked whether any businesses they were connected with would have occasion to apply to the Reconstruction Corporation for a loan.

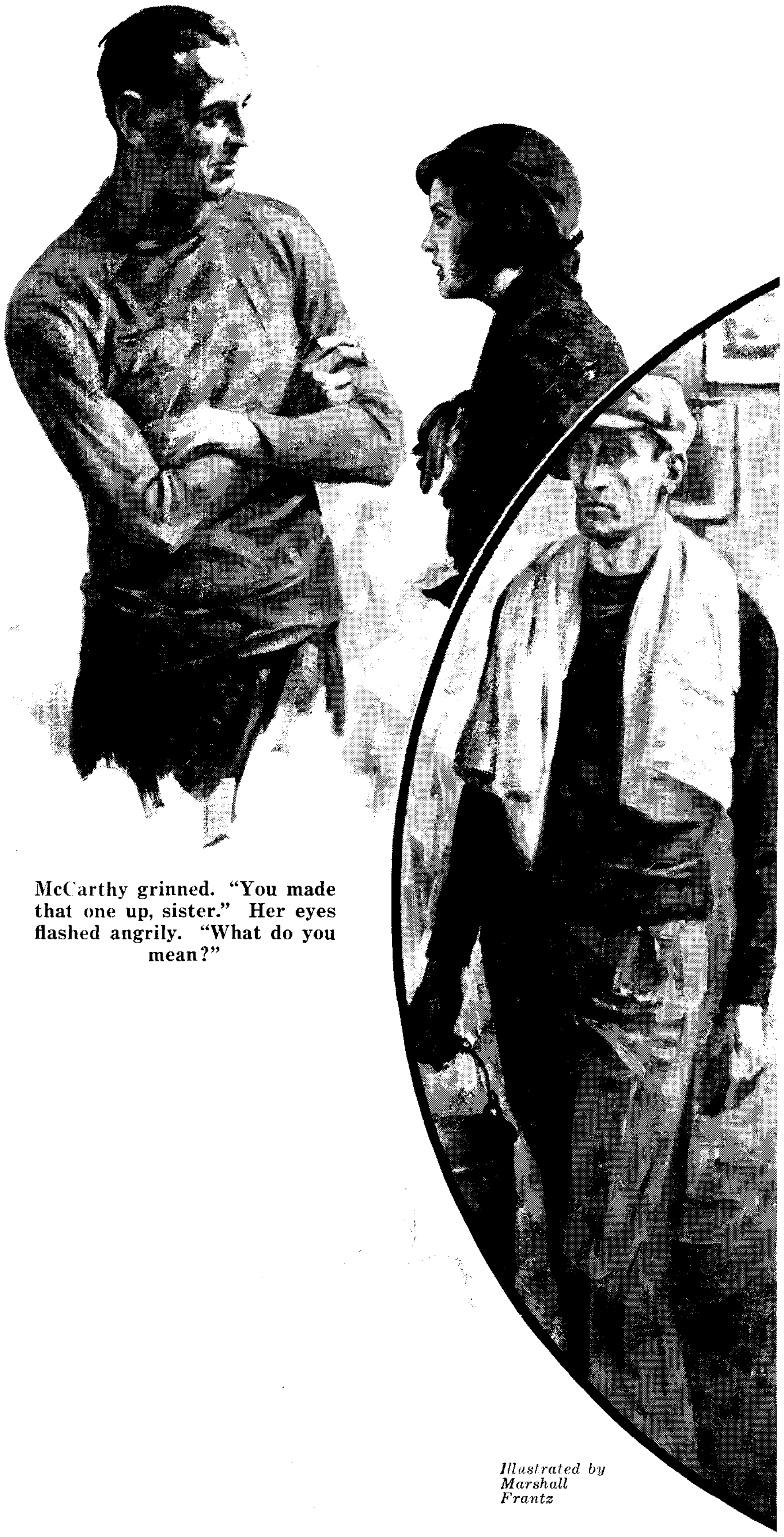
"Do you mean every one of them?" asked a senator.

"Yes, of course, every one of them," said the proposer. The senatorial committee members looked at each other blankly for a few moments while the possibilities of such an inquiry sank in. And then they quickly voted their approval of all three appointees, evidently feeling that this is no time to be too critical.

Last Lap

Some very inside stuff about a six-day bike race. Even if you saw the grind, this is news

By John B. Kennedy



McCarthy grinned. "You made that one up, sister." Her eyes flashed angrily. "What do you mean?"

Illustrated by Marshall Frantz

LIMP McCARTHY was talking to Jimmy Smith.

"I ain't goin' to Chicago," he said, positively, screwing his mouth to emphasize it. "This is my tenth race at the Garden and if we can't win, I'm through."

"You and that kid, Bardoli, are in the money," said Jimmy Smith. "Give him one more year as your partner, Limp—just one more, and you'll take 'em all."

"No," said Limp. "This is the last, even if we do cop it."

Jimmy knew it would be. He'd managed the six-day-race racket for eleven years. He knew Limp.

Bardoli came in—a sturdy, sinewy youngster of twenty-five. Italian, but not so dark that Limp couldn't have been mistaken for an older brother.

Limp's gray-blue eyes slanted at Bardoli. The kid rocked on rubber heels in Jimmy Smith's office doorway.

"I'll be back at eleven for the start, Limp," he said.

"Where you goin' now?" asked Limp.

"Got a dinner date."

"Eat light and be back on time," said Limp.

Jimmy Smith watched the kid as he jaunted away.

"I'd like it better if he'd stay here now with the rest of the mob," said Jimmy.

"So would I," said Limp.

Jimmy was in one of those familiar spots where he wanted to say something, but knew it might spoil something Limp might say. So he pushed back the brim of the hard hat that he removed only at hotel meals, funerals and in bed. Limp's leathery face had wrinkles like fine wires that had sifted a lot of life. His silence finally irked Smith.

"There'll be a sell-out to open with tonight," he said.

"Yeah," Limp replied. "They'll come to see Dempsey fire the starting gun."

"Don't fool yourself," said Jimmy Smith. "These wops are nuts over Bardoli. They'll be here by the millions, all week."

Limp seemed to be thinking about something else. He left Jimmy Smith smoking his cigar and wondering under his tilted hat whether if he'd said what he'd intended to say, Limp would have given him the dope he wanted to get.

The big Garden, with its banked track, hot-dog and drink stands and band pen all ready for the start of the six-day bike race at midnight, held the stillness of the Grand Central between last trains and the first. McCarthy strode straight through it, with the slight halt—the limp that had given him his name—acquired in his second year of racing when Hanse, a big Swede bully, had jammed him in a sprint and sent him sprawling, with his right ankle under following wheels. He still had legs corded like cable wire—and a heart.

Back of the silent expectancy of the arena was a babble of tongues. A street of curtained cubicles, the sleeping and eating places of the polyglot bike crews, was filled with chatter and bustle. Steam of strange food stuffed his nostrils—spaghetti, meat-balls, boiled rice and domineering garlic. Squat henchmen in sweaters and towel-necked rubbers jostled from cubicle to cubicle, excited, grinning, jovially swearing.

McCarthy found his place, fitted with the cot he'd share with Bardoli, a chair and some magazines. He'd arranged for their food. McCarthy was trainer for himself and his kid partner. A boy brought him a platter of ham and eggs and a pitcher of milk, with plenty of whole-wheat bread and a wedge of butter, plus a stepping-stone of apple pie.

Limp ate the meal slowly. When he'd finished he left the tray on the chair and stretched himself on the cot.

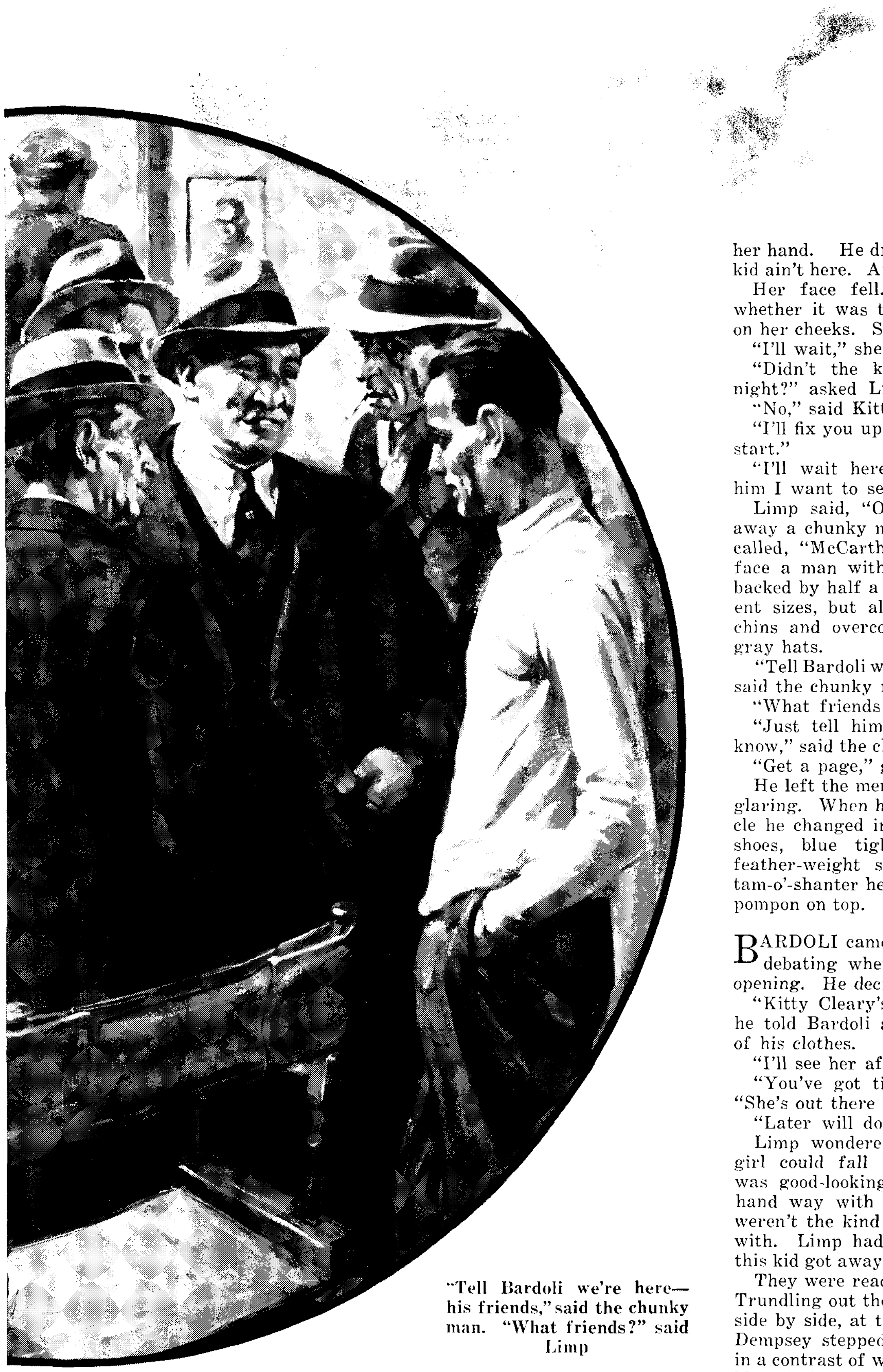
Undisturbed by the babble outside, he lay thinking, alone in the dark protection of a drawn curtain.

This was his last race, anyway, he thought. Bardoli could go on, would go on. The kid was good. McCarthy had made him good, picking him up four years ago and breaking him into the game.

BUT McCarthy was thirty-two. Getting old for this grinding game. And he had enough money saved for a garage business. That would be out beyond Rahway, in a good spot on the Lincoln Highway. He'd pull out of the racket, get married, maybe. Anyhow, the limp that hadn't stopped him from being a good pedalist had stopped him from being good enough to be a winner. He knew that. And although nobody but Limp knew something else—that the strain and tear of competition wrecked him every year—that was the real reason he was getting through.

Bardoli could go on. He'd never be grateful, of course. He'd probably hitch up with one of those rock-bodied murderers—Canti or Ed Sullivan: guys who were made in foundries and who could stand anything at all hours. All one of those guys needed to tie up to was Bardoli's speed. They could look after the grind and the rough stuff; the kid could take care of the sprints. With one of those guys hyphened to him, Bardoli could be on a winning team. Then he'd figure Limp had been so much sand in the gears. He wouldn't remember that Limp had taught him all the tricks: how to save his legs by coasting the bends, how to watch two fighters nagging for the inside track and slip in when they were worn and winded, how to watch his wheel against a dab of chewing gum in the chain or spokes bent by something other than accident.

It was okay with Limp. He'd had enough. Limp rolled into sleep—an-



"Tell Bardoli we're here—his friends," said the chunky man. "What friends?" said Limp

other trick he'd taught Bardoli to do before a night's racing. Leave your mind careless, was Limp's discovered prescription. Figure out that whatever's going to happen will happen anyhow—but not for three or four hours. Figure that nothing you can think of, say or do until then will make any difference. Then you don't think any more at all and you wander into sleep.

He woke up when a fellow poked a head through the curtain.

"Hello, Kid," said Limp, thinking it was Bardoli. It wasn't.

"Where's Bardoli?" said the intruder.

"Not here yet," said Limp. "What time is it?"

"Ten o'clock—and there's a lot of guys and a gal wanting to see him."

"I'll put on the light," said McCarthy. Limp found the switch by the wedge of light through the curtain. He was refreshed and blinked at his visitor.

"Who's the gal wants to see him?" he said. Then he was sorry he'd said that. A partner should know about those things without asking.

"She's a young kid," said the fellow, whom Limp knew by sight, not by name. "I seen her around here last year."

"Tell her I'll talk to her," said Limp.

HE PUSHED and feinted his way through swarming helpers of the resting riders. A glimpse at the arena showed tiers thickly dotted and filling. In an open space like a round-up pen people were waiting. The fellow who caught up with Limp, pointed out the girl. She came towards McCarthy—a slim, pretty girl with mild, steady eyes. She was in a spattered raincoat and carried a clipped umbrella.

"Hello, Kitty," said Limp, shaking her hand. He dropped his voice. "The kid ain't here. Anything I can do?"

Her face fell. Limp couldn't tell whether it was tears or rain moisture on her cheeks. She looked worried.

"I'll wait," she said.

"Didn't the kid eat with you tonight?" asked Limp.

"No," said Kitty.

"I'll fix you up with a seat to see the start."

"I'll wait here," said Kitty. "Tell him I want to see him."

Limp said, "Okay." As he walked away a chunky man in a blue overcoat called, "McCarthy!" Limp turned to face a man with a bulging blue chin, backed by half a dozen others of different sizes, but all with the same blue chins and overcoats, topped by pearl-gray hats.

"Tell Bardoli we're here—his friends," said the chunky man.

"What friends?" said Limp.

"Just tell him from Ramotta—he'll know," said the chunky man.

"Get a page," growled Limp.

He left the men, some grinning, some glaring. When he got back to the cubicle he changed into riding gear—black shoes, blue tights, belly band and feather-weight sweater, and the blue tam-o'-shanter he favored, with a white pompon on top. Blue was Limp's color.

BARDOLI came in just as Limp was debating whether to shave for the opening. He decided not to.

"Kitty Cleary's waiting to see you," he told Bardoli as the kid slipped out of his clothes.

"I'll see her after," said Bardoli.

"You've got time now," said Limp. "She's out there in the pen."

"Later will do," said Bardoli.

Limp wondered how a pretty Irish girl could fall for Bardoli. Bardoli was good-looking, but he had an offhand way with girls, and Irish girls weren't the kind to have offhand ways with. Limp had found that out. Yet this kid got away with it.

They were ready at the warning bell. Trundling out their wheels they waited, side by side, at the starting line. Jack Dempsey stepped from a box, grinned in a contrast of white teeth and polished black hair as tumult swept about him. He fired a pistol and at the crack there went whirling a hundred cyclists in a stream of red and yellow, purple, green and white sweaters.

The jammed crowds roared. Above a thick, undefined pandemonium names of individual riders stuck out like spearheads. Valdez the Spaniard, Lumière the Swiss, Balzac the knob-jawed Frenchman, and in an ecstasy of enthusiasm, the screaming of Bardoli's name. As he and McCarthy flew, Bardoli leading the team, by a crowded box, Limp saw an array of blue chins, punctuated by two girls of enameled prettiness sandwiching a bulky Italian between them. The Italian smacked huge hands together and shouted, "Bardoli!" as the youngster smiled recognition.

"That's Ramotta," thought McCarthy.

For half-a-score laps the teams rolled around during sustained cheering. Then the grim business of the race got under way. A rider from each pair dropped out to leave his teammate running while he rested. The massed spectators settled down to steady drinking and the routine of calling for sprints and tossing bills to whichever rider won.

McCarthy had decided that Bardoli should take the first individual grind for their team. He ran his wheel from the track and loafed in his cubicle. A clammy heat had settled back of the arena. Riders paced restlessly about, wasting energy in the excitement of the start that they would need long before the halfway mark was reached.

A veteran, and wise, McCarthy stretched in his bunk and rested. He was asleep when a call-boy warned him that his two-hour respite was ending. He got out of the bunk, tested his legs, called the rubber to be ready for Bardoli and rolled his wheel to the track. Bardoli charged at him and dismounted.

"YOU didn't tell me about those fellows wanting to see me," he growled. A heavy flush made him look fighting mad.

"I told you Kitty Cleary was waiting," said Limp.

He didn't hear Bardoli's muttered reply as he swung into the thick of the riding, weaving his wheel through a dozen other starters.

Lumière the Swiss, who spoke a fair New York slang after six years in American competition, rode leisurely by McCarthy's side.

"The wops are out strong for Bardoli," said Lumière. "They're betting on you two to win already."

McCarthy grunted. He noted that the box that had contained Ramotta, the two girls and his cordon of henchmen, was empty. He trundled beside Lumière.

"You ain't got a chance," said Lumière. "Your legs don't look good, Limp."

McCarthy grinned.

"What do you Swiss make besides cheese?" he countered.

Lumière dropped behind and purposely grazed his front wheel against McCarthy's rear wheel. A track marshal glared at him, and a handful of spectators jeered. The Swiss flung back a mop of blond hair and laughed. McCarthy spurted ahead. He came alongside Balzac, plodding steadily, his gray, feverish eyes fixed on horizons strange to the mob-stuffed walls of the Garden. A yell went out for a race between the pair. They pedaled silently for a while—about half a lap. When they reached the spot where Jimmy Smith stood in a box, hard hat cocked over an ear, they broke away from the body of riders.

Instantly, lethargic watchers roused themselves. McCarthy and the Frenchman were putting on the first speed-test between veterans. They tore ahead for one lap, two laps, within wheel's thickness of each other. Eight laps made a mile and the race. Still wheel to wheel at the sixth lap, they were suddenly surprised when Valdez, lurking behind like a brown panther, suddenly shot ahead to ringing cheers.

McCARTHY lifted himself from his saddle, then bent low. He darted forward like a torpedo and as they streaked into the eighth lap he was yards ahead. He won, and an usher scooped up a shower of small bills.

McCarthy slowed down, refusing to be lured by added invitations to sprint.

His two hours up, he wheeled back to his bunk. Bardoli passed him to resume the race, but said nothing.

A note was in an envelope on the bunk. McCarthy opened it, read it. It was from Kitty Cleary. She had waited

(Continued on page 36)

Local Boy Closes Gap

The ancient political maxim: "If you can't lick 'em, jine 'em," is being paraphrased by the independent grocer. For years he has had that oppressed feeling and, so far as he could see, the chain stores were responsible. But now he's stopped squirming and adapted chain-store ideas to his own business. It's all working out very well, too

By William G. Shepherd

CERTAINLY! You *do* feel sorry for Mr. Jones, the independent groceryman, don't you?

But doesn't your wife go over to the chain store to buy the family's food?

Now the news of this article—and it's about the newest news in our country today—is that Bill Jones is getting downright tired of having our sympathy instead of our business. He is proceeding to do something about it.

Before he's through—maybe within the next few years—Mrs. America, when she starts out shopping for food in the morning, will probably have to toss up a coin to see whether she goes to Mr. Jones' or to the chain store.

Mr. Jones is not going to crush the chain store. But, on the other hand, it is now well established from what Mr. Jones has already achieved that the chain store is most certainly not going to crush Mr. Jones.

All Mr. Jones is expecting is a tie in the struggle, and this is written to show how he's getting it.

In many parts of the United States Mr. Jones is already well along with his new transformation job. Not long ago I talked with a business man who knows the retail grocery business from one end of the land to the other. He visits thousands of stores yearly.

"Millions of women today," he said, "are attracted to certain stores by low prices, attractive surroundings, good salesmanship and careful service, and think they are dealing with a regular-type chain store. There are tens of thousands of such chain stores which are so uniform in appearance and so modern and snappy in equipment and design as to lead the casual woman shopper or the passer-by to think that they are actually regular chain-store units. But they are not."

There won't be much outward difference between Mr. Jones' transformed store and the chains. There *can't* be, because Mr. Jones' place will actually *be* as much a chain store as the other. That is, in so far as Mrs. America can see on the surface. But there'll be an important inner difference.

Home-Owned Chain Stores

It will be this: The owner of Mr. Jones' "chain" store will be none other than Mr. Jones himself.

Now how *in the world can* Mr. Jones run a chain store and still be the owner of the store? If he can do that maybe we'll stop sneaking past his windows on the way to the other chain store and drop in on him occasionally, instead.

But can he do it? To most of us it has looked impossible. That's one reason we've been feeling sorry for him. He was in *such* a tough spot! He must, if he hopes to match the chain store, have a place with a swell-looking front. It must carry the name of some great organization that everyone in the community knows. Mr. Jones' name on it won't be enough. The place must look like other stores in its chain; wear a uniform. It must do something that Mr. Jones, previously, could not possibly afford to do. It must advertise, as the regular chains do.

Up to half a dozen years ago Mr. Jones looked like a helpless loser. Even if we didn't buy from him we eagerly listened to critics of his enemy. We heard radio speakers attack the chains and many of us approved.

State lawmakers in some cases rallied round the radio campaigners.

"Elect me and I'll tax these chain stores," they declared. In several states they succeeded.

Indiana imposed a tax—from ten dollars to twenty-five dollars a store. North Carolina fixed it at fifty dollars per store. Alabama's tax is from ten dollars to seventy-five dollars a store, increasing with the number of stores in a chain. The United States Supreme Court itself has sustained, up to the time this article was written, the rights of the states of Indiana and North Carolina to impose taxes on chain stores. It has also sustained the taxing of chain-store warehouses or distributing plants in Virginia. Other states whose legislatures passed chain-store tax laws which have either been reversed by state courts or have not yet been sustained by higher courts are **Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Mississippi**, South Carolina and Maryland.

This taxing of chain stores is such a new movement that its full effect has not yet been measured. One chain-store official said to me:

"It's possible for us to spread these state taxes on chain stores over such a large group of sales during a year that the buyer does not notice an increase in the price. Yet, in the end, of course, we must pass the tax on to the very community that has imposed it."

I found, also, that there is a large element of independent grocers who do not believe that the taxing of chain stores is the proper method of settling the independent grocers' problem. Such taxation might in time spread even to them.

No one can say that, when it didn't seem to hit our pocketbooks too hard, we didn't stand up for the neighborhood groceryman. We listened to the radio speakers and cheered for candidates who promised chain-store tax laws but we couldn't get our wives to keep away from chain-store bargains.

Mad at the Wrong People

Now what has Jones done to get your wife back into his store? The answer is very simple. He finally got together with the right fellow.

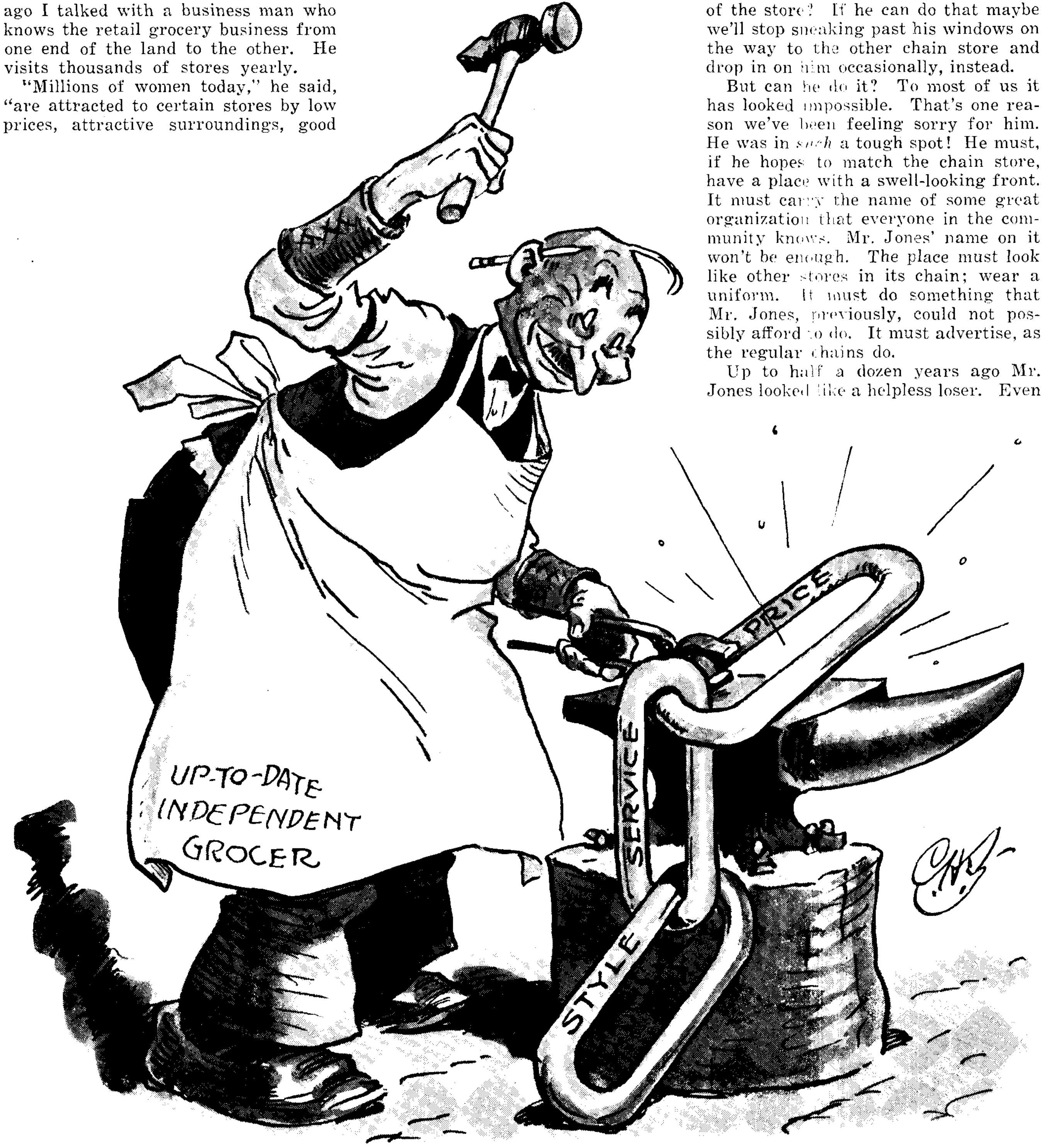
He's been mad at several wrong ones. First, he was mad at the chains. He yelled that they were taking his business away from him. And they were. But being mad at the chains didn't help him. Then he sort of got mad at the public for helping his enemy, the chain. That didn't help him much, either.

Getting mad at people you hope to sell to is not good business. But notice this:

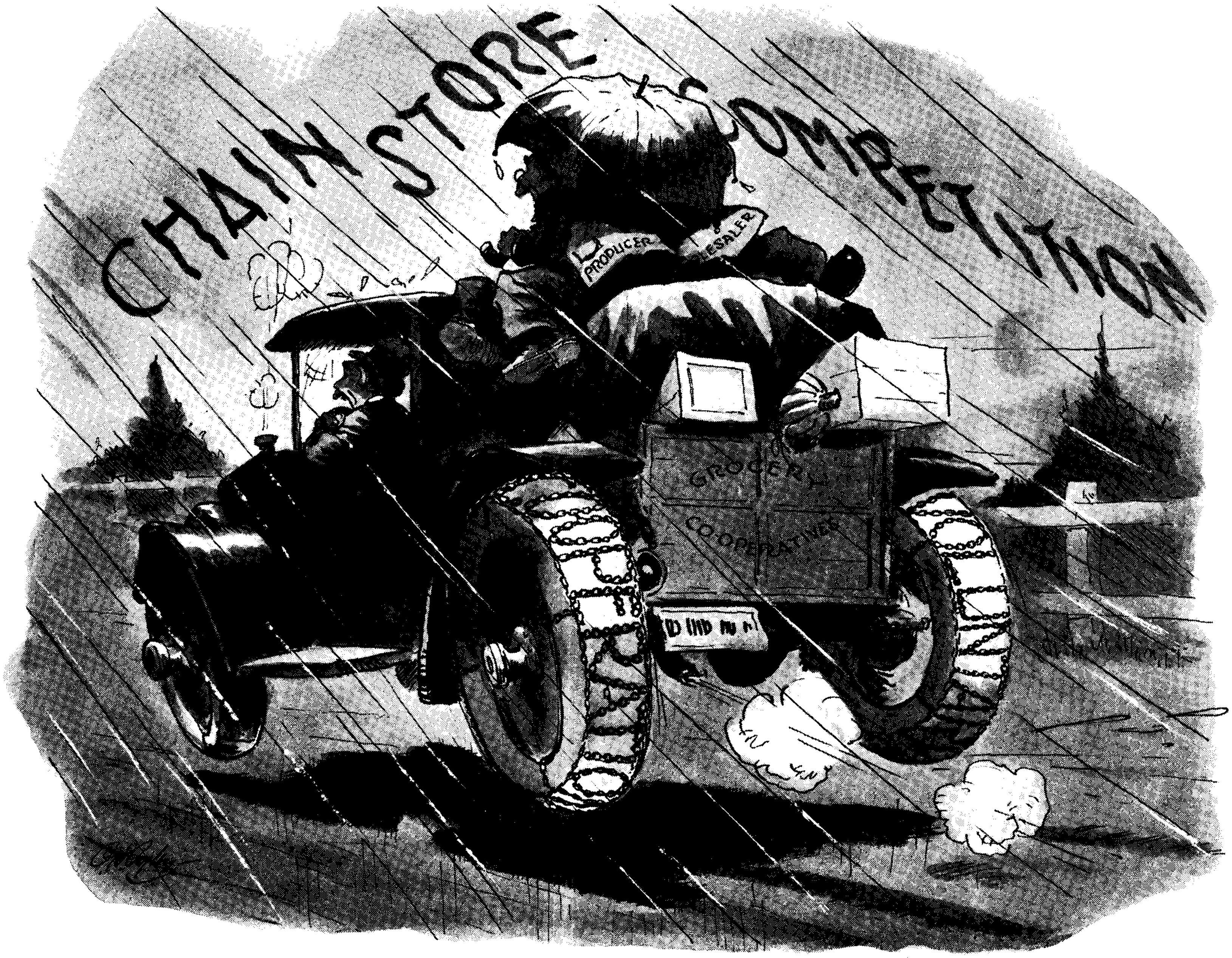
Getting together with people who are trying to sell to you is always extremely effective.

And that's just exactly what Mr. Jones, about six years ago, began to do. He began to "talk turkey" to the traveling salesmen who came into his store and tried to sell him things. Getting mad at the salesman was useless. The salesman was only the living symbol of the jobber or wholesaler from whom Mr. Jones bought his supplies. But what Mr. Jones said to the salesman was reported back to the wholesaler.

Mr. Jones felt that the wholesaler was charging him too much. He frequently raised the roar that, over across the street, the chain-store man



The little fellow is learning to fight chains by forging one of his own



The enterprising small grocer and his companions are riding serenely through the storm that threatened to wash them out

was buying exactly the same things that this salesman had to offer for much less money than he himself had to pay. "This salesman," said Mr. Jones to himself, "has the nerve to stand here and charge me almost as much for certain articles, by wholesale, as the chain store across the street is charging its retail customers." The truth was the salesman of the wholesaler *had* to charge him more.

Mr. Jones didn't know that the wholesaler's margin of profit in dealing with him was pretty small, even if its price to him was high. It cost the wholesaler far more, per item, to serve him as a single individual than it did to serve a group of stores with these same items, though Mr. Jones, at first, didn't understand *that.*

It is on record that more than one traveling grocery salesman for wholesalers has been bodily kicked out of stores by grocerymen who had reached the limit of their patience. Little wonder! The gist of various estimates is that the wholesaler, speaking in general averages, buys between seventy and seventy-five cents worth of stuff from a manufacturer, sells it to Bill Jones, the independent grocer, for from eighty to eighty-five cents, and Bill sells it for one dollar.

But in the chain-store system, this same seventy to seventy-five cents worth of food takes a different course.

There being no salesman-burdened wholesaler, in the strictest sense of the word, in the chain system, the wholesaler's profits are reduced. The seventy-five cents worth of food which Bill Jones, the independent, has been forced to sell for one dollar can be and is sold in the chain store for something above ninety cents. Of course this nine-or-more-cents difference was partly sustained by Mrs. Shopper, who had to use her own gasoline and her own time in which to deliver her groceries to her own home.

The difference between the ninety and ninety-five cents and the one hundred cents went, in considerable part, to the wholesale grocery firm represented, to Mr. Jones' heated mind, by the traveling salesman who in herd formation so blithely made his frequent visits to Mr. Jones.

Bill Jones Speaks His Mind

"It was the wholesaler we had to talk rough to and I knew it," one grocer in the Middle West told me.

"I couldn't pay the prices that the wholesalers asked and compete with the chain store.

"Over there at the chain store, when a salesman picked up something to sell to a customer, the chances were in many cases that that article had come almost straight from a manufacturer or producer, where the chain-store corporation had bought it, right into the hands of the chain store. There were few go-betweeners.

"That article possibly had known only two owners in its life. One owner was the firm that put it up; the other was the chain store. Only two concerns might be employed in the job of delivering the article to the consumer. One would be the manufacturer or producer. The other would be the chain store. These two-concern goods mean money for each of the two handlers of them. And we independents were not getting a chance at any two-profit goods at all. In some cases the chain stores which produced part of their own supplies were actually dealing in one-profit goods. One-profit stuff is a gold mine.

"But with me? Well, in the old days, by the time I picked up an article of food, sold to me at a high price by some wholesale grocer, it had passed through so many different hands that it looked plumb tired out. It was exhausted making profits for different people and yet I'd go broke if I couldn't squeeze just one more profit out of it for myself."

Right he was! He felt he had a right to argue with the wholesaler; to take steps against him. That wholesaler, standing between him and the food producer, gave the chain store, at least in the eyes of his possible customers, an advantage of from five to nine cents on the dollar.

"Dog-gone these middlemen," said Mr. Jones.

And though he didn't know it at the time, that phrase was his battle cry of freedom.

It also, strange to say, helped the wholesaler.

There is no occasion, as we shall see later on, for us, the public, to be angry at the wholesaler as the groceryman was, or mad at anyone, for that matter. We were paying for inefficiency.

Mr. Jones, the independent groceryman, just as soon as he turned his attention to the wholesaler, started into action.

First off, he needed an ally. He had tried to go it alone and had failed. The public? Long before, he had discovered that he couldn't depend on us to help him. The chain store? It wouldn't help him; on the contrary, it was destroying him.

Who else might help him? He got his hunch, at last. This was back in 1925. *His best friend, in the very earliest of this fight, would be some other independent groceryman among his rivals who was just as sick of high wholesalers' prices as he was.* Later on, as we shall see, he was to find friends among those he considered his enemies.

When Retailers Get Together

And in that fellow, in another independent groceryman whom he had been fighting as hard as he had tried to fight the chains, he finally at long last found his ally.

There's a trade association in the United States known as the National Retail Grocers' Association. It has some forty thousand members in forty-six states. It has local branches everywhere. There is probably one in your town. Often, through the weekly or monthly meetings of his local organization, Bill Jones was able to get in touch with other independent grocers and there discuss his troubles. He found his fellows just as anxious to secure lower prices from the wholesalers

(*Continued on page 59*)

The Unguarded Queen

By Arthur Train

The Story Thus Far:

JOHN BRENT meets Helen Stevens on board the liner Proconsul, bound for Trieste, and falls in love with her. He knows Helen is ranking tennis player in America but he is unaware that she is also the granddaughter of Stephan Stephanovitch, ruler of the kingdom of Illyria. Helen's father, who was the young Crown Prince Dushan, renounced his right to the throne in order to marry an American girl. The prince and his wife died, and Helen grew up in America with her mother's father. When that old gentleman died Helen was twenty, and an invitation from her grandfather in Illyria to visit him at the capital, Zeta, found her with no close ties in America and a great curiosity about her father's country.

John Brent, who spent several years in Zeta as an attaché in the diplomatic service, is journeying to Illyria this time to secure the leases of the Tokar oil fields in this little kingdom for the Cosmopolitan Petroleum Co. of New York. He expects difficulty because Italy also wants these fields, and he is not surprised when his stateroom is ransacked, though nothing valuable is taken except his passport.

In the harbor of Trieste an Illyrian gunboat fires a salute, but Brent, of course, does not connect this with Helen Stevens. He takes her to tea on the afternoon they land. A fat, dark, unpleasant man insults Helen in the café and Brent knocks him down. Brent is dragged off to jail, without an explanation, and several hours later is released, again without explanation. Returning to the hotel, he finds a note from Helen saying she must leave suddenly and telling him she can't explain. A little later he discovers that the man he attacked is the dissolute heir to the throne of Illyria, Crown Prince Milan, son of the ruler's second wife.

III

THE engine of the gunboat made such a racket—like a threshing machine with a dislocated arm—that in spite of her intense weariness Helen could not sleep, particularly as every few seconds the vibrations in the floor and partitions synchronized with a buzzing like that of a gigantic June bug just beneath her pillow.

Added to the noise of the machinery was a strangely disturbing excitement. Her adventure for the first time had begun to assume the proper aspect of reality. She was not frightened; she was not, strictly speaking, even apprehensive, but up to the moment of her landing in Trieste there had been a certain imaginary quality about the whole affair which the salute fired from the gunboat had shattered. That shot had really startled her. It was as though she had unexpectedly awakened from an agreeable dream and found herself upon the stage of a theater in full view of the audience without knowing the part expected of her. The salute had been the accolade transforming her from Miss Helen Stevens to something entirely different—an "altezza" or "highness" perhaps—for that was how Captain Zatchir, with a certain hesitation, had addressed her.

That she was no longer merely an ordinary American girl had been demonstrated by the deference accorded her on the dock and later at the hotel to which she had insisted upon going on account of her engagement to have tea with Brent.

Then had come that shocking scene in the Croce d'Oro from which, as soon as the head waiter had opened the door, she had fled back to the Excelsior, where, luckily, she found the Captain and several of his officers waiting. They had exhibited much concern and had urged her to go on board the Illyria immediately, explaining that her presence in Trieste would, under the circumstances, inevitably result in a most unpleasant amount of notoriety both for His Highness and herself, but she had refused to go until assured of Brent's release. The captain, having dispatched his officers in various directions and applied himself to the telephone, had at length, to her great relief, informed her that the matter had been arranged. She had been puzzled by his frequent repetition of the word "Milan," for she had no desire or intention of going to Milan and told him so. That the drunken man in the café had been her half uncle naturally did not occur to her.

Only when she was completely satisfied that Brent would be set free, and that she would not be needed as a witness in his behalf, had she scribbled her note and allowed herself to be escorted to the dock.

And now here she was on a gunboat belonging to a foreign country, speeding across the Adriatic toward the Dalmatian coast, to a strange country the language of which she did not speak and whose laws and customs were totally unfamiliar to her.

ALL the next day and the one following they steamed past yellow islands, where a few scattered huts were the only evidences of habitation, while the shoreline grew more and more precipitous—an arid coast with stone walls checkering the hillsides to keep the soil from being washed away. At length, on the afternoon of the second day, the mountains began to approach the shore so abruptly as to form an almost unbroken barrier of blackened rock with scarcely a foothold at its base. There were no more towns, no more villages. Hardly a boat was to be seen.

On the morning of the third day she was awakened by the rumble of chains and shouts in an unknown dialect. The engines had stopped and she could feel the early-morning heat through the deck of the bridge above. The Illyria lay at the mouth of a river alongside a mole forming one side of a fine harbor with stone quays. Behind it rose the fortifications of an ancient city. Across the mouth of the river was a long, low bridge over which hung a white cloud of dust, and the continuation of the haze showed where the road ran along the shore beyond. The river—the captain told her—was the Dravitza, the natural boundary between Illyria and Albania, for the mountains here faced each other like hostile armies on opposite sides of the valley.

A launch was being lowered, and she packed her things as quickly as she could, swallowed a cup of coffee and went on deck. An acrid odor hung over the water. The officers, grouped about the companionway, saluted and Captain Zatchir assisted her into the launch, which shot in a wide sweep toward the shore end of the mole, stopping at the foot of a flight of stone steps.

A soldier, assisted by a couple of gendarmes, shoved aside the crowd which had gathered about the motor car on the quay above, and an elderly, distinguished-looking officer descended to meet her.

"His Majesty bids you welcome to Illyria, Madame," he said, bowing profoundly.

Helen extended her hand and the officer lifted it to his lips. Her heart beat exultantly. She could hardly stammer a reply.

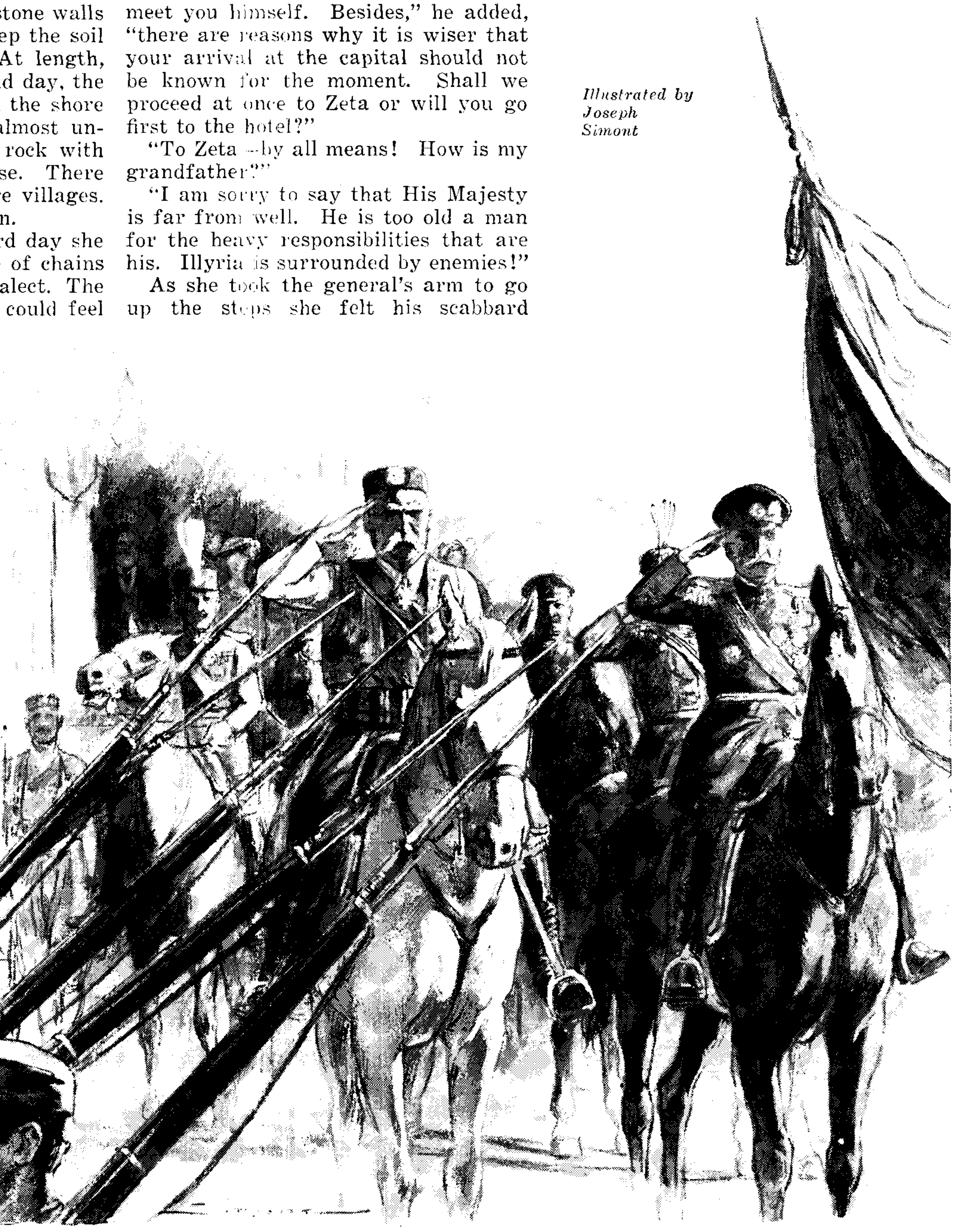
"I am General Kosovo, your grandfather's Prime Minister," he said, inspecting her with a curiosity which obviously approached fascination. "His Majesty regrets that official engagements made it impossible for him to meet you himself. Besides," he added, "there are reasons why it is wiser that your arrival at the capital should not be known for the moment. Shall we proceed at once to Zeta or will you go first to the hotel?"

"To Zeta—by all means! How is my grandfather?"

"I am sorry to say that His Majesty is far from well. He is too old a man for the heavy responsibilities that are his. Illyria is surrounded by enemies!"

As she took the general's arm to go up the steps she felt his scabbard against her knee. She had never known the touch of a sword before, and it gave her an uncanny sensation. The motor was an antiquated affair, almost as noisy as the gunboat and sporting two huge, shiny brass lamps on either side of the windshield. General Kosovo seated himself beside her, the soldier cranked the car, and with a harsh grating of gears they moved off. At first they were obliged to run slowly through the narrow, winding thoroughfares, but once clear of the town they began to ascend rapidly. Below them lay the yellow-green valley of the Dravitza, which here closely skirted the mountains on the Albanian side.

THE general told her that while the oil had originally been struck on the opposite, or Albanian, side of the river it was now definitely established that the pools lay entirely in Illyrian territory. But the ownership of the Tokar fields was by no means an unmixed blessing. Italy was in dire need of fuel oil for her battleships and here it was lying, so to speak, in her back yard. He studied her intently. "We are living on a powder magazine," he added. "A spark might cause an explosion any instant. I tell you this so that you may be prepared. Even such an apparently unimportant matter as your



Illustrated by Joseph Simont

The impressive figure of her grandfather, magnificent upon his white charger, visit may complicate the situation."

Again she experienced the same vague sense of apprehension as on the gunboat.

"But how could I—my coming—have any significance?"

"Crown Prince Milan, your half uncle—heir to the throne—is hand in glove with the Italians, who give him all the money he wants and let him do as he likes. In return, should he succeed your grandfather, he will turn the oil fields over to them. Drink will kill Milan sometime, but not soon enough!"

After half an hour's climb they reached the summit of the divide and with their radiator steaming came out upon a high yet verdant plateau bounded by another and still higher range of hills. At an ancient Turkish bridge spanning a torrent that evidently joined the unseen Dravitza at the bottom of the valley, a sentinel stepped into the middle of the roadway, saluted and waved them on, and a mile or more farther on they came to another bridge where their way was blocked by a battery of mountain guns drawn by mules. High above on the crest of the plateau she could see a large town clinging to the base of a citadel whence rose two tall spires.

"That is Zeta," said General Kosovo. "Your grandfather's capital."

THE pounding of Helen's heart increased tremendously as they ground up the last heavy pitch, swung under a high, arched postern across a busy square about the size of the Piazza San Marco, and came to a stop. The soldier on the front seat leaped down and threw open the door of the motor, the two sentries presented arms, and General Kosovo assisted her to get out. A huge man in swanky Tsernagoran costume, with ferocious mustaches and a sashful of *pishtoly*, came hurrying down the steps. Beside him the general looked like a common soldier.

"Where is Stephan Stephanovitch, Nikola?"

"His Majesty is holding court under the Beech of Justice," replied the majordomo. "I will conduct you to him."

The King, surrounded by a group of peasants, had been sitting beneath the overhanging branches of a great tree, listening to the rambling story of a shepherd about a blooded ram which, having been lost, had been unlawfully used for stud purposes by the finder. At Nikola's approach he cut the ram owner short and stood up.

"Off with you!" he shouted, waving them away. "Go take a drink of slivovitch together—and let the plaintiff pay for it. Show me my granddaughter, Nikola!"

Helen stood in the shadow of the building, out of the sun's glare. The light was blinding but that was not the only reason she found it hard to see distinctly. Something rose in her throat and choked her.

She saw the peasants going away and heard their exclamations ending with the words "Stephan Stephanovitch"—her own family name!

"His Majesty approaches," whispered Nikola.

A giant figure came toward her, so tall that the head was forced to bend to avoid the branches. Yet she realized that for all his great bulk the King was a feeble man. He had on the regulation native tunic of white serge embroidered with black braid, voluminous breeches stuffed into white gaiters and sharp pointed shoes of plaited calfskin. The top of his brown bald head was covered by a small round cap. His features were like those of her father's portrait. His height made her feel small.

"Where is my granddaughter?" he repeated. "Where is the gospodja Stephanie Stephanovitch?"

She stepped out into the sunlight and looked up at him.

"Here I am, Grandfather. I am Stephanie."

He extended his hand as if expecting her to kiss it, but she grasped it instead and the old man smiled and drew her toward him, examining her face intently.

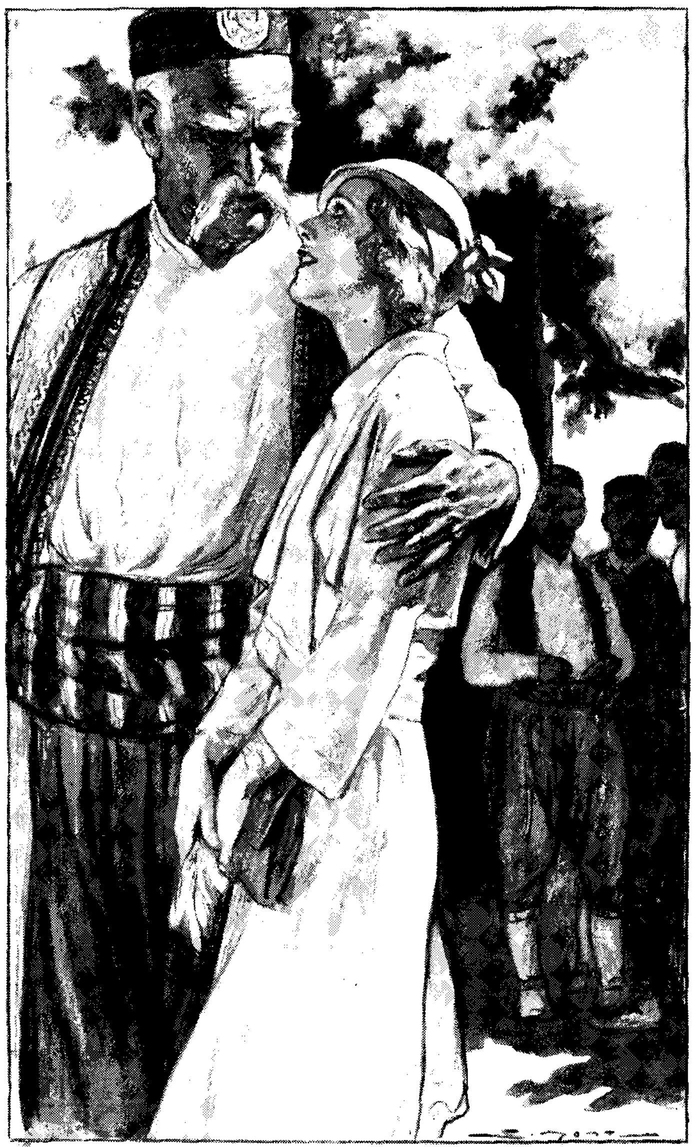
"Yes! You are very like him! You are Dushan's daughter!"

Impulsively he extended both his arms. Her whole heart went out to the old man.

"Grandfather!"

He took her in his huge embrace, kissing her forehead and both cheeks.

"Welcome home, my dear! Your coming makes me very happy. Now I have hope to live! Let us go inside, where it is cool."



"Welcome home, my dear," said the King. "Your coming makes me very happy"

Stephan led her into the palace and showed her the apartment which had been prepared for her next his own, where two red-cheeked Bulgarian girls, in embroidered jackets and red skirts pinned back to show the white petticoat beneath, curtsied deeply at their approach.

"THESE young ladies are your personal attendants," he said, adding to them in Slav, "You must be very good to the gospodja Stephanie Stephanovitch, girls, for it will take her a little time to become accustomed to our ways." Then in an aside to Helen, "It is customary here to call one's female servants 'madam.' Anyhow, they are both married and their husbands sleep in the house. We are all friends together—all peasants here, you know!" He winked. "Although some of our diplomatic friends don't stomach the idea!"

"What marvelous English you speak, Grandfather!" Helen exclaimed, surprised.

"Why shouldn't I? I've spoken it all my life. Your grandmother, Queen Helena, was an Englishwoman. She always had the palace full of English servants. Besides, it comes easy to me. I differ from the diplomat who, you remember, could keep silent in seven languages in that I can chatter in nearly twice as many. There!" he said, throwing open the shutters of the bedroom. "How is that for a view?"

The window at which they stood was two stories above ground level, overlooking the garden with its famous croquet ground. Beyond, to the north, was a bare plain on which a squad of soldiers was being drilled. The "hup-hup-hup!" of the sergeant could be heard distinctly. Half a mile farther on was the flying field with its hangars, where, her grandfather explained, transport planes stopped on the way from Vienna and Paris to Constantinople and Bucharest.

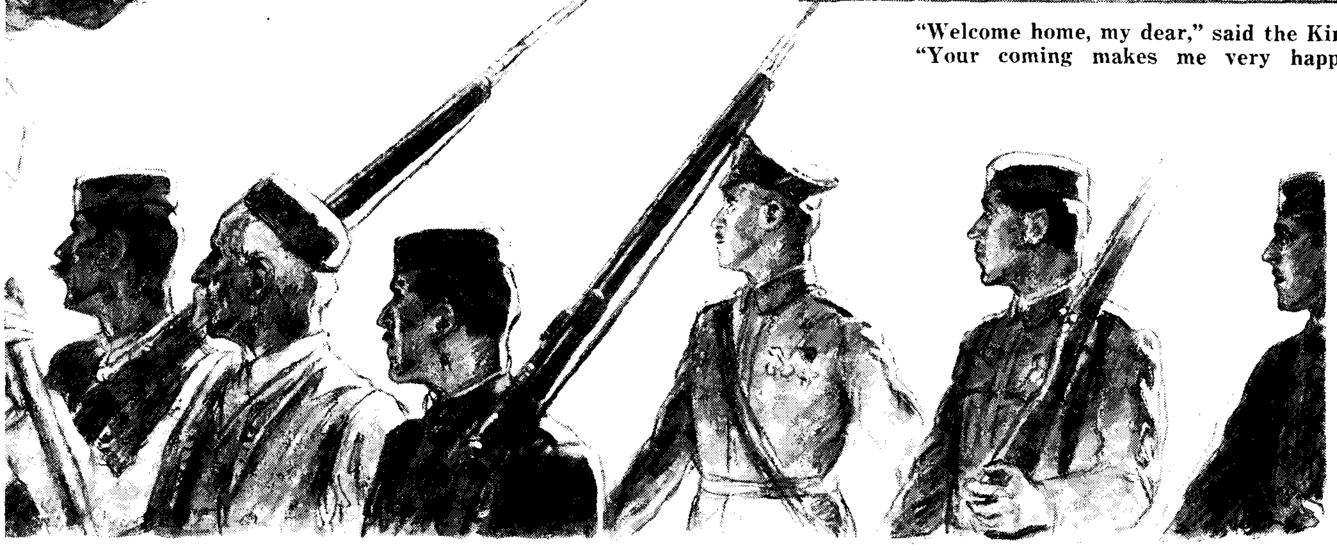
For a fortnight the palace had been given over to a horde of scrubwomen, carpenters and upholsterers in anticipation of Helen's arrival, and the sight-seeing busses no longer included it in their itinerary. Stephan would have liked to receive her with all the pomp of military display, but from his point of view such a course involved two serious objections: first, it would have been an intimation of his ultimate intention to recognize her as an integral part of the royal family and the papers of every capital in Europe would have been full of it in consequence; second, it would have put Milan upon the alert.

STEPHAN was fully satisfied now of Milan's illegitimacy. The witness for whom Drintyre's agents had been looking had at last been discovered living in a remote village of Novi Bazaar, her affidavit had been deposited in a safety vault and the woman herself pensioned and sent to Saloniki until her testimony should be needed. But that in itself would not settle the Milan problem. It would take a hostile fleet just about fifteen minutes to blow Tokar into a pile of blackened stones, and a single Italian bombing plane could annihilate Zeta in the same space of time. It was Rome, more than Milan, that he feared.

It was wiltingly hot, and after lunch Stephanie retired to her room to arrange her things, assisted by "Madame" Draga and "Madame" Ilta, but as both girls could speak only Slav they made so many mutual mistakes that all three got to laughing and became very good friends.

Her grandfather had suggested that she attend the five-o'clock review of the Royal Mountaineers, where she might meet a few of the foreign ministers and their families and form a preliminary idea of the local society; at ten minutes to the hour she was dressed and ready, standing at her window looking across the square and impatiently smoking a cigarette. Since her arrival that morning a remarkable transformation had

(Continued on page 55)



thrilled her to the core. She wished John Brent could have been there

A Man Must Fight

Greb again. What a warrior that lad was. And then gorgeous Georges Carpentier, the frail Frenchman who held the world's light-heavyweight championship. We don't know whether you saw Gene Tunney batter Carpentier into boxing oblivion that night. If you didn't, here's the next best thing —Tunney's story of the fight

By Gene Tunney

I BOXED Chuck Wiggins again at the Commonwealth Sporting Club in Harlem in a twelve-round warm-up match for the second Greb fight. Chuck sustained a few broken ribs on this occasion but finished the twelfth round fighting furiously. It was nine months since I had filed my challenge for a return match with Greb. The Commission allowed but six months to answer a legitimate challenge before declaring the title vacant. Greb postponed the return match as long as he could.

I did not learn the circumstances surrounding the signing of the contracts for the second Greb match until after the fight. George Engle, who had been Greb's manager and who signed for the match, disclosed to me the way in which it was done. George had learned from a friend in Pittsburgh, an intimate of Greb's, that Harry was going to sever all relations with him. Greb and Engle were working on a verbal contract. Learning of Greb's plan, Engle telephoned Doc Bagley, who was still my manager, to meet him at Madison Square Garden, where he had a date with the Garden matchmaker. It was Sunday afternoon. The contracts for the return Greb-Tunney fight were drawn and dated several days ahead. They were put on file with the Boxing Commission the next day. Harry had to give the manager's share of the purse to Engle, though the match took place several months after they had parted. Likewise, Bagley cut in on my purse though Billy Gibson was actually my manager when the fight took place. This was settled between Gibson and Bagley.

Harry Greb feared no man. Sometimes business acumen dictated that a certain match, from a professional point of view, might not result advantageously. This was never an acknowledgment, however, that Harry feared the physical results. So it is with many boxers. I met Harry five times in all; three times in fifteen-round matches in old Madison Square Garden, and two in tens—one in Cleveland and the last in St. Paul. I never knew Harry to funk it. Stalling was something he never learned about. The harder he was hit, though the blow smashed his ribs, the more furiously would he attack.

An Astonishing Fighter

He could take an extraordinary amount of punishment and be fighting hard at the last bell. The bigger they were, the less respect Harry had for them. I have seen him virtually climb the bodies of opponents a foot taller and bring them down to his size. He was tireless in battle, though his method of training was peculiar. He worked enthusiastically in the gymnasium and on the road; and pursued his pleasures with equal gusto. On his way to a boxing club to engage in a fight, he never failed to take along with his fighting costume a mirror, comb, brush and a powder puff. He always entered the ring with his hair brushed down with slickum and his face powdered.

This was a curious pride in looks for a fighter to possess. Of all the professions open to him why should one of such a peculiar quirk have followed professional boxing, one might ask. The answer is Harry Greb. Unfortunately, it was this vanity that, a year after retiring with sufficient money to live in comfort all his life, caused his death. He died on the operating table of a plastic surgeon while having his nose straightened.

To advance a step in my plan, I realized that I had to win the return match with Greb. I knew that unless I could defeat Harry no serious consideration would be given me as a championship aspirant; though this may seem to have been misguided determination—a futile waste of spiritual dedication that might have been put to better advantage. I entered the ring with Greb, determined either to win or die in the attempt. I reasoned with myself that it would be much better to die than to lose.

A Champion Again

While training for this match I contracted influenza. It increased as my training progressed. I could not call off the contest or ask for a postponement. The Garden dates were filled. There could be no chance of getting another match with Greb until the following fall, so I had no choice but to go through with it.

After doing well for the first six rounds, I suddenly became physically exhausted. Greb relentlessly battered me about the ring from the sixth to the eleventh round. They told me in my corner I was losing, that if I wanted to win I would have to capture the remaining rounds or knock him out.

In sheer desperation I came out at the start of the twelfth and luckily hit Greb with a long right on the cheekbone that had everything I had in it. It knocked him to the ropes. He slowed up considerably. Fight, fight; hit, hit, I kept repeating to myself—and did. I was given the decision at the end of fifteen rounds. It is only fair to Harry to say that there was a great deal of disagreement as to the accuracy of the decision. The newspaper men and spectators were divided.

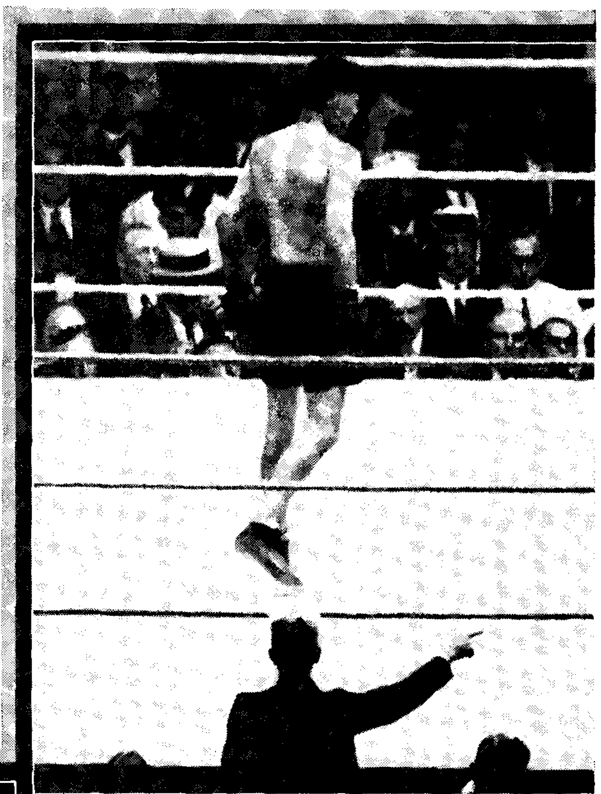
This re-won for me the light-heavyweight championship of America. Realizing there was some justice in Greb's claim of a bad decision, I offered him a return engagement. We got together again in December of that year—1923.

On St. Patrick's Day—March 17, 1923—Mike McTigue won a twenty-round decision over Battling Siki in Dublin, Ireland. McTigue claimed the world's light-heavyweight championship. Siki had won the title by knocking out Georges Carpentier. As the American champion I challenged McTigue. He ignored me. I offered to allow him the whole purse. He refused. I then vacated the American light-heavyweight championship and declared myself a heavyweight.

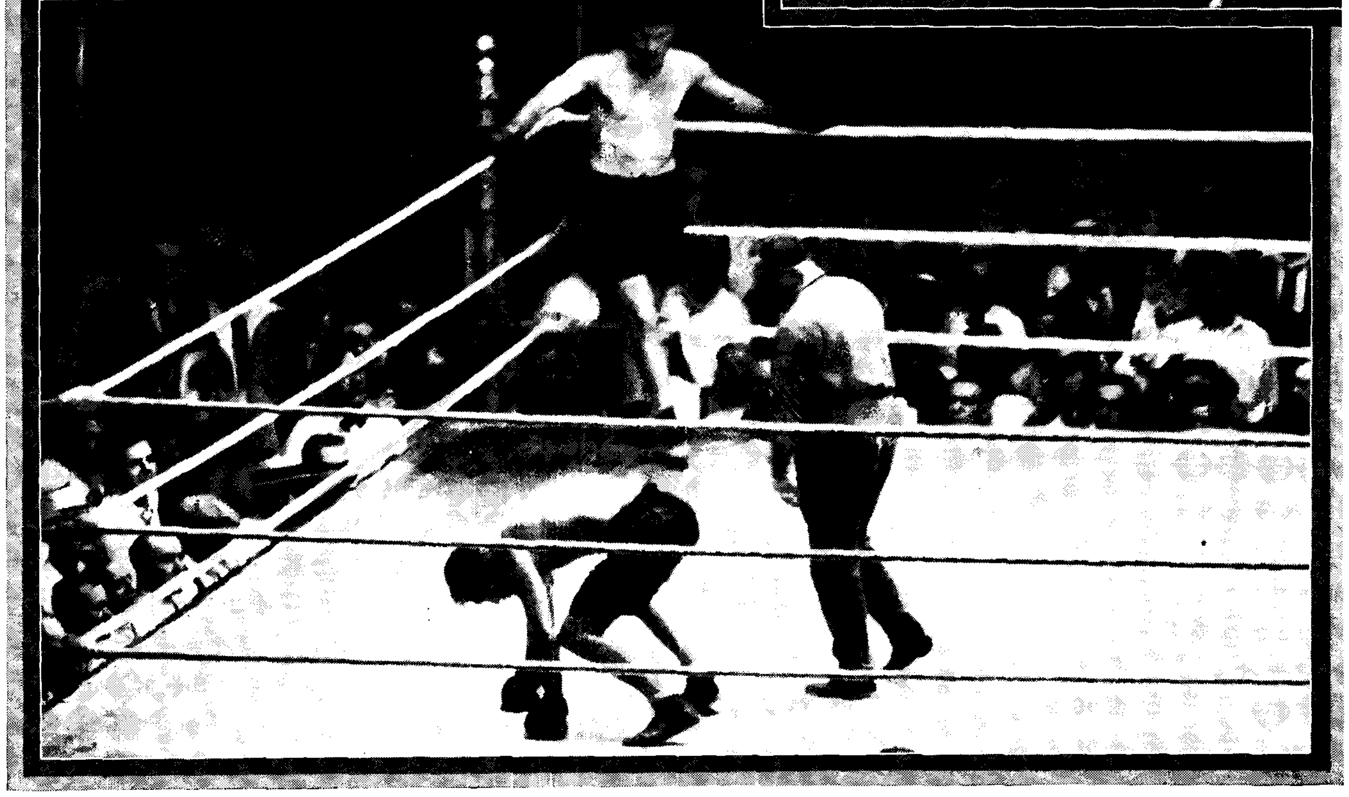
I never willingly made the light-heavyweight limit again but once—the third engagement with Harry Greb in Madison Square Garden. Though I held out for catchweights I was forced to make 175 pounds for Georges Carpentier the following year, or forfeit the match.

In this Greb contest I decisively defeated him and was hailed by many as "A New Tunney." Again Greb put up a marvelous exhibition of courage and tirelessness, but I was coming and he was beginning to slip.

I now began pointing myself for bigger game. I engaged in several matches in the South and Middle West. I was increasing in weight and experience all the time. Things began to look up. In the summer I was offered a match by the

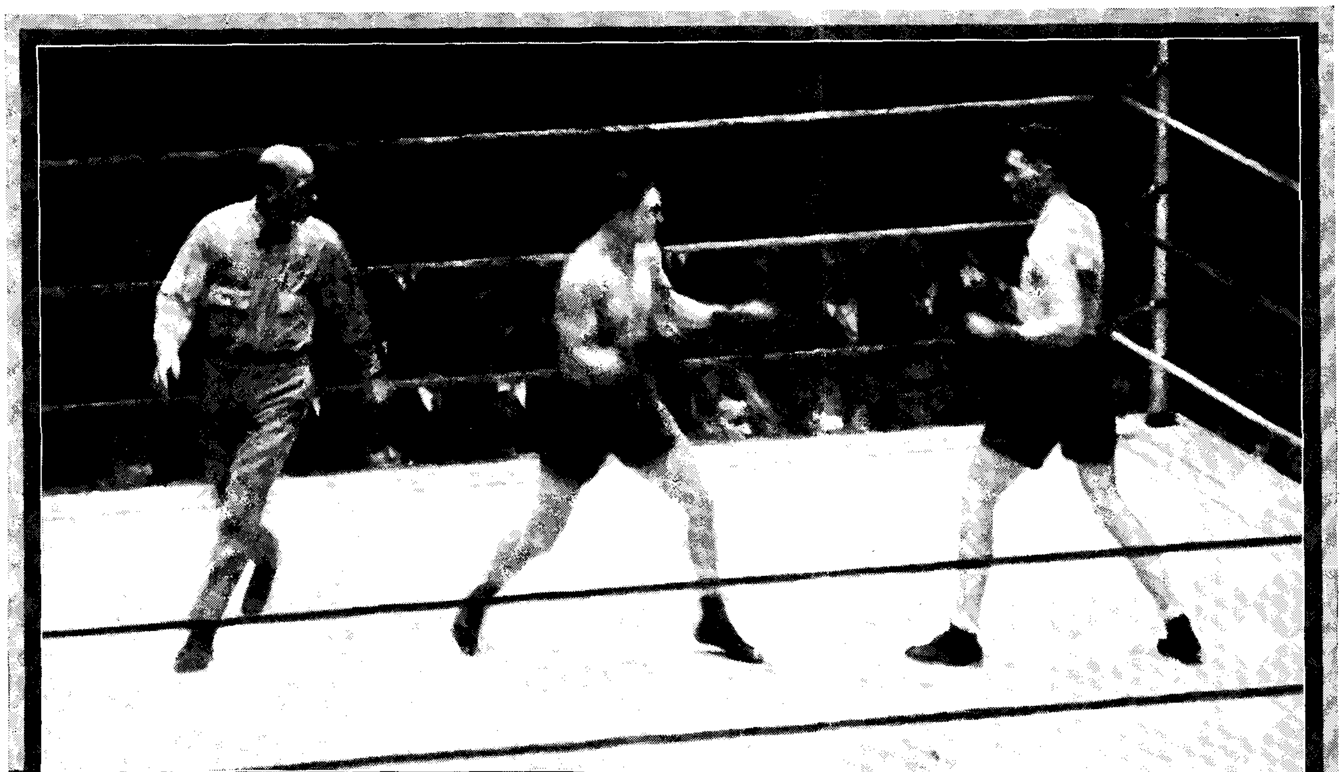


Right, the tenth round of the Tunney-Carpentier fight in 1924, Carpentier down for a count of nine



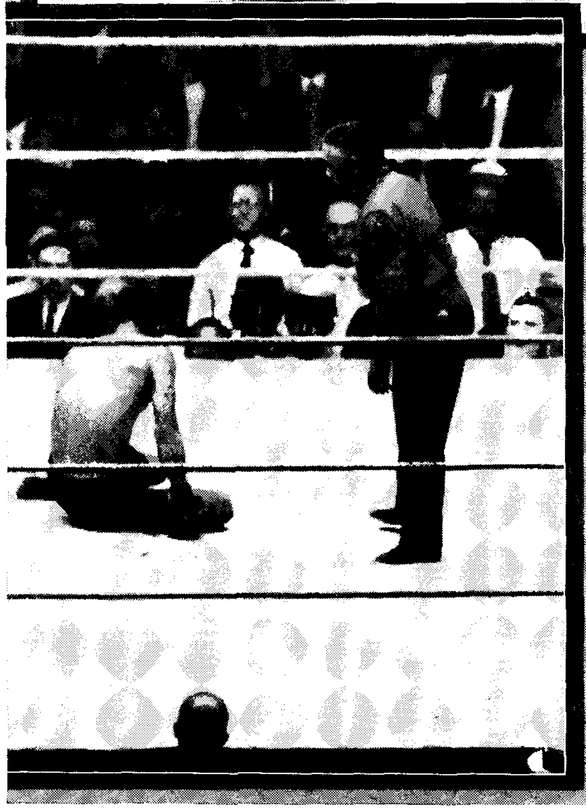
Wide World

The twelfth round of the Tunney-Gibbons fight, 1925; Gibbons taking a count before being knocked out



Acme Newspictures

Above, Tunney outpointing Harry Greb to regain the light-heavyweight championship, in 1923



Wide World

promoters of Mrs. William Randolph Hearst's Milk Fund show with Erminio Spalla, European heavyweight champion, who had just been deprived of a knockout victory over Luis Firpo in Argentina through partiality by the Argentine referee.

In the contest with Firpo, for which he traveled from Europe, Spalla, after hitting Firpo with a long right behind the ear and knocking him down for the full count, was severely reprimanded by the referee, who threatened to disqualify him if he again struck "Little Luie" with so cowardly a punch. The publicity following this, in addition to his title of European heavyweight champion, made Spalla an attraction in New York. I had trained with Spalla while he was on a previous visit to the United States after which he went back and won the European heavyweight championship. I felt that all he knew I had taught him, and therefore, in spite of my principle to take every opponent seriously, held Spalla rather cheaply. I believed that all I would have to do to win quickly was go out and hit him three or four straight lefts on the nose and then turn the left into a hook for the stomach.

Signor Spalla fooled me. He hung my jaw on the end of a wild right swing in the first round. It was a terrific punch and shook me up pretty badly. I no sooner realized I had been hit than another volley of blows came. I was again stunned to the heels. I could not understand what was happening. I feinted and moved around. In his next rush I saw my mistake. I was trying to pull back from long swings which came one after the other, each reaching farther until finally one landed. I received three terrific punches before I saw the error of my ways. I boxed him carefully for the rest of the round. In the next round I slipped inside and with a pretty stiff poke to the stomach stopped his swinging. I repeated this several times. Spalla got confused. I then went to work slowly and carefully, mixing blows to his head and body. He became disheartened. Referee Eddie Purdy stopped the match in the seventh round to save him from further punishment.

Carpentier's Great Fight

A month later—on July 24, 1924, I met Georges Carpentier in a fifteen-round match at the Polo Grounds. This was promoted by Jimmy Johnston, representing the Cromwell Athletic Club. Carpentier's showing in the tenth round was one of the finest exhibitions of sheer gameness I have ever witnessed. He rose four times after being down and almost out. He shall have my eternal admiration for his showing of courage and gameness during that round. It was one of the great rounds of modern boxing, second only to the first round of the Dempsey-Firpo fight.

Descamps, Carpentier's manager, came into my dressing-room to watch the bandages go on my hands. They were on when he arrived. He insisted they come off or Georges would not fight. I had not provided myself with extra bandages. I was infuriated. I refused to take them off. The Deputy Boxing Commissioner was called in to decide whether they should come off or not. Upon learning I had no others, he advised Descamps to make a close inspection and be satisfied.

Enter the Heavyweight

Descamps, who was somewhat of a psychologist, gesticulated and shouted. The bandages had to come off. In the hurry to get them on again they got twisted and tangled. This probably saved Georges during the fight, for in the tenth round, when he was tottering around, my hands were so sore I was unable to put him down for the full count. I became so exhausted during this fight that I decided never again, under any circumstances, to try to make the light-heavyweight limit of 175 pounds. I determined on a process of building into a full-fledged heavyweight.

Before Descamps would agree to this match he insisted upon a guaranty of $45,000, win, lose or draw. As the club did not care to meet this guaranty, Billy Gibson, for me, agreed to take 55 per cent of the receipts, less the state and Federal taxes, and from that pay Carpentier his certainty of $45,000. The fight drew $118,000 net. Our 55 per cent amounted to $64,900, from which we were to give Carpentier $45,000, leaving us in the neighborhood of $19,000.

When Gibson went around to the Cromwell A. C. the next day the matchmaker presented him with a check for $56,900 (less cost of advanced tickets for friends), saying that the preliminaries, which were unusually good and helped attract the public, cost him $16,000, of which he expected us to pay half. That accounted for the $8,000 deduction. Gibson refused to accept the check. Descamps was in our office looking for his money. He was nervous and excited. Neither he nor Carpentier could go to the Commission for help. The Commission had a ruling against guaranties for fighters. They had to wait until we could effect some settlement with the Cromwell A. C.

At a meeting between Jimmy Johnston, the matchmaker, Billy Gibson and myself, there was a discussion as to whether Gibson had agreed to split the expense of the preliminaries. It was discovered that the "Boy Bandit," as Jimmy is termed by humorous newspaper men, was manager for several of the boxers who had taken part in the preliminaries. Jimmy appeared to be getting it coming and going. Nobody, however, has put his earnings from boxing to better advantage than Johnston. He has had eleven children to feed and seems to have done it quite well. More power to him! Upon inquiring of Jimmy why he did not incorporate the division of the preliminary matches' expense in the contract since it involved so much money, he said it was an agreement entered into after the contract was drawn.

The Short End of the Purse

Gibson said, "With who?"

Jimmy answered, "With you, of course, don't you remember?"

I injected, "Why didn't you draw a supplementary contract, then?"

Jimmy said, "I took Gibson's word for it."

Seeing we were getting nowhere in this sort of conference, I thought it wise to take the $56,900 and hope for a more favorable settlement of the extra $8,000 later. After depositing the check we went over to our office where François waited in a clammy perspiration. We turned over to him our check for $45,000.

After the managerial cut, the costs of sparring partners, training expenses and other incidentals were paid, my share of the Carpentier receipts was exactly $3,000. The controversy over the remaining $8,000 was disposed of at a Boxing Commission meeting, to which I went unprepared, not knowing the purpose of my summons. Johnston had also been summoned. He came with an eloquent lawyer fully prepared. The Commission, apparently learning for the first time that the contract was for 55 per cent of the receipts, warned us that it was against their ruling for any star bout to get more than 50 per cent of the gate receipts.

The chairman turned to me and said, "Mr. Tunney, you know this contract is not in accordance with the rulings of this Commission. You may take this matter to court if you choose but I cannot say what action this Commission will take if you do. This contract is in contradiction of its specific ruling"—a silent warning to let the matter drop.

I did not box in New York again until June 5, 1925. My opponent was Tom Gibbons. After the Carpentier match I boxed several matches in the South and four or five in the West, the last of which was against my old sparring partner, the indomitable Harry Greb. My showing against Greb that night in St. Paul so convinced him that I had grown out of his class that he came into my dressing-room after the fight and said, "Gene, you and I have fought five times. I am through! I will never fight you again. Let the other guys have a dose of you from now on!"

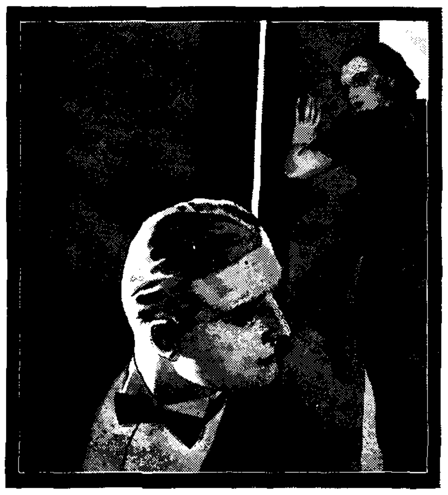
This statement was so frank and honest my heart went out to him. Harry was slipping and he knew it. The Greb of 1920, 1921, 1922, 1923 would never have admitted the superiority of anyone. He was getting old. There is something heart-rending about noticeable disintegration in a gallant warrior. As Greb left the auditorium that night, Tommy Gibbons, who attended the contest, was in the lobby. Harry had fought Tommy three or four times. He knew him and, walking over to him, said, "Watch that guy down there; he's going

(Continued on page 51)

The truly remarkable story of that truly remarkable birdman, Wilber Weaver, who found love in a flurry of—

Star Dust

By B. L. Jacot



It was no hotel servant quietly slipping down the corridor, but Jane Willows

THE new flying field added to the Hotel du Palais on the outskirts of the forest of Fontainebleau lies between the polo ground and the River Seine. Follow the Route de Paris, cut like a knife-slice through the forest, and once you have passed over Fontainebleau itself you cannot miss the airdrome.

That is what they told Wilber at Le Bourget. It was dusk when he spotted the gray cement of the sheds against the silver streak of the Seine.

As he banked his little monoplane to circle the airdrome Wilber let loose a sigh. If there was one thing he loathed in a young and care-free life that thing was leaving the ground. The thought of flying, when he was safe on the ground, gave him weak knees. Flying itself was too terrible to think about at all. Some people are just born that way, and it is no use trying to disguise it. As they waved him farewell at the great French airport they took a good look at him. They liked this crazy and wealthy young man, and they did not expect to see him again. Only read of him in the news, for the standing of Wilber Washington Weaver as an airman-pathfinder around the instruction school was low.

He glanced at the sock, pulled back his throttle, headed into the wind at what he thought was the proper gliding angle, and hoped for the best. "After this," he breathed, "you'll never catch me with more than one leg off the ground. Never!" But as he said it he thought of Vivien, and a warm glow of fortitude took him. He knew then that he would go on flying just as long as it was likely to impress her favorably.

He hit the field with a three-point landing, but the three points were not simultaneous. His first choice was one wheel, his second the tail-skid, and the final contact was a wing-tip. But when the ground staff reached him they found him surveying the ship from a distance. Wilber had wasted no time in connecting with the turf in person. A malevolent look lingered in his eye as it fixed the little plane.

Among the mechanics was a girl in a fur coat over sports clothes. "What a lovely machine!" she enthused. "Is it yours?"

"Yes," Wilber told her sourly. After that landing he was feeling anything but enthusiastic.

"Come far?"

"From Le Bourget." He turned from the ship to this girl. Sentimentally he had hoped that Vivien would be there to welcome him, but he realized that a girl in Vivien's position could not hang about flying fields. The public was always pestering Vivien. This girl in the close-fitting woolen cap was only a kid—ready to talk to anyone about flying.

"It must be grand just to climb into a machine and go anywhere you like!" she recorded.

"You think so?" A bitter smile creased Wilber's homely face. "Well—would you like me to tell you something?"

SHE waited expectantly, looking up at him round-eyed.

"I think it's awful," said Wilber. "Just awful! I loathe flying. I hate airplanes. I don't ever want to climb into anything and go just anywhere I like. Do you understand that?"

"There is no need to be rude about it."

"Well, there it is just the same. I suppose that is the Hotel du Palais over there?"

A smile came to part her lips, showing the loveliness of her teeth. Somehow it made her look older. "It is," she said. "How do you work these things out?"

As he approached the elaborate portico of this palatial hotel, helmet dangling from his hand, he broke suddenly into a run. He pulled up breathless at the door of a limousine drawn up at the foot of the stone steps. "Vivien!" he cried.

The woman who had just climbed into the car turned. "Well, well!" she laughed. "Look who's here!"

She laid a hand on the wrist of the man at her side. "Henry," she introduced, "this is Wilber Weaver." She paused. "Some day I'm going to marry him."

Wilber found himself grasping the hand of a middle-aged citizen with patent-leather hair and keen eyes.

"Mr. Moon looks after my public for me—don't you, Henry, darling?"

"Sure," agreed Wilber's new friend.

"And now, Wilber, my pet, I think it was too sweet of you to dash here to see me by air! Hurry and change and meet me here when I get back. I'm simply dying to have a talk with you about—oh!—everything!"

Wilber gulped. "You're going?"

"Henry is taking me to see some people. Sit up for me, won't you? Promise?"

Holding her perfect eyes, he nodded. He was ready to promise anything for Vivien.

That evening he noticed the girl from the flying field two or three times as he wandered moodily round this millionaires' paradise, built in France by a German to American plans with British capital. At dinner she was placed near by, occupying a table with an elderly, desiccated female. Her mother, Wilber decided, and serve her right if she grew up like that too. For her age, that girl had nerve. Almost the first words she said to him were that he had no manners, or something.

As he leaned over the balcony on the terrace watching the beacon light over the control tower a voice startled him. "Hello," it said. "Still got a grouch?—or are you fit to be spoken to?"

For a moment he surveyed the girl without speaking. She had a shawl drawn close round her shoulders: her figure, he could see now, was slim and boyish.

"I don't often have grouches," he said. "I'm—I'm sorry I snapped at you."

"Oh, that's all right." She leaned on the balcony, friendly, beside him. "Did you really mean what you said about flying? I've heard such a lot about you."

"About me?" Like a woman, Wilber thought, nosing around.

"I heard you're indecently wealthy, been brought up by lawyers; that you're keen on flying and that you're going to marry Vivien Crayne."

"For your age," he told her, "well informed."

"I'm eighteen—and you're only twenty-three!"

He patted her shoulder. "Well done! You have your piece word-perfect. How hard you must have worked to find all this out!"

THE girl watched the light over the control tower for a moment. She had picked up this information in the palm lounge. So had half the hotel. Vivien Crayne's beautiful voice attracted attention anywhere, and that afternoon Vivien had been confiding to some half-dozen men friends the exploits of Wilber. "He's learning to fly to please me, the dear," laughed Vivien. "He's *terrified,* really!" And somehow, in advance, the girl now at the airman's elbow had decided to like him.

"My name's Jane Willows."

Wilber raised an eyebrow. "What do I do? Enter it in my address book?"

"No. You try to be sociable, that's all. How I'd loathe to be in a young millionaire's address book. But I suppose you've nothing else to do, poor man."

"Nothing else but what?"

"Write names in your pretty address book."

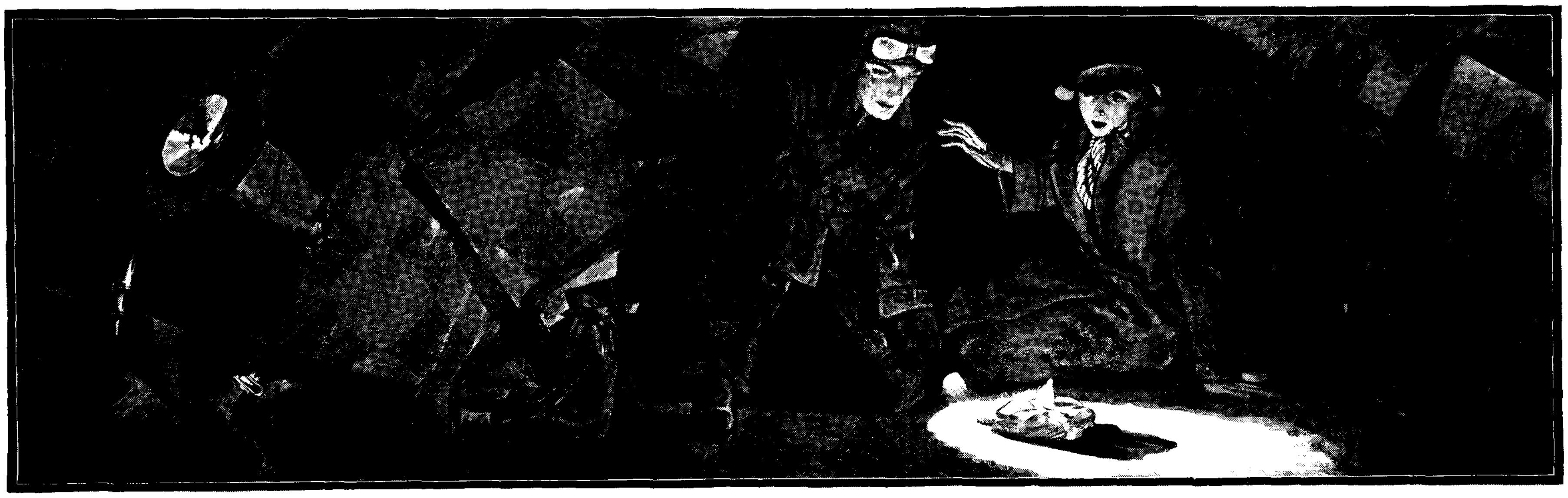
Wilber flushed boyishly. "You know jolly well I haven't got an address book. I was only ragging. I thought you wanted to talk about flying."

"I want," she said, "to talk about anything. Sometimes I could scream! I never talk to anyone."

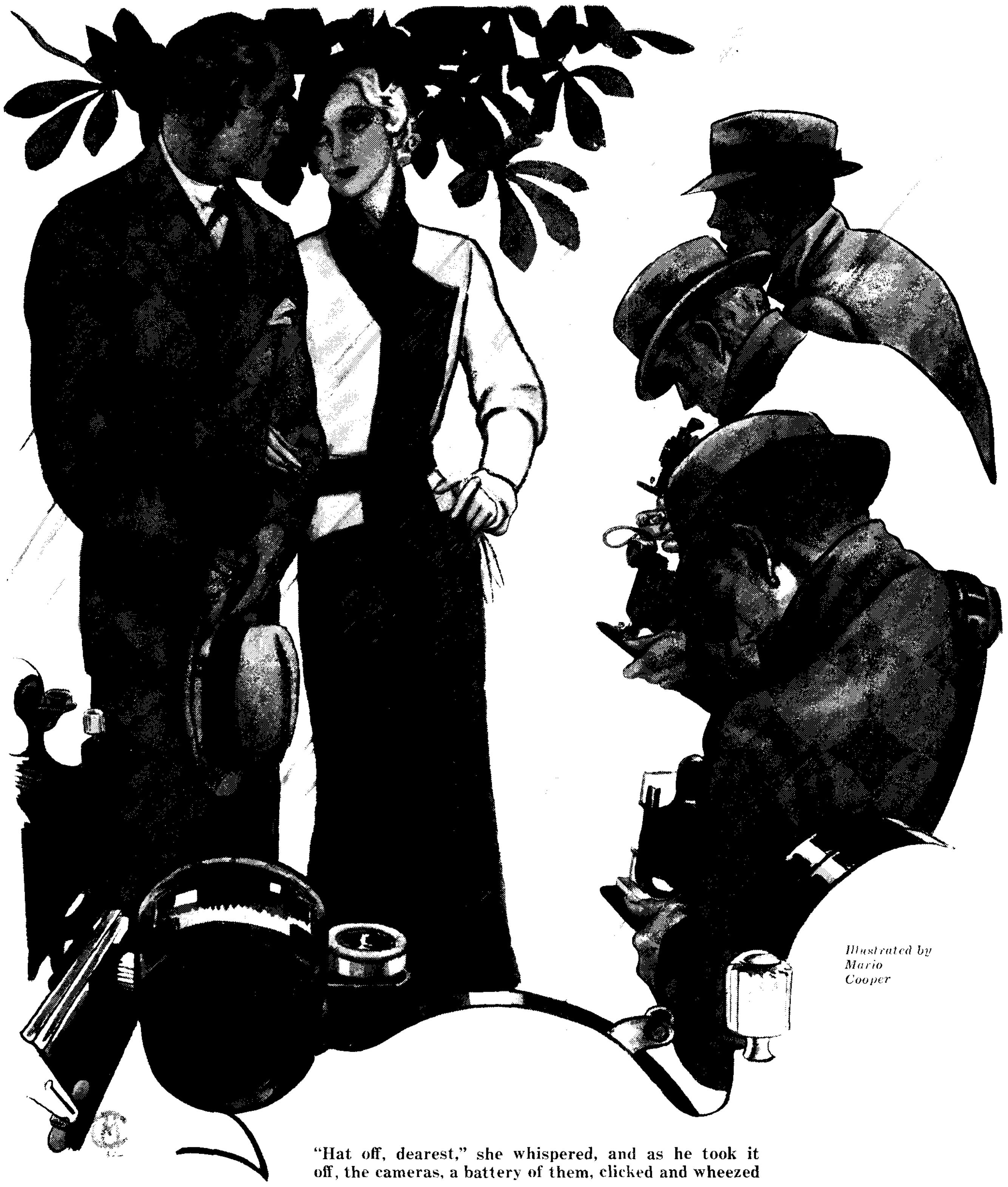
"Never talk to anyone?" It sounded thin to Wilber. "Well, listen to this: I've never got it off my chest yet. Maybe it'll help if I do now. People said I never did anything. No work. No games. Not keen on anything particular. When Vivien let slip she adored birdmen I thought—why not try this flying?"

"How long have you been—been engaged to Miss Crayne?" she interrupted.

"Nine months, one week, three days." A reverent look came into his eyes. "You must meet Vivien. You'll love her. She's so—"



The first thing that met his eyes was Vivien's parcel. It had burst open



Illustrated by Mario Cooper

"Hat off, dearest," she whispered, and as he took it off, the cameras, a battery of them, clicked and wheezed

"I think," Jane told him fairly, "she's the most marvelously beautiful thing I've ever seen. Lovelier than her pictures!" And she meant it. The face of Vivien Crayne was envied on three continents. Before she made talking films her name had appeared in the bright lights on Broadway and in the West End. It seemed like the hand of Providence to Wilber that they had met as the result of a car accident on the Great West Road. Three times their engagement had been announced and denied—necessary, so she told Wilber, for publicity. "I think you're awfully lucky," Jane said.

"Don't I know it?" His tone was emphatic. "I'd do anything in the world for Vivien. I sometimes think that—I don't see why I should be unloading all this on you."

She was fixing him, round-eyed, again. "Please go on!"

He lowered his voice. "It's strange how it all happened. I believe in letting things alone. I mean—girls never had meant a thing to me, until I met Vivien. You can't force things; they just happen."

"You'd never been in love before? Not with anyone?"

He shook his head. "Until I met Vivien I hadn't done much. That's one reason why I tried flying. At first, when I was so scared, I tried to beat it. To make myself like it. But there are some things so strong in a man you can't break them. I was never meant to leave ground that's—"

He stopped, conscious that the girl had left his side. An elegant young man was talking to her in the doorway at the back, amused, it seemed, at something she had asked. With a shrug he turned his back on her. Catching Wilber's eye, the girl gave him a wave and hurried indoors.

IT WAS not until after midnight that the limousine brought Vivien and Henry Moon back to the hotel. Wilber was on the steps to open the door. He had been counting the minutes against her return, imagining a thousand things that could have happened to her.

"Wilber, you darling!" she breathed. "You shouldn't have waited for me. I've had such a tiring evening. How I've managed to survive I do not know. I could sleep for twenty-four hours." She leaned heavily on his arm as they passed through the deserted lounge. In the Palm Court she sank down on a divan. "I must have a drink. Touch the bell for me, Henry, will you?"

As the publicity man obeyed her she pulled Wilber down by the lapel of his evening coat and pressed a soft kiss in his ear. "Darling!" she whispered. "I don't know what I should do without you. D'you still love me? Yes?"

Henry Moon returned before Wilber had time to collect himself and think of a suitable reply. Whenever he was near to this girl things seemed to swim about and lose reality.

"What about this bag of tricks?" questioned Moon, holding out a sealed parcel the size of a box of golf balls. "Should be in the hotel safe."

"Give it to Wilber," Vivien suggested and handed the parcel to him herself. "Contracts and things we've just been signing and witnessing and so forth," she explained. "Be a lamb and keep them safe for me."

"I'll take them up and lock them in my suitcase for tonight," he offered.

Vivien smiled at him as he went. "You know what I'm like with important papers. We'll hand the parcel to the manager tomorrow."

Wilber's rooms were on the first floor—a regal suite reserved for him by Vivien. Wilber had the money to pay for the best: Vivien had to have the best for publicity purposes. Their suites adjoined.

It was as Wilber pulled his door shut against the spring lock after locking the packet away in his bedroom that he noticed someone he took to be a maid leaving the suite on the left—Vivien's. He had turned away toward the lift when a second glance pulled him up short. It was no hotel servant slipping quietly down the corridor, but Jane Willows—in a powder-blue negligee.

"Hello," he called, surprised. "You again? Don't you ever go to bed?"

She turned at the sound of his voice. "You gave me such a start," she said. After a pause she added: "You live on this floor?"

He pointed to his door. "That's me. Number Seven."

"A lucky number. Good night."

IN THE Palm Court he found Vivien gathering up her things from the little table. She was bidding Henry Moon good night. He had to garage the limousine and return to his hotel. "Darling," she began, "I've such heaps of things to discuss with you tomorrow. See me up to my room, there's a lamb."

There were heaps of things Wilber wanted to discuss. This marriage that kept getting postponed owing to pressure of work, for one. So far he had only seen her for about ten minutes. Somehow things had a way of turning out disappointingly with Vivien, but, he told himself as he undressed, there was going to be no flying for some days. He had to be grateful for that.

Wilber was up early next morning. Conscience impelled him to the sheds to make an inquiry after his plane. Jane was there.

"You're up early for a millionaire," she said.

He found himself smiling at her. "And so are you—for one of the idle and decorative rich."

"You can search me for bullion," she said.

Wilber recalled, as he held her level gray eyes, that he had dreamed a good deal about this girl last night. In some strange way she had become mixed up with Vivien. He blushed now to remember he had kissed her—in his dreams. In his little plane they had been, high above an endless forest of tree tops. Her next words startled him:

"You can't imagine how I'd love to fly. I never have. I suppose there's no chance of your ever taking me up?"

"If I took you up you'd never want to fly again," he warned. "You'd risk it—after that landing?"

"Any time you're ready," said the girl. Now, if you like."

A PECULIAR thing happened to Wilber then. Perhaps it was her eagerness; perhaps her astonishing confidence in him. "All right," he heard himself promising, "we'll have a skim around before breakfast. Come on—"

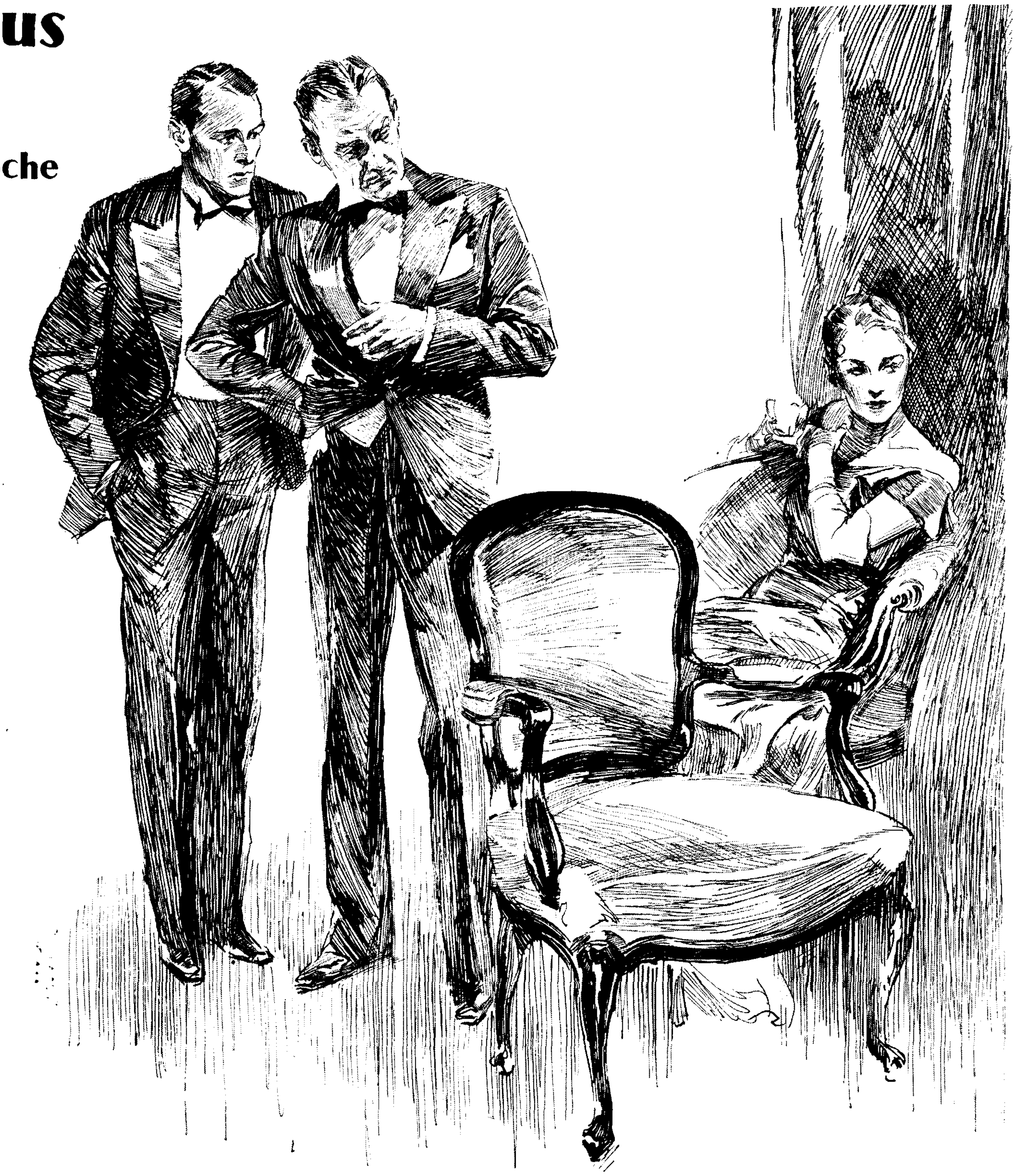
As mechanics warmed the ship up the old nausea returned, but Jane squeezed his arm as they waited. "Oh, isn't this too thrilling!" she breathed. "I wish I were a man."

Taxiing down the field with the girl close behind him in the seat at the back, something very near a thrill took Wilber, too. He had an idea to show the girl what it was like to be a man. At the far end he scraped the tail-skid round with vigorous thrusts of the rudder. When he was headed into the wind he opened up without a pause. When the rumble of the undercarriage eased off into that silken poise which told him he had taken the air he held the ship close over the turf until he neared the

(Continued on page 43)

The Gracious Lady

By Arthur Somers Roche



The Story Thus Far:

DEAN RESOLVE and Rita Clayborne, who is married, are in love. The idea of divorce does not appeal to Rita. But her husband, the brutal Sam Clayborne, is making *her life wretched. She decides to go to* Reno, obtain her freedom, and marry Dean.

Her ticket bought, she has a final talk with Dean—at the palatial Clayborne home. Clayborne, beside himself with anger, appears. He announces that Dean's father owes him a million dollars; threatens to ruin the Resolves if Rita divorces him. Incensed by a remark made to Rita, Dean knocks the man down. Then, accompanied by Rita, he interviews his father—Sturgis Resolve, head of the firm of Resolve and Company—who admits that, due to an unfortunate *real estate speculation, he does* owe Clayborne nearly a million dollars!

Knowing her husband, unwilling to bring disaster to the Resolves, Rita insists on returning to her home. Whereupon, Jinny Carpenter, Rita Clayborne's dearest friend, learns of the situation. *Though no one* suspects it (she is far too loyal, too fine, to spoil anyone's happiness), she, too, is in love with Dean. And she is rich. Working secretly, through her attorneys, she comes to the rescue—lends Resolve and Company enough to render them safe. . . . Clayborne, infuriated, now resolves to involve Dean in scandal. At his home, in Rita's presence, he deliberately shoots himself through the shoulder. Dean arrives, runs a gauntlet of reporters and police officials. Clayborne demands to see him—again, when Dean appears, resorts to threats. "If the newspapers don't fix you," he exclaims, "I'll do it. Marry Rita—and I'll kill you both!"

Dean spends a restless night. In the morning he reads the papers. The shooting is featured, with numerous veiled references to Dean Resolve. . . . Jack Colby, an old friend, telephones him. He is excited. "Dean," he says, "I've learned who put up that money for Resolve and Company." "Who put it up?" Dean asks. And on hearing the answer, he almost drops the receiver. "That million dollars," says Colby, "came from Jinny Carpenter!"

V

HE FOUND his father in the gloomy old dining-room, reminiscent of a day when wealth was a serious matter and interior decorating matched wealth. That sturdy old gentleman scoffed at the suggestion of eating a substantial cereal, a few sausages and a chop or two, in his bedroom. Breakfast was a solemn affair to Sturgis Resolve, and he needed a good solid table on which—if Mrs. Resolve were not looking—to set his elbows.

He grinned at his son.

"Must have a pull with the press, Son. You got off lightly."

"I suppose I did," said Dean soberly. "Sorry if I've caused a little mud to be spattered on the family name."

"Rot," said his father. He lighted his after-breakfast panetela. "Times have changed, my boy. My father—well, the old gentleman would have had a stroke of apoplexy if I were mentioned in the press as the candidate for the hand of a married woman. But, good grief, with half the younger generation racing to Reno or Paris or Mexico, and with the good burghers of supposedly narrow-minded states like Arkansas bidding for *the divorce business, no one is squeamish* any more. But," and his face sobered, "you'd better be prepared for plenty more, my boy."

Dean shrugged.

"If you—and Mother—can stand it, I can. It's—it's Rita that worries me. *She's modern enough. I mean, when* marriage became impossible, Rita broke it off. But—she's gentle, Dad. And the newspapers—oh, well, it can't be helped. Dad, Colby just phoned me. He told me where the money came from—the money that's helping us out of this Renssaler Place deal."

"You told me last night," his father reminded him. "The Patroons people."

"So I thought," assented Dean. "But Colby last night heard more. Jinny Carpenter, Dad."

STURGIS RESOLVE stared at his son. "Jinny Carpenter? Whatever do you mean, Dean?"

"Exactly what I'm saying," Dean replied. "She bought into the Patroons—oh, I don't know the details, but I do know that she came to our rescue."

"Does it amount to that?" asked his father. "If a company she's interested in—"

"I lunched with her yesterday, Dad," said Dean. "I—well, it was just after Rita and I had left your office, and I'd taken Rita home, and it looked as though—well, as though everything were all off. I was pretty blue and—well, Jinny is one of my best friends, you know. And first thing I realized I'd told her all *about everything.* Told her that Rita wouldn't marry me while Clayborne had us on the hip. And now it seems that Jinny put up the money—"

"Bosh! Colby must be out of his mind. Young girls don't put up a million dollars simply to pull a friend out of a hole."

Old Sturgis puffed out his cheeks; the idea was too preposterous.

"The kind of girl Jinny is would put up more than that, Dad," said Dean. "Oh, Colby doesn't fly off the handle. He said that Jeremy Sanborne let it drop last night."

"Jeremy? Closest-mouthed man in the world. Can't believe he'd gossip about a client's business," protested his father.

"Oh, nonsense," exclaimed Dean. "Men are always gossiping about business. Even staid old lawyers like Sanborne. And he was playing bridge with Jack, the lawyer representing us—so why shouldn't he mention the facts? Nothing to be gained by secrecy."

"Well, we can't take her money," cried old Resolve.

"My idea exactly," said Dean. "If—if she hadn't been told by me about our difficulties, and her business advisers had put her into the deal—why, *then it would be all right.* To accept her aid in that amount—I don't like it."

"Nor I," said old Sturgis. He sighed. "Thought our troubles were over. We'll have to look around—"

"We'll find it somewhere," said Dean lightly. He walked over to the door that led into the hall. On the threshold he glanced back at his father.

"I'll phone Jinny and say much obliged, but no can do," he said.

"Of course," said old Resolve.

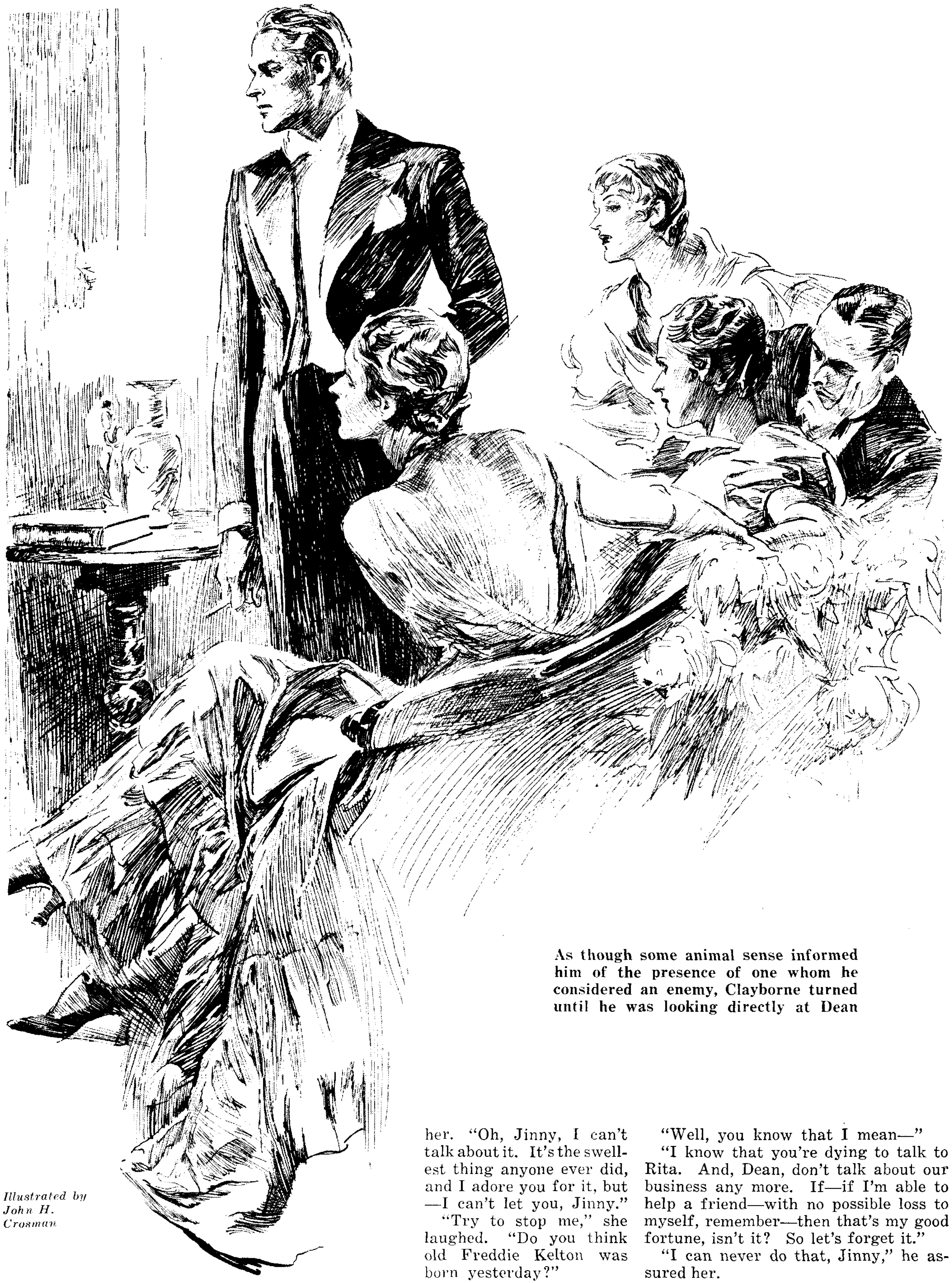
And if terror was in the older man's heart there was no indication of it in face or voice. Dean, continuing on to the telephone, felt a quiet pride in his parent. He was a rattle-brained old dodo—modern youth characterizes its progenitors cruelly—but he was a sportsman. Dean felt rather pleased with his father at that moment.

A MAID told him that Miss Carpenter would answer immediately, and then he heard Jinny's voice.

"Dean, you're too perfectly mannered to be real," she laughed. "Asking for the hostess before you speak to the guest! Well, bless your anxious heart, Rita slept well, and—"

"I wanted to talk to you, Jinny," he said. "What the devil do you mean by *violating a confidence I gave to you?*"

"And what the devil do you mean,



As though some animal sense informed him of the presence of one whom he considered an enemy, Clayborne turned until he was looking directly at Dean

Illustrated by John H. Crosman

Dean Resolve, by cussing out a lady this way?"

"Cuss you? I ought to spank you. I told you my troubles yesterday, thinking I'd deposited them in the grave, and you double-crossed me—"

"I don't know what you're talking about," she cried.

"A liar as well as a double-crosser," he said sternly. Then he had difficulty in keeping his voice from breaking. "Oh, Jinny, you're just the greatest girl that ever— But, Jinny, my angel, it just isn't being done. Men aren't letting girls risk their fortunes to pull them out of holes. So put your pennies right back in the bank."

"Huh," she jeered. "So you'd try to keep a young girl from making an honest dollar, would you?"

"I'd try to keep a young girl from being quixotically generous," he told her. "Oh, Jinny, I can't talk about it. It's the swellest thing anyone ever did, and I adore you for it, but —I can't let you, Jinny."

"Try to stop me," she laughed. "Do you think old Freddie Kelton was born yesterday?"

"Kelton? No, he's older than that," chuckled Dean. "Why?"

"Because Freddie wouldn't let me go into anything unless it was an immortal cinch that I'd make a lot of profit, Dean. And Freddie let me do it. And not all the Resolve pride that you can muster is going to rob little Jinny of her profit. Now, you listen to me, Dean Resolve. I'm in the Renssaler Place deal, and I'm in it to stay. Now what have you to say?"

Dean's chuckle was half exasperation.

"Nothing, I guess, except that—well, the deal *is* all right, Jinny. It merely means a little time—but, damnation, I'm under an obligation to you that—well, it's pleasant to owe you something, Jinny, for you're about the grandest girl in the world—"

"About," she giggled.

Dean felt himself coloring.

"Well, you know that I mean—"

"I know that you're dying to talk to Rita. And, Dean, don't talk about our business any more. If—if I'm able to help a friend—with no possible loss to myself, remember—then that's my good fortune, isn't it? So let's forget it."

"I can never do that, Jinny," he assured her.

"Oh, pooh," she scoffed.

HE HEARD her call the name of Rita, and then he heard the voice of his Gracious Lady.

"May I come right over?" he asked.

"Please don't, Dean," she answered.

"Don't? Why not?" The hurt in his voice touched her.

"Dean—I'm so depressed. So miserable."

Quick alarm possessed him.

"But, Rita—you haven't changed your mind—"

"Nor my heart," she assured him. "And never will, Dean. But— I'm leaving today. I'm going through with—the divorce. My lawyers tell me that no matter how he fights it—I can get it. But—if I saw you—I don't believe I could stand it, Dean. The thought of once again being separated—it's silly, Dean, I know. But I want to slip quietly out of town, without even seeing you. It isn't that I don't love you, dear, that I'm not mad to see you, but—it will make my going easier if we just say good-by now."

"Whatever you want, Rita," he told her. "You know that I want to see you more than anything in the world—"

"I know, dear," she said. "And—and, Dean, avoid Sam, will you?"

"I will," he promised.

"You know, there are no lengths—he tried to ruin your father; he'll try again—"

"I've just been talking with Jinny," he said. "My lawyer told me this morning that it was Jinny who came to our rescue. Did you ever hear of anything more fine—"

"Jinny? A million dollars? But, Dean, you can't permit her—"

"Of course I can't," he said exasperatedly. "But there's apparently no way of stopping her. I told her, yesterday, our troubles, and she slipped off to her executor and he arranged the whole matter. But the money hasn't passed, and I guess I can stop it this morning."

RITA was silent so long that he called "Hello," in quick alarm, fearing that they had been cut off.

"I'm still on the wire," she said. "I—I was thinking. Dean, if Jinny wants to help you—she can't lose, can she?"

"Not unless the government breaks up and an earthquake hits New York," he replied.

"Then—if she wants to help you—oh, I'm not saying this because it makes it easier for us."

"I know that, Rita," he assured her.

"I'm saying it because—isn't it—ungracious to refuse an aid offered so generously?"

He sighed.

"I don't know what to do, Rita."

"If it will help your decision, Dean, understand this: I can stand no more. I'm leaving for Reno this morning no matter what happens. If Sam were able to carry out his plans of yesterday, to demand payment of those notes, I'd still leave. Yesterday I felt that I'd endure anything rather than ruin you, but now—"

"Bless you," he said. "And ruin would mean nothing so long as I had you. Well, I'll decide this morning. You'll wire me from the train? You'll write?"

"Every day," she promised.

HE MURMURED incoherent endearments, and heard her tearful responses and then the telephone clicked as she hung up. For a moment he stood staring at the instrument, as though within its box was locked all his happiness. Then he sighed. Rita was perfectly right. Sensitive, gentle, even seeing the man she loved and who adored her would be enough to break her down. It had taken months of inner struggle to enable her to bring herself to the point where she realized that divorce was inevitable. These months had taken an inner toll, even though they had left no marks upon her beauty.

And yesterday, which would have shattered the nerves of the most insensitive woman, must have been unendurable agony for Rita. She would be infinitely better if she didn't see Dean again. Reluctantly he admitted it, and sighed again. Then he reëntered the dining-room.

"Rita's leaving for Reno today—this morning," he said. "And, Dad," he went on before his father could comment, "what are we going to do about Jinny and her money?"

But when they reached the offices of Jefferson and Colby, and Dean announced the decision of Resolve and Company not to accept the proffered aid

(Continued on page 53)

A Wedding Present

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Roger Burlingame

"GOOD night, darling." The door closed on his voice. The echo of it hung in the hall. She could still feel his kiss on her cheek. Martin always kissed her that way when he left. Ever since they had been engaged, he had kissed her that way; it was formal, a little superior, possessive. He always said "Good night, darling," in that same tone as if they had been married for a long time. Or sometimes he spoke as he spoke to his children. As if he said, "Kiss me good night, my dear, and run along up to bed."

She rubbed her cheek with her handkerchief and ran loudly up the stairs to drown out his voice. Upstairs she ran into the wedding presents. They were everywhere. The house was too small for them. They filled all the rooms and overflowed into the upstairs hall. They were big, expensive things.

In three days there would be the wedding—how would there be room for that?—and then all these things would be moved to Martin's big house. Well, when they were arranged there they would not look so like things in a store and people would stop looking at them the way they did and looking at her in that queer way which was half-envious and half-pitying. All that would stop and she would settle down forever to be Martin's wife and a good mother to Ellen's children. There would be everything in that big house, luxury and quiet and no work to be done; nothing in the world to do except to be Martin's wife and a good mother to Ellen's children.

She stood still in the midst of the presents, looking straight ahead of her, and she felt them close round her.

"I AM a present, too," she said. "Very expensive. Martin has bought me for a present to his children."

The telephone rang. She went downstairs to answer it. The voice that came to her was young and impatient:

"Jane!"

"Yes."

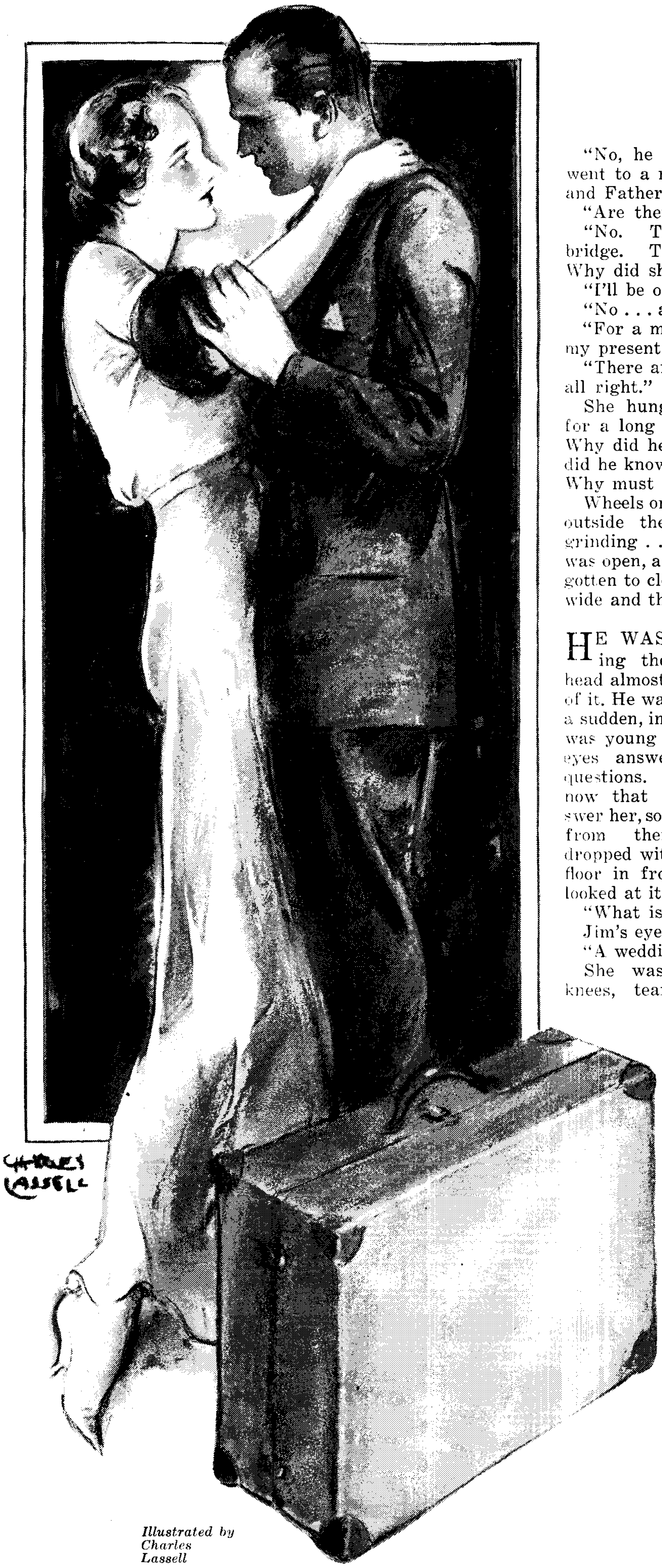
"It's Jim Barrows."

"I know it."

"Do you mind me calling up?"

"No."

"Is Mr. Dunn there?"



Illustrated by Charles Lassell

She came up close to him and said: "Will you kiss me, once, good-by? I suppose I won't see you again?"

"No, he had to go. He went to a meeting. Mother and Father . . ."

"Are they there?"

"No. They're playing bridge. They'll be late." Why did she say that?

"I'll be over."

"No . . . all right."

"For a minute. I'll bring my present."

"There are too many . . . all right."

She hung up and stood for a long time, trembling. Why did he call her? Why did he know she was alone? Why must he come?

Wheels on the gravel, loud outside the door. Brakes grinding . . . why, the door was open, ajar; she had forgotten to close it. It opened wide and there was Jim.

HE WAS enormous, filling the doorway; his head almost touched the top of it. He was young and had a sudden, impulsive way. He was young like her and his eyes answered her silent questions. She was afraid now that they might answer her, so she looked away from them. Something dropped with a thud on the floor in front of her. She looked at it and laughed.

"What is it, Jim?"

Jim's eyes were solemn.

"A wedding present."

She was down on her knees, tearing away the paper. When she saw what was beneath, she drew back and stared at Jim.

"What's the matter, Jane, don't you like it?"

"It's a suitcase."

"Yes. For your honeymoon."

"Oh. I'll put it with the other things."

"I'll carry it up for you."

"No."

She was running up the stairs with it. Jim came slowly behind her. He found her sitting in one of the chairs with the suitcase on end against her knees. She was staring at the end of it where the initials were. She got up quickly as he came in and put the suitcase behind the new gate-leg table.

"Don't you like it?"

"Yes, it looks funny with these things."

"It's real pigskin. . . ."

"Do you like my presents? They're quite grand, aren't they? Most of them are from Martin's friends. Poor Father! He can't use his library. They're out in the hall, even. He'll be glad when I'm gone."

"He'll be glad?"

"He wants me to be married. I wish they wouldn't go out and leave me alone with all these things. I'm afraid of burglars. I'm glad you came, Jim."

She stood silent a long time looking at him. Then she tore herself away from the queer power of his eyes and stood with her back to him for a moment; her body was rigid as if she were fighting something within herself. Then she got the suitcase from behind the gate-leg table.

"I don't want it here among these things," she said. "I'll take it to my room."

SHE went past him quickly with the suitcase. She did not look at him as she passed. She stumbled against the things in the hall.

She was gone a long time. When she came back, she still had the suitcase.

"You've made a mistake," she said. "This wasn't meant for me."

Jim stood staring at her.

"What?" he said.

"Look." She pointed to the initials. "You meant it for someone else. Or for yourself. J. B."

"Jane . . . I told him D. So it's wrong. Well. I'll take it then. I can't have it changed. I can't get another. You see, it's pigskin. I told him D for Dunn, I was very particular. Well, it went wrong. Like most of the things that happen to me. Well . . ."

"You can keep it for yourself, Jim."

His eyes were bewildered; they had lost their clearness, stopped answering her questions.

"I don't want a present from you, Jim."

"I'll take it."

He picked up the bag, went down the stairs.

Jane followed him. Her left hand on the rail was numb; she could not feel the rail.

Jim stumbled on the bottom step. As he caught his balance, he turned.

"Jane!" he said.

"Yes, Jim."

She groped for the support of the post behind her.

"There's something in the bag."

"Is there? Did you put something in it? Is there another present there?"

He put down the bag and began to fumble at the catch. She put her hand on his arm.

"Must you open it?"

HE STOOD up, his hands close to his sides, clenched tight.

"Jane!"

"Yes."

"Jane . . ."

She came close to him and said:

"Will you kiss me, once, good-by? I suppose I won't see you again?"

She could see the lights of his car through the glass of the door, and there seemed to be the sound of a motor turning slowly. Then, for a time, all the light and sound faded out.

When she drew back from him again, she said: "You're stupid, Jim. You forgot my initials and your engine and how much suitcases are supposed to weigh."

"Am I stupid? What have you put in my bag?"

She looked at him steadily.

"All my worldly goods," she said.

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Admiration for Chevrolet's smart new appearance is both widespread and *lasting*—the best possible proof of the *correctness* of Chevrolet's modern style treatment. Chevrolet's beauty is always fresh because it reveals that rich simplicity featured in the better-known expensive cars. Body lines flow from front to rear in an unbroken sweep. Chromium-plated exterior fittings continue this streamline effect. Interior hardware is designed to set off the rich upholstery, which is carefully selected for color and texture, and tailored with custom-car smartness. In fact, study any detail of Chevrolet's appearance and you find it a fine example of good taste allied with expert craftsmanship. And admiration for the new Chevrolet Six is by no means confined to its ultra-modern contour and smart Fisher bodies. Equal praise is heard on every side for the smoothness, quietness, speed and pick-up of its 60-horsepower six-cylinder engine—for the handling ease and positive control resulting from the combination of Syncro-Mesh and Free Wheeling—and for Chevrolet's *unexcelled economy*. As a result, when you buy a new Chevrolet Six, you become the owner, at very small cost, of a car that is everywhere regarded as a genuinely fine automobile—*the Great American Value for 1932!*

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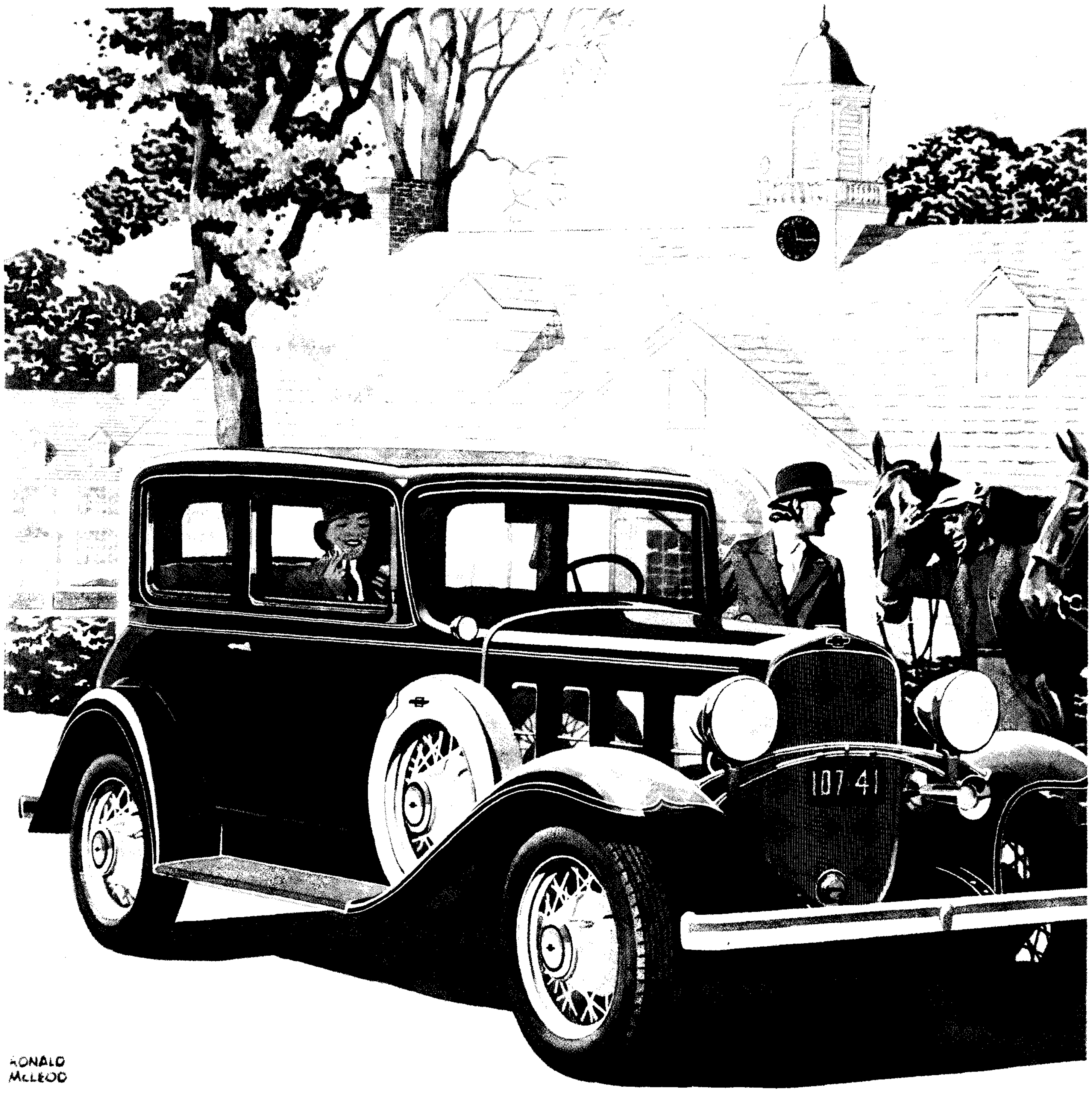

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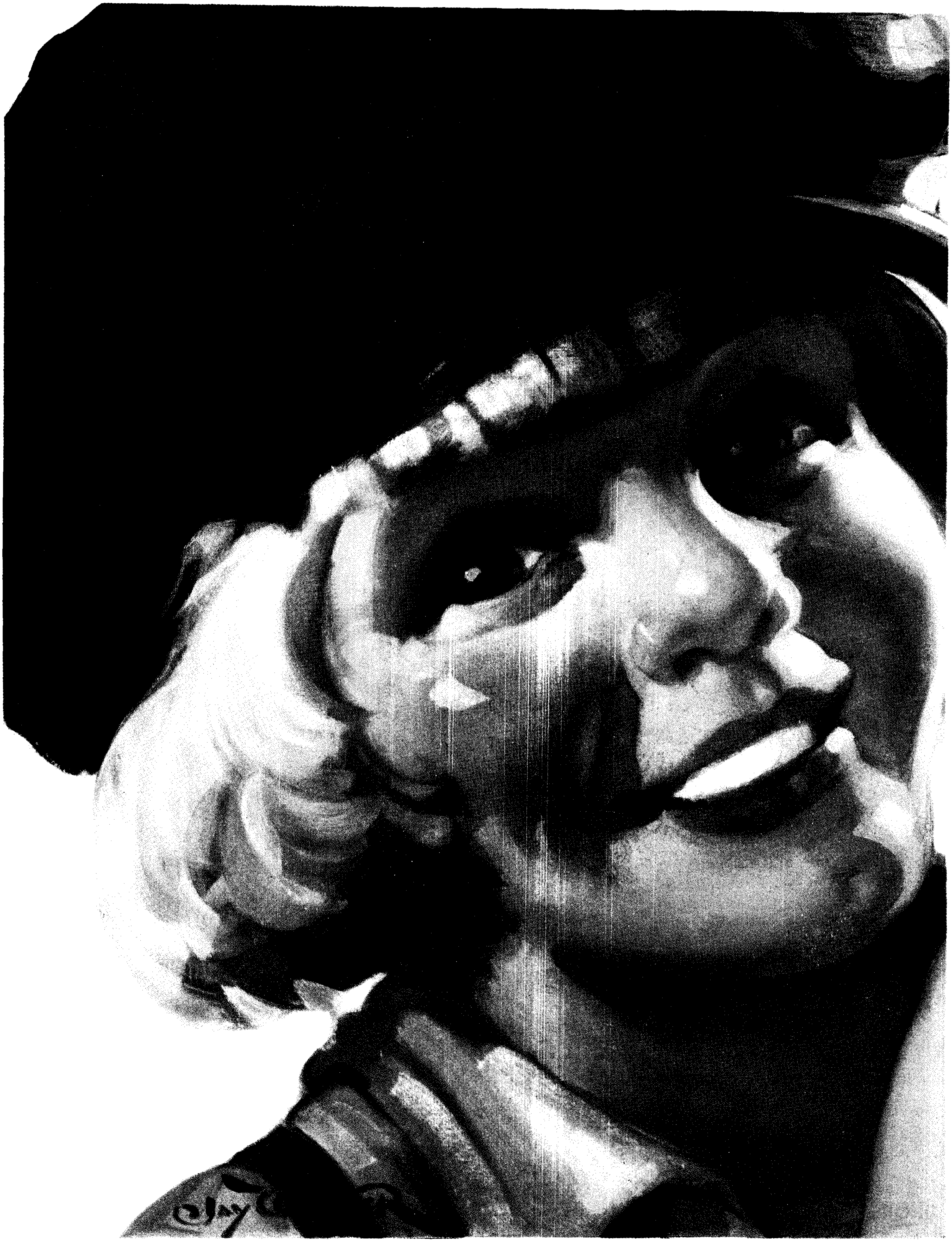
Jay

until you PAY for BURNING it OFF!

YOU keep on paying for "cheap" paint all the time it is on your house. In the first place, it costs you much more *on the yearly basis.* Secondly, it costs you money in repair bills because "cheap" paint soon lets in the weather to warp, split and rot wood. Thirdly, you pay for beauty you never get. And, very important, the cracked and scaled paint will have to be burned off . . . a job often costing as much as the actual painting itself.

Consider "cheap" paint for a moment merely on the first basis. Say "cheap" paint costs $250 applied and manages to last two years. That's $125 a year. A Dutch Boy job, on the other hand, costs $270 but lasts four years. (Most painters will tell you that it is good for five and even six.) That's only $67.50 a year . . . a saving of $230 for four years with an additional saving of $125 for every year beyond four!

Then, unlike "cheap" paint, Dutch Boy does not crack and scale . . . does not require expensive burning off at repaint time. It grows old gracefully by gradual chalking, leaving a perfect surface for repainting.

In using Dutch Boy, the painter gives you a "custom-made" job . . . mixes the paint to order to suit the particular surface and climatic conditions. When it is needed, he even goes so far as to mix the paint differently for different sides of the house. Moreover, he tints the paint to order giving you the *exact* colors you want.

So, at painting time this year, follow this common-sense procedure: (1) Select a painter who is a master in his craft . . . who puts his knowledge as well as his time into your job; (2) Specify Dutch Boy White-Lead because it not only costs less by the year but also saves you money when you repaint.

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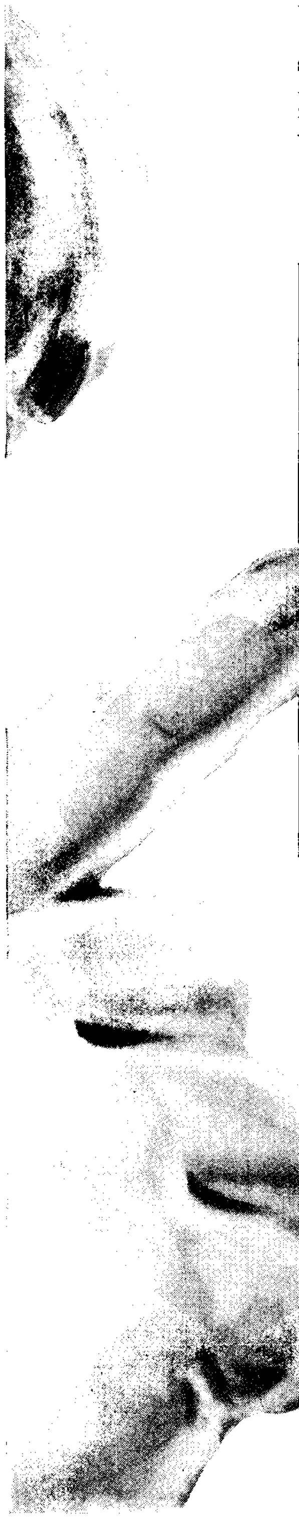
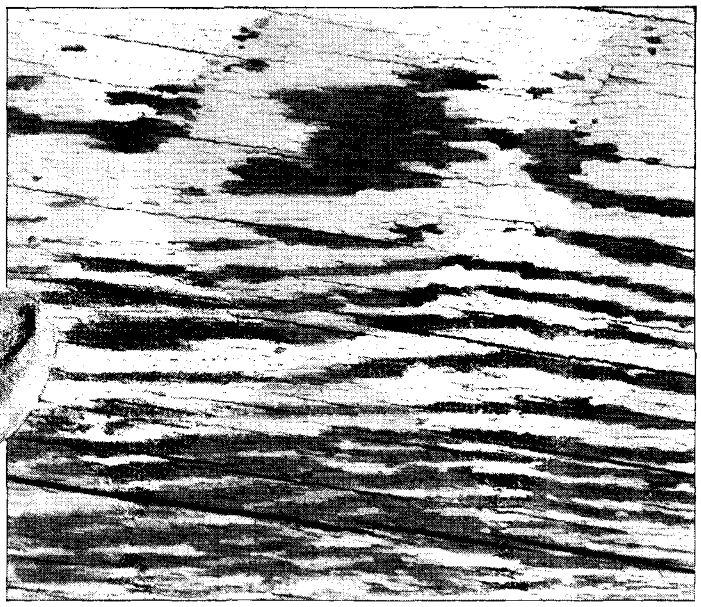
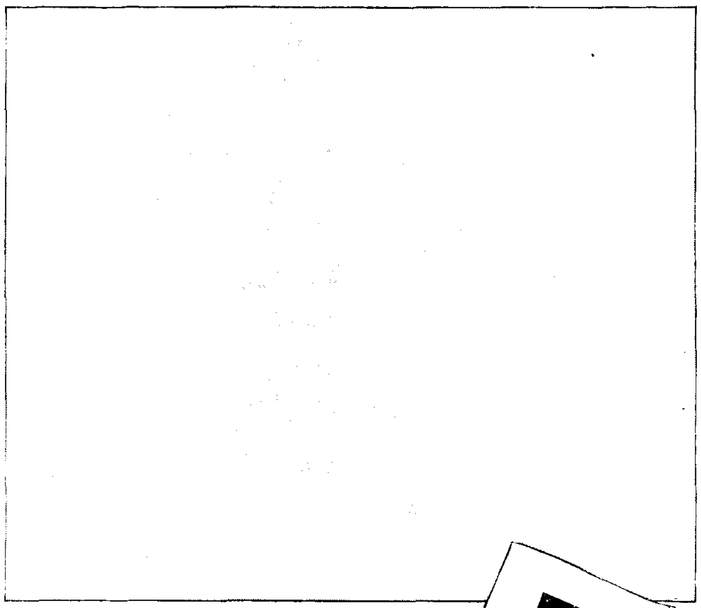




"CHEAP" PAINT . . . after 4 years. *Note how it has gone to pieces . . . with bare wood, split in places, showing. Someone thought this paint was cheap!*



DUTCH BOY . . . after 4 years. *Except for some weathering, still in good shape and fully protecting surface. No cracking and scaling here!*

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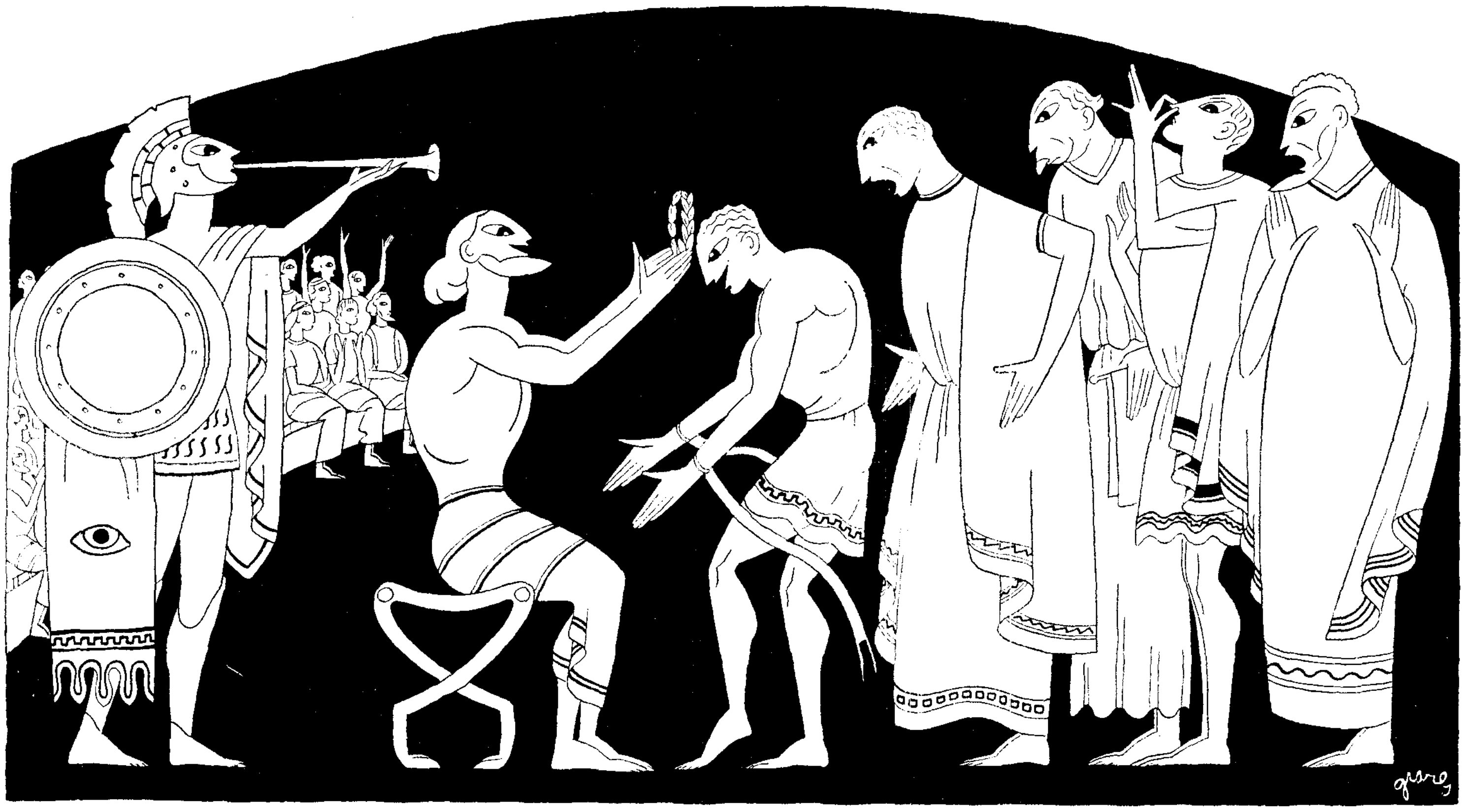

Illustrated by H. Tempest Graves

Even the hills of Sparta and Athens' plains resounded to "squawks" about athletics

An Old Greek Custom

When Greek met Greek at the Olympic games 2,700 years ago there were some razzberries mixed with the cheers. And if you think we invented the arguments about overemphasis and professionalism you're wrong. They are, Mr. Rice shows, just an old Greek custom

By Grantland Rice

IN THIS rapid-moving age there are several new things under the sun. It might also be mentioned that a number of so-called "new things" are pretty old stuff, if you check back far enough to locate the source. One leading example is the annual outburst about the "overemphasis" put upon sport, linked with arguments about amateurism and professionalism.

These debates are generally thought to belong to modern society. How many know that the early Olympic games, dating back more than 2,700 years, were full of rows about professionalism, recruiting, proselyting and overemphasis? The fact is that professionalism helped to wreck the old Greek games and for nearly two millennia they were chucked back on the shelf, to be resumed at Athens in 1896. The arguments that prevailed then are almost exactly the same arguments that get so much space today.

There is another ancient and modern parallel that is even more interesting. Those who read and follow sport today find the school of writing divided into two broad classes—the boosters and the knockers—those who feature the romantic and the emotional side of sport, and those who assume a cynical and critical attitude and try to show that the average sports hero is vastly overplayed.

For example, here is one newspaper lead concerning a Yale-Princeton football game played some time back:

"Beneath the folds of Yale's triumphant blue, the Orange and Black of Princeton rests tonight. Beaten but not disgraced, fighting to the last as Tigers never fought before, Old Nassau's pride went down at sunset."

And here is another: "A ragged Yale team beat an even more ragged Princeton team this afternoon in a game that was dull and listless most of the way. Even with its fumbling and its limited attack the Tiger team might have saved the day with a quarterback who was even half smart."

To one type of sports writer today the athletic hero, winner of some big event, belongs on a pedestal well above his mortal acclaimers. To the other type he belongs back of a plow or on top of a truck.

We have the worth of the student today arrayed against the value of the athlete—or the actual ranking of the boxing champion compared to the value of someone in another turn of life.

This is old stuff. Back around 464 B. C. a Greek athlete, Xenophon of Corinth, won the Olympic pentathlon (foot race, long jump, discus, javelin and wrestling). Xenophon had barely finished his last event before Pindar, the big booster of his day, turned out the following ode which still lives in literature:

Olympian Lord most high, who far and wide
Reignest, grudge not fulfillment of my prayer
Through all time! May this city's folk abide
In safety. May the breeze of fortune fair
That breathes on Xenophon, blow constant ever!
The due procession singing home his crown
Accept thou, as from Pisa's plain and river
He leads it onward to his native town.
For victor in the Contests Five is he
And in the foot race; so hath he attained
Such glory multiplied by victory
As mortal never yet before hath gained.

You can get some idea from this ode how strong Pindar was for the winning athlete. No modern sports writer could approach this Greek poet in admiration for the conquering hero of the field. Concerning Epharmostus of Opus on his victory in wrestling, Pindar wrote:

He abode the grapple of strong men older
Than he, for the silver cups to be won;
And by ring craft that shifteth its balance fast
Never failing, he threw them. As tempest blast
Rang the cheering, as down the arena he passed
In his goodlihead, goodliest deeds who had done.

"But they were not all hero worshipers," suggests Mr. John Finley, instructor of Greek at Harvard. "Don't overlook Xenophanes of Colophon." It seems that Xenophanes of Colophon was a philosopher and intellectual whose long career ended in the fifth century B. C. Here was his idea of a winning athlete:

"If a man wins a victory by swiftness of foot at the precinct of Zeus, or by the stream of Pisa in Olympia, or in wrestling, or in the painful boxing match, or yet again in that terrible contest called the *pancration*, he would be glorious in the eyes of his fellow citizens and would gain the privilege of a front seat at the games, perpetual maintenance at the public expense and a sum of money to be kept by him. Even if he won with horses he would obtain the same, though he is not so worthy as I am. For my wisdom is better than the strength of men or horses. Nay, the former is a foolish custom, nor is it right to honor strength more than excellent wisdom. Even if there were among the people a man good at boxing or in the pentathlon or in wrestling, nay, in the foot race which is the most honored in all contests of human strength, the city would not be better governed because of him. Small joy it would be to a city because in the contest he won a victory at the banks of the Pisa, for these things do not make for the city's larders."

His idea is that it is better for a city to have intellectuals than athletes.

And that isn't the only squawk. Here is a translation Mr. Finley sends from the remaining fragment of a lost play—The Autolycus of Euripides, the great Athenian dramatist at the end of the fifth century, B. C.:

"Of all the countless evils throughout Hellas, none is worse than the race of athletes—slaves to their belly and jaw, they are ignorant of how to live well. In youth they strut about in splendor, idols of the city, but when bitter old age comes upon them they are cast aside like worn-out cloaks. I blame the custom of the Hellenes who gather to see such men honoring useless pleasures. Who ever helped his fatherland by winning a crown for wrestling or speed of foot or hurling a discus or striking a good blow on the jaw? Crowns should be given to the good and wise, to him who guides his city best, to a temperate and a just man, or to him who by his words drives away evil deeds, putting away war and faction."

The gap between Pindar on one side and Xenophanes and Euripides on the other was even wider 2,400 years ago than it is today. To Pindar they were gods or near-gods. To Euripides they were a bunch of professional loafers.

The Olympic games started out under religious auspices. The first awards were only olive leaves. But by 400 B. C. there was already much muttering over the professional taint that had come upon an amateur sport, with so-called amateurs living at the city's expense and undoubtedly turning in a number of fancy expense accounts.

It is remarkable how little the situation has changed in two thousand years. Human nature that got under slow headway something like a million years ago doesn't change much.

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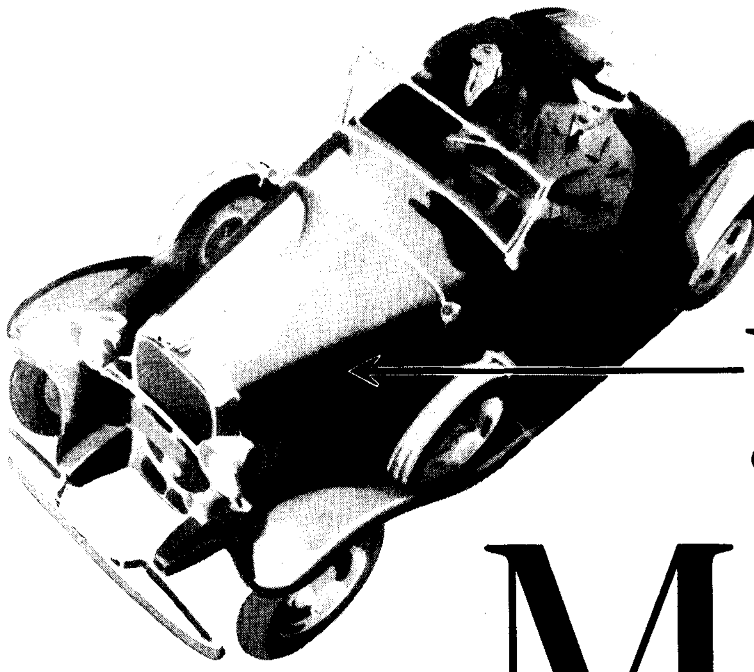

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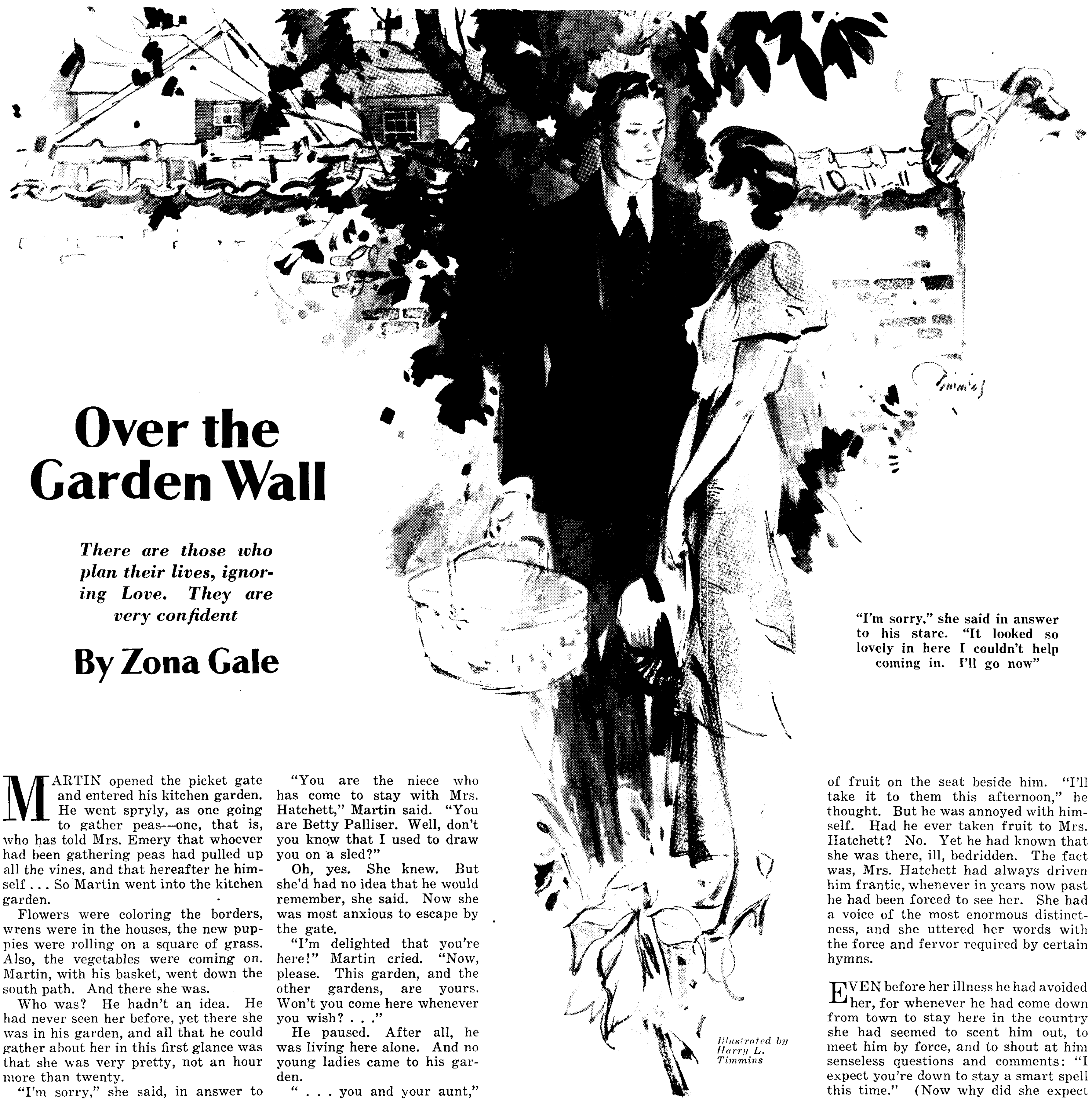


"I'm sorry," she said in answer to his stare. "It looked so lovely in here I couldn't help coming in. I'll go now"

Illustrated by Harry L. Timmins

Over the Garden Wall

There are those who plan their lives, ignoring Love. They are very confident

By Zona Gale

MARTIN opened the picket gate and entered his kitchen garden. He went spryly, as one going to gather peas—one, that is, who has told Mrs. Emery that whoever had been gathering peas had pulled up all the vines, and that hereafter he himself . . . So Martin went into the kitchen garden.

Flowers were coloring the borders, wrens were in the houses, the new puppies were rolling on a square of grass. Also, the vegetables were coming on. Martin, with his basket, went down the south path. And there she was.

Who was? He hadn't an idea. He had never seen her before, yet there she was in his garden, and all that he could gather about her in this first glance was that she was very pretty, not an hour more than twenty.

"I'm sorry," she said, in answer to his stare. "It looked so lovely in here I couldn't help coming in. I'll go now."

"How did you get in, do you mind my asking?" said Martin.

"I came over the wall," she answered, flushing. "That wall is so—so made to climb over."

That wall? Martin regarded it. He had supposed that that high brick wall would keep one from climbing over. It had been so intended.

"But I'll go out by the gate," she finished gravely. "I do apologize."

She moved toward the gate—a slim, lovely figure with a small, shining head. She seemed about to be lost forever.

"I say," said Martin, "don't, you know, let me disturb you. Do stay—if you like the garden."

"Thanks. It's my aunt. She'll be wondering about me. I—really . . ."

Her look toward Mrs. Hatchett's cottage enlightened him.

"You are the niece who has come to stay with Mrs. Hatchett," Martin said. "You are Betty Palliser. Well, don't you know that I used to draw you on a sled?"

Oh, yes. She knew. But she'd had no idea that he would remember, she said. Now she was most anxious to escape by the gate.

"I'm delighted that you're here!" Martin cried. "Now, please. This garden, and the other gardens, are yours. Won't you come here whenever you wish? . . ."

He paused. After all, he was living here alone. And no young ladies came to his garden.

" . . . you and your aunt," he added formally.

She thanked him, and vanished. What a ridiculous thing to say. Dash it—he knew very well that Mrs. Hatchett had been bedridden for two years. He stood staring about at the vegetables, and returned to the house with his basket empty.

MRS. EMERY stood in the kitchen doorway. His housekeeper was large and high and reddish and, Martin had sometimes thought, looked rather like a ketchup bottle with her apron for a label.

"Many peas this morning?" she demanded.

Martin looked down at his empty basket.

"The fact is," he said, "I suddenly remembered that I have to go to town. You may pick the peas, Mrs. Emery."

His housekeeper had a strange way of turning her head and smiling quite visibly. She did this now.

With a great appearance of haste, Martin dashed out without a hat and stepped into his car.

"Now why," he asked himself, "am I so afraid of Mrs. Emery? I'm a man—I'm my own master. I hire her and pay her wages. And yet I'm terrified of her. Terrified. I'm going to town for no reason on earth except that she caught me forgetting the peas because Betty Palliser— Oh, dash it!"

In town he wandered about, without an errand; and he chanced to see some early melons. And some huge black grapes. He bought both.

"Find a quite good basket for them, please," he directed. "Line it with leaves. These are for a sick friend."

For a time he drove about, the basket of fruit on the seat beside him. "I'll take it to them this afternoon," he thought. But he was annoyed with himself. Had he ever taken fruit to Mrs. Hatchett? No. Yet he had known that she was there, ill, bedridden. The fact was, Mrs. Hatchett had always driven him frantic, whenever in years now past he had been forced to see her. She had a voice of the most enormous distinctness, and she uttered her words with the force and fervor required by certain hymns.

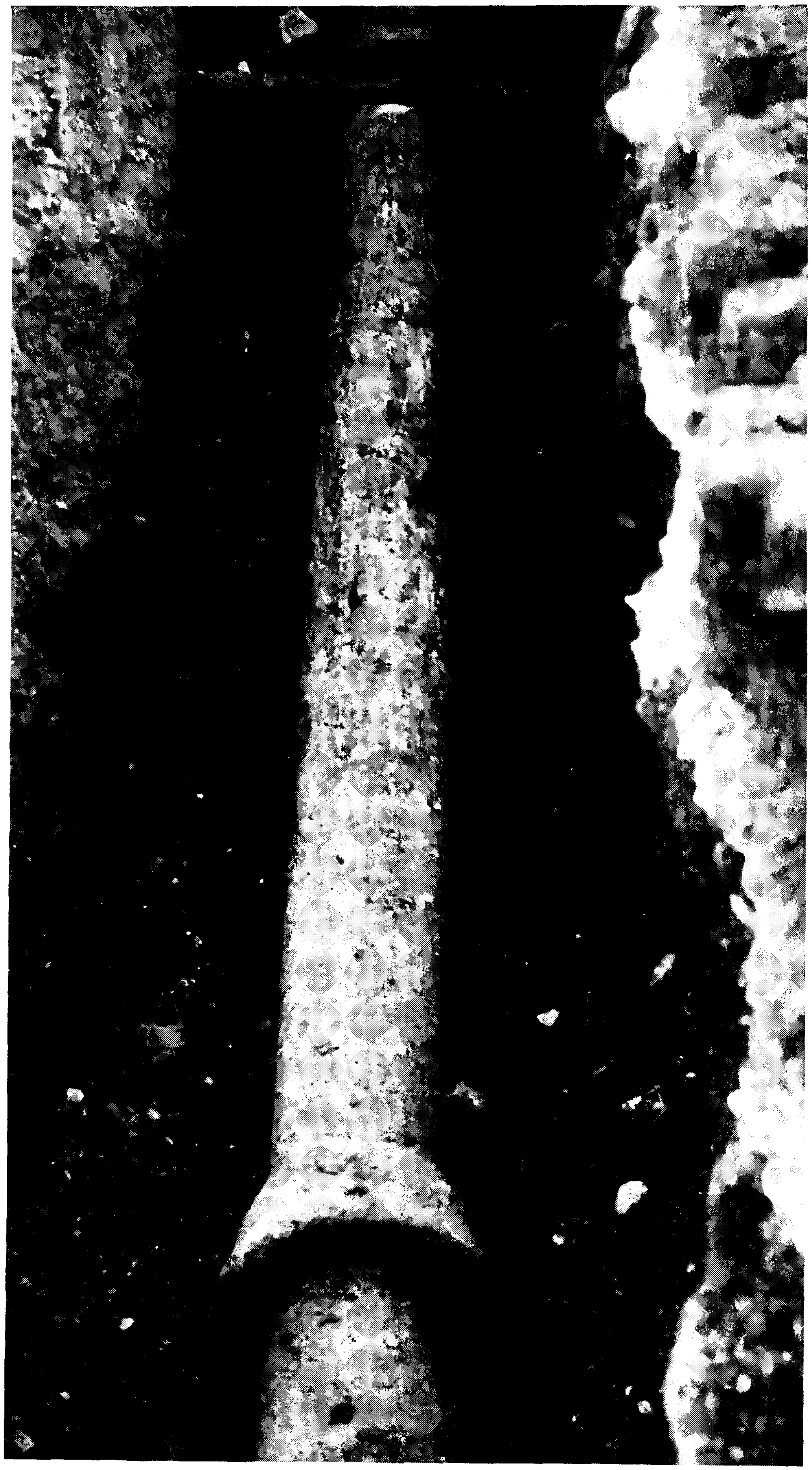
EVEN before her illness he had avoided her, for whenever he had come down from town to stay here in the country she had seemed to scent him out, to meet him by force, and to shout at him senseless questions and comments: "I expect you're down to stay a smart spell this time." (Now why did she expect that?) "Don't all your success in the city make it pretty dull around here for you?" (Now, if it did, would he be here at all?) "I suppose you're still writing stories?" ("Still!" What did the woman mean?) Always he had fled from Mrs. Hatchett. Now he was planning to go to her cottage that afternoon, bearing fruit. Or would it be better to go this morning, while the fruit was fresh? He headed the car about and drove straight to Mrs. Hatchett's cottage.

As he alighted at the curb and saw himself observed from the little veranda by Betty, Martin felt that this was the most insane move of his career. How she would scorn him for following her up with speed such as this! He thought of saying that he had gathered these June melons, these June grapes, in his own garden, thought better of it, and went stoutly up the walk.

(Continued on page 57)

OVER 100 YEARS OLD

. . . and still going strong



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You are looking at an unretouched photograph of a cast iron water main that is beginning *another century of service* to the taxpayers of St. Louis. This grand old pipe, originally laid in 1831, was removed 20 years later to its present location where it is still in service. Officials of the St. Louis Water Department recently uncovered a section of this old cast iron main and found it in excellent condition.

Exact computation of the savings to taxpayers effected by long-lived cast iron pipe is impossible, but they obviously amount to many millions. Shorter-lived substitutes, sooner or later, cost the public more in taxes, assessments or rates.

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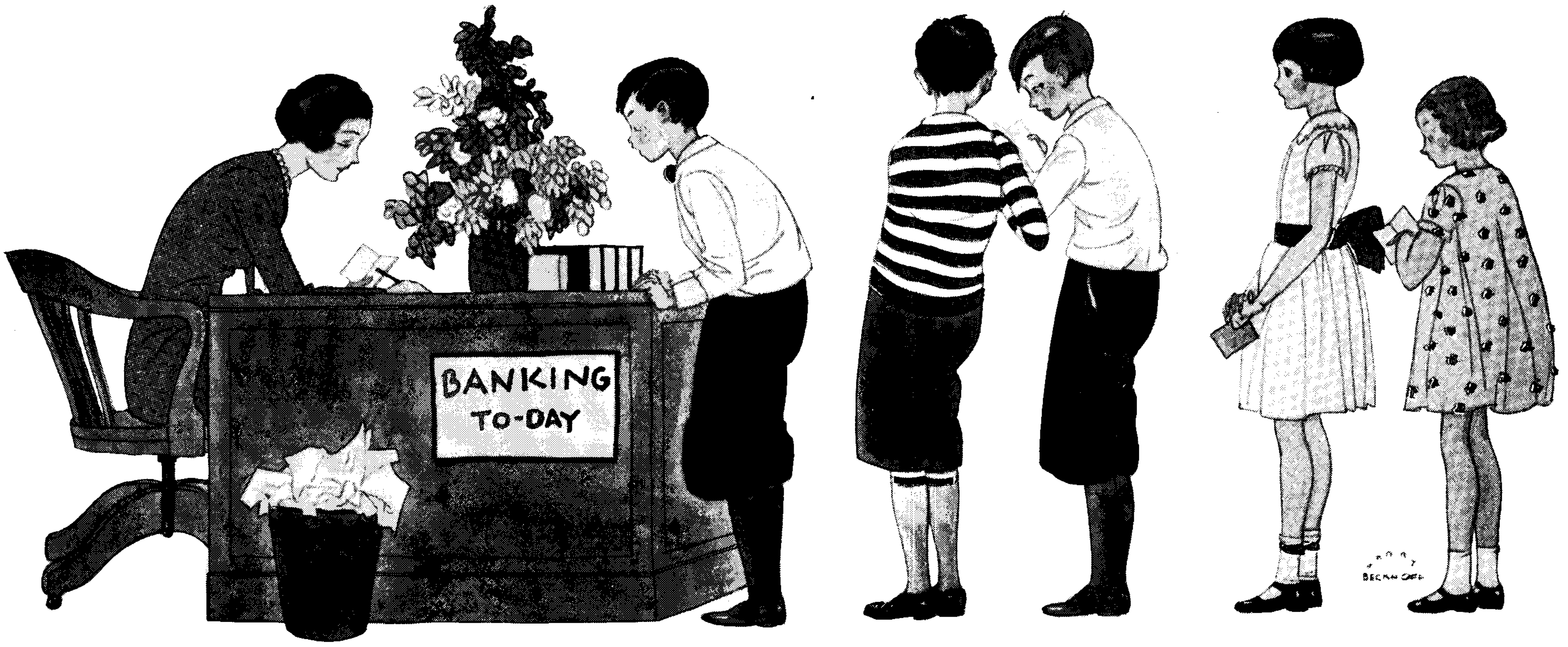
Officials of Water Division, City of St. Louis, at inspection of 100-year-old cast iron pipe still in service. (Left to right) A. H. Schaum, Sec'y to Water Commissioner; Hon. John C. Pritchard, Director of Public Utilities; T. J. Skinker, Division Engineer, L. O. Alt, Inspector.

CAST IRON PIPE



Each class has its own branch bank, which is responsible to the Big Bank

Illustrated by Harry Beckhoff

Money Goes to School

The public schools in coöperation with banks in 46 states are teaching children saving habits, buying judgment, budgeting and general financial self-control. Four and a half million thrifty young citizens saved twenty-seven million dollars last year. Try to sell them a few gold bricks

By Helen Knox and Betty Thornley Stuart

SEX?" said the big divorce lawyer with a cynical shrug. "No, that isn't what causes most of the split-ups. It's money. That's where the quarrels begin—making it, investing it, splashing around with it. Believe me, I know."

"Overwork?" The nerve specialist smiled a bit pityingly. "No, that isn't why they break. It's worry. Generally financial. Sometimes it can't be helped, but a lot of them go on acting as though money grew on trees till somebody comes along with an ax. Then they start gibbering."

"Lack of ability?" The college president shook his head. "You're quite mistaken. Most of our failures are directly traceable to money problems—too much money, too little money or no clear understanding of the place of money in the collegiate scheme of things. The worst of it is that most of them go out as they came in, never realizing why it happened."

Money—the ladder to success, the toboggan slide to failure. How many of us now in the thick of things were ever given any formal instruction in regard to it? Mental, moral, physical education—yes. Financial education—no. Some of us spent years in learning how to make money. But who of all our teachers ever stopped to tell us how to manage it when we got it?

Upon this point, it was taken for granted that common sense was enough. But common sense as to the relation between income and outgo is one of the uncommonest things in the world. The wisdom to deny ourselves something we want at the moment because of something much bigger to come, the ability to distinguish an investment from a gambler's chance or even a worth-while purchase from a mere vehicle for the buying urge, simply isn't born in most of us. And by the time we learn it in the school of experience, it's oftener than not too late. If we pick at random a hundred healthy men aged twenty-five, the American Bankers Association tells us, thirty-six will die before they reach sixty-five, and of the remainder one will be rich, four fairly well off, five will still be working to make ends meet and fifty-four will be dependent on relatives, friends or charity. A few of the latter will have suffered at the hands of fate. The rest will have nothing to blame but their own muddle-headedness, unless they see behind it to a similar quality in the educational system that permitted them to go out into life so equipped.

School children are eagerly watching their savings dollars grow

The rising generation, however, will have a better chance, in this as in many other things. Four and a half million children in our public schools are now being given at least some rudimentary instruction in better economic citizenship, proving the worth of their training, Mr. W. Espey Albig of the American Bankers Association tells us, by depositing nearly twenty-seven million dollars in school banks last year. And 1930-31, if memory serves us, wasn't exactly what might be called a tip-top year for saving.

To be sure, twenty-two million children are not participating, some because they and their parents can't be interested in the saving idea, but most of them because the opportunity for learning something from their nickels and dimes hasn't been presented.

Yet a worth-while start has been made in forty-six out of forty-eight states. In seven of these, last year's deposits were in excess of a million each—California, Illinois, Massachusetts, New Jersey, New York, Ohio and Pennsylvania. New Jersey topped the two-million mark. New York and Pennsylvania ran over four. In New York City alone there are 505 school banks, with 56 grown-ups' savings banks coöperating. Nearly seven hundred thousand children have active accounts at this writing, totaling $2,762,614.

Most of these savings aren't in for keeps. The idea, especially for the younger depositors, isn't to found fortunes but to teach the financial self-control so lacking in the preceding generation. Money isn't to be hoarded indefinitely, but piled up until, at the end of a period decided upon, something of real worth can be bought with the fruit of sacrifice.

Just how does this school banking business work? There are many variations of the system, but we might take a New York example, the East New York Savings Bank in Brooklyn, with its subsidiary banks in 46 schools, where Vice President Guy L. Terhune presides over the financial fortunes of more citizens in the making than would fill a good-sized city.

It Started in France

The school savings-bank idea, Mr. Terhune tells us, started in France in 1834, but it wasn't brought to America until 1885, when Jean Henri Thiry, a Belgian by birth, had it tried out in Long Island City where he was a member of the board. Until 1920, however, the motivation came from the schools, with small encouragement from the banks, and the growth of the movement was necessarily restricted. When Judge Richards, president of the East New York Savings Bank, attempted to interest his fraternity in the subject in 1918, he found only two banks in Greater New York that were willing even to accept school accounts.

But he was so sure that his own institution owed the community such service that he went to the school in his district with the offer of coöperation.

He would set up a system less cumbrous than the one they used, and he'd put on a man and an automobile to collect the money and bring it to what the children soon learned to call "the Big Bank," to distinguish it from the one where teacher was the manager. He asked his board to let him have six thousand dollars to spend on his brain child, although, as he frankly stated, he didn't expect to make five hundred. But he believed they'd get it all back and

(Continued on page 34)

USE ONLY LISTERINE TO RELIEVE

SORE THROAT

IT IS *safe*

Heals tissue while it kills germs. Reduces mouth bacteria 98%.

When you want relief from sore throat, do not expect it from ordinary mouth washes. Weak ones accomplish nothing. Harsh ones may irritate the very delicate throat tissues, and thus allow germs easier entrance to the body.

Physicians and nurses, and at least 10,000,000 people, have found that full strength Listerine promptly relieves ordinary sore throat. One trial will convince you also. When you use Listerine, you know you are safe—that this great antiseptic actually heals tissue; no irritation whatsoever. You know also that it kills germs in the fastest time. That it reduces bacteria on the surface of the mouth 98%.

Listerine's success in arresting infection and its acceptance by the medical profession and public are based on these properties. They are the subject of comment by The Lancet of London, the physician's bible (see panel below).

Use Listerine not only as a treatment for colds and sore throat, but as an aid in preventing them. Note below the remarkable results achieved by Listerine, in this direction.

Only half as many colds

Several hundred people were divided into three groups and kept under medical supervision for periods ranging from 4 weeks to 4½ months, during the winter of 1930-31. One-third of them gargled with full strength Listerine twice a day. One-third gargled with it five times a day. One-third did not gargle with it at all.

Those who gargled with Listerine twice a day contracted only one-half to one-third as many colds as those who did not gargle at all. When Listerine users did develop colds, they were approximately one-fourth as severe and lasted only one-third as long. In a number of tests, even greater resistance was registered.

Those who gargled with Listerine five times a day showed still greater resistance but not in the direct ratio to the number of times used.

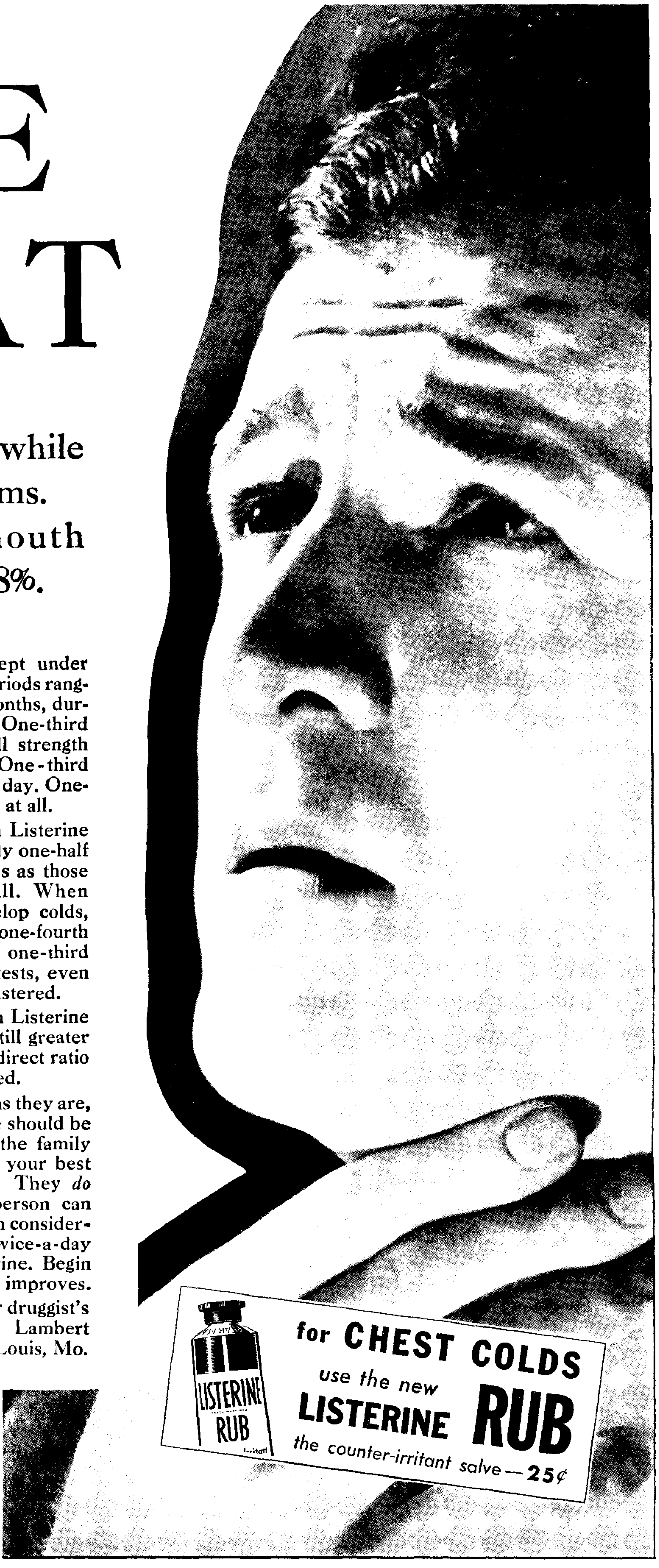
These results, amazing as they are, do not mean that Listerine should be used as a substitute for the family physician, who is always your best friend in time of illness. They *do* mean that the average person can reduce the risk of ill-health considerably by the systematic twice-a-day use of full strength Listerine. Begin now. See how your health improves.

Ask for Listerine at your druggist's—*and see that you get it.* Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

Let this be your guide in buying a Mouth Wash

THE LANCET of London, greatest and most authoritative of medical journals, never bestows its endorsement on a product unless that product can meet the severe test put to it by The Lancet itself.

In the issue of September 21, 1929, this great journal commends Listerine not only for its safety, but for its germicidal power.



for CHEST COLDS

use the new

LISTERINE RUB

the counter-irritant salve—25¢

A NEW V-EIGHT

bringing proved V-Eight brilliance to the low-price field . . . . . .

And offering these new developments of major importance:

SYNCRO-MESH
▪
QUIET SECOND
▪
FREE WHEELING
▪
RIDE CONTROL
▪
LONGER WHEELBASE
▪
INCREASED POWER AND HIGH SPEED
▪
GREATER ECONOMY
▪
NEW, ROOMIER FISHER BODIES
▪
RUBBER CUSHIONING
▪
ENCLOSED SPRINGS

You know it is the V-type motor that makes some of the world's finest cars so brilliant and reliable. Traditionally, this distinguished power plant has been reserved for expensive cars. But now Pontiac offers a brilliant car with a proved V-type motor in the low-price field.

Pontiac V-Eight flashes in traffic. Or, it can start slowly at the foot of a hill, and gain all the way up. And you can have evenly sustained high speed when you call for your 500 miles a day.

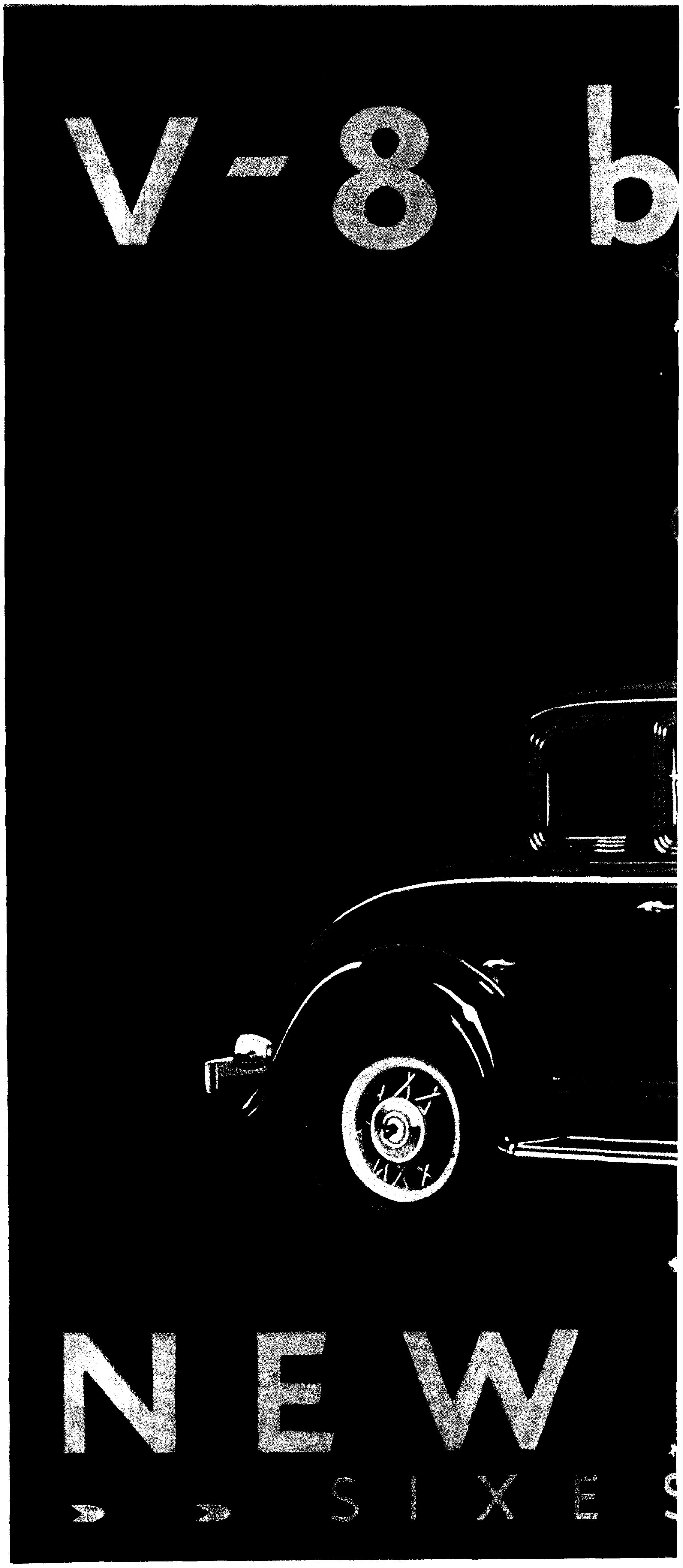
Most important, too, Fisher craftsmen have given the bodies every benefit of beautiful design and rich interior finish.

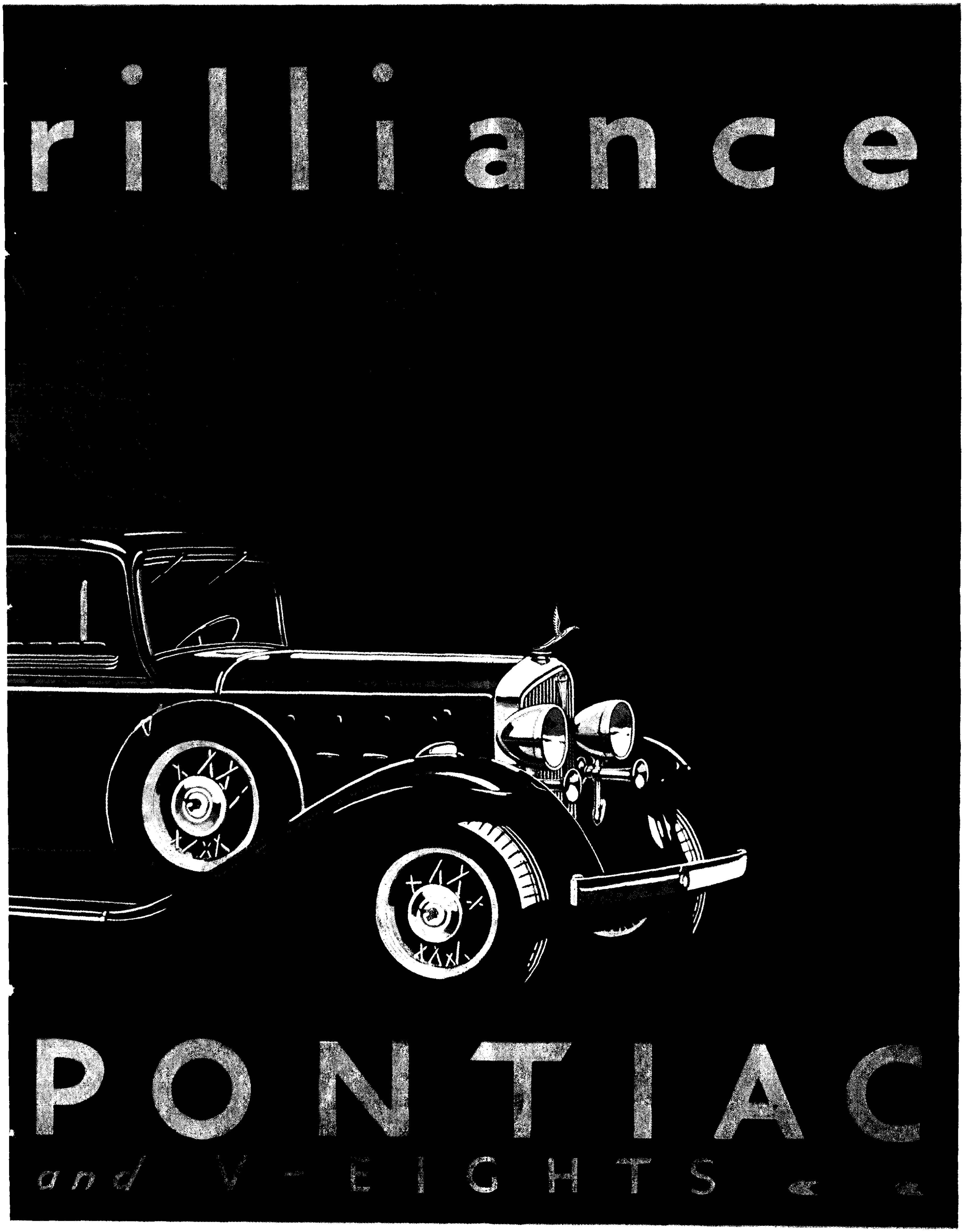
If you have driven smaller, less capable cars, Pontiac V-Eight will enable you to advance all your motoring standards without greatly increasing your expenditure. If you are accustomed to expensive cars, Pontiac V-Eight will give you most of the same advantages at far lower cost.

CHIEF OF VALUES

Whatever your motor car ideas—whatever your experience—see and drive this new Pontiac V-8. You will find it in every respect

AN OUTSTANDING GENERAL MOTORS VALUE




rilliance
PONTIAC
and V-EIGHTS

drive colds out of chest with Listerine RUB

New Salve Penetrates Deeper, Relieves Congestion Quicker

DON'T let a cold settle in the chest. All chest colds are dangerous. At the first symptom of trouble rub chest, neck, and back with Listerine Rub. This is the new, stainless salve made by the makers of Listerine.

Listerine Rub contains five rubefacients. The moment you apply it, your skin feels warm, the nerves tingle, the blood surges around the congested area. Pain and congestion are quickly relieved. Listerine Rub gets quicker results because it penetrates deeper.

We waited many years before bringing out this new counter-irritant salve. We wanted to be sure that we could offer the public a first-rate salve at a common sense price. Listerine Rub is worthy in every way of the Listerine name. We offer it to you at 25¢, which is much less than that asked for similar preparations.

Get Listerine Rub from your nearest druggist. Remember, it is stainless. And comes in a tidy tube instead of a messy jar.

At the first symptom of trouble, apply Listerine Rub and if relief is not immediate, repeat the application at the end of three hours. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE TRADE MARK REG. RUB 25¢

Stainless! THE SALVE THAT RELIEVES CONGESTION

Money Goes to School

Continued from page 30

a lot more in publicity and good will over a period of years.

The idea rushed into the local limelight overnight. At the end of the first year there were 10,000 depositors; at the end of the second, 35,000; now there are more than 100,000.

Each class has its own branch bank, and the required initial deposit ranges from a penny in the poorer districts to a quarter in those where money isn't so hard to come by. Each boy or girl is given a little book in which the tiny sums are entered with as much formality as though they were millions. In schools where there are commercial departments the pupils get banking experience by handling this business at the head office of the school bank, *which is responsible to the Big Bank.*

At this point in our interview with Mr. Terhune, Joseph Sugarman was announced, as though to provide a thumbnail sketch illustrating the subject. Joseph's head didn't reach halfway up Mr. Terhune's door, but he had important business to transact. The Big Bank owed his junior high school paper nine dollars for an ad, and Joseph had come to collect.

"Are you a depositor here?" we asked.

The advertising manager's grin promised a lot for future success in a world where a salesman has to have personality plus. "Sure," he said, "and I got over a hundred dollars in my account."

The Science of Spending

There's more to this savings business than merely adding dollar to dollar; some sort of judgment must be inculcated to teach the depositor how to spend when his savings are ripe. And here's where the school takes a step beyond anything the bank could do. Miss Helen McKeon is Director of Thrift Education for New York City schools, and she knows more stories than any six articles could contain.

Johnny planned to take out five dollars and buy an overcoat he'd seen in the corner store.

"But will it turn rain?" his teacher asked.

Johnny hadn't thought of that. Here was the text for a little sermon on buying quality. Johnny was persuaded to save a month longer and bought a coat for ten dollars that not only turned rain but was destined to a longer and a better-looking life.

But savings accounts have another slant—one that wouldn't be guessed from the outside. Children who become financially responsible are on the road that leads away from disciplinary problems.

When Sam gets a passbook, he's proud of it. Tony also has a passbook, equally a mark of distinction. These passbooks become concrete evidence of "mine and thine." They don't take each other's passbooks even in fun; they wouldn't dare. They learn not to take each other's pencils, tablets, books. Finally it dawns on them that it isn't the thing to deface the schoolhouse. It's wasteful of Father's money that goes out in taxes. The astute teacher, of course, is responsible for this train of thought, which may even be extended to cover the trees in the park.

In the beginning, all such instruction was not only optional but unguided by suggestion from the higher-ups, and it *still is in the primary grades except in* cities where there is such an office as the Directorship of Thrift. For use in secondary schools there are publications like the Tentative Syllabus in Economic Citizenship issued by the University of the State of New York. No teacher could fail to present her subject convincingly with such guidance.

The section on Spending of Income may well be quoted in part:

"Discuss the following as important questions to be asked in buying any article:

a. Do I need the article?
b. Can I pay for it now?
c. Is the quality good for the price?
d. Is the article suited to my needs?
e. Is the price reasonable?
f. If I buy it, must I deprive myself of something more important to my life?"

Later on in the same section other *vital matters are taken up: "Why does* an identical article cost more in one store than in another?" The pupils are to be given assignments to study local shops and learn where the best values are obtainable. Again, "Discuss relative advantages or disadvantages in going to the store and actually seeing the goods and paying cash, as against telephoning the order and having it charged." This, too, is to be reënforced by laboratory work on the hoof. Farther on we reach a section covering deferred payment buying that ends with these impressive words: "Never go in *debt for anything that will depreciate* in value, unless it will save money or labor."

Naturally, straight saving takes up a lot of space in the syllabus, but budgeting is also dealt with, and there are eleven pages on investing calculated to turn out a totally different kind of generation from the one we know. Some of us would have avoided a lot of trouble if Andrew Mellon's Ten Commandments had been hung up on the school wall when we were young enough to learn without paying the penalty. They are:

1. Do not buy stocks in mines you know nothing about.
2. Do not trifle with oil wells unless you are rich and can afford to lose.
3. Be wary of stock-selling schemes involving rights to new inventions. A patent may be only the right to a lawsuit.
4. If you buy property, buy something close to home that you can see.
5. Beware of new companies that are going to sell by mail.
6. New manufacturing methods promising alluring profits to investors should be carefully investigated.
7. Do not make your investments in a hurry. Sleep over them.
8. Discredit tips on the stock market that are straight from the inside. If they are really good you will never be let in.
9. Do not speculate or buy stocks on margin.
10. Do not put your money into another man's dreams.

No Startling Figures

Home work in this course includes some novel experiments in teaching the young idea to shoot straight. Here are two of them:

"Keep a careful account with the aid of your parents of the total amount spent on you for all purposes in one year. In what ways might you reasonably be expected to reduce this expense? Do you earn any part of what it costs to keep you? Are there any ways in which you might?

"The average income in the United States is below $1,500 a year. Make out a budget for a week, using $28.84. Then make a budget to cover the income for a month, $125. Then make out one by combining the previous budgets to cover a year. Do the same for an income of $5,000 and compare the two. Take your budget for a $1,500 income and buy a small automobile on deferred payments. Do the same for your $5,000 budget, buying a more expensive car. Get facts and figures from a dealer. What effect does this have on your budgets?"

If Ted and Susie, grown up and married, decide to get a car, a piano or a radio on deferred payments, they will do so with open eyes. They will know in advance that the quarters or the dollars or the tens added into one column have to be subtracted from its mate. Figures will no longer have the terrifying power of being able to jump on them out of the dark.

"No, that's Mrs. Whitney, Bill. Mrs. Vanderbilt is sittin' in the second row wearin' the simple little Patou model trimmed with gold brocade"

P. Webb

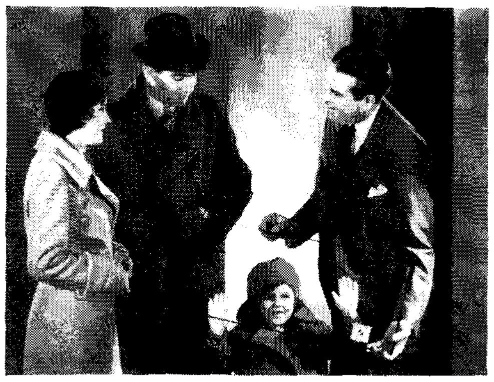
this glass WILL KEEP YOU SAFE

LIBBEY·OWENS·FORD
GLASS COMPANY
L O F
SAFETY
PLATE GLASS

IT IS CLEAR—Brilliantly finished L·O·F Polished Plate Glass and carefully selected transparent plastic are bonded together under heat and pressure with such expert craftsmanship that there is no apparent difference between Libbey·Owens·Ford Safety Glass and the finest plate glass if you compare the two by looking through them.

IT IS SAFE—If anything strikes L·O·F Safety Glass hard enough to crack it, the razor-edged chunks which would fly from ordinary glass are held harmlessly. There is no danger of the ugly cuts now suffered by 45% of all persons injured in motor car accidents.

IT IS LASTING—The bonding agent used by L·O·F is an exceptionally powerful adhesive, and durability is further insured by undercutting all the edges and sealing them permanently with an exclusively prepared weatherproof compound so that moisture, which otherwise might cause a separation, cannot get to the bond or plastic.



- Libbey·Owens·Ford Safety Glass is used by Packard, Graham, Studebaker, Franklin, Reo, Willys, Willys-Knight, Ford, Cadillac, La Salle and Lincoln.
- LIBBEY·OWENS·FORD GLASS CO., TOLEDO, O., manufacturers of Highest Quality Flat Drawn Window Glass, Polished Plate Glass and Safety Glass; also distributors of Figured and Wire Glass manufactured by the Blue Ridge Glass Corporation of Kingsport, Tennessee. . . . In addition to the motor cars listed above Libbey·Owens·Ford Safety Glass is also used in Dietrich and Le Baron Custom Bodies, Reo Speed Wagons, Paige Commercial Cars, Twin Coaches, Brill Trolley Buses, Cincinnati Trackless Trolley Coaches, Bender Bus Bodies, Hackney and Springfield School and Passenger Bus Bodies, White School Buses, York-Hoover School Bus Bodies, Stinson and Stearman Aircraft, Gar Wood Boats and Matthews Cruisers.

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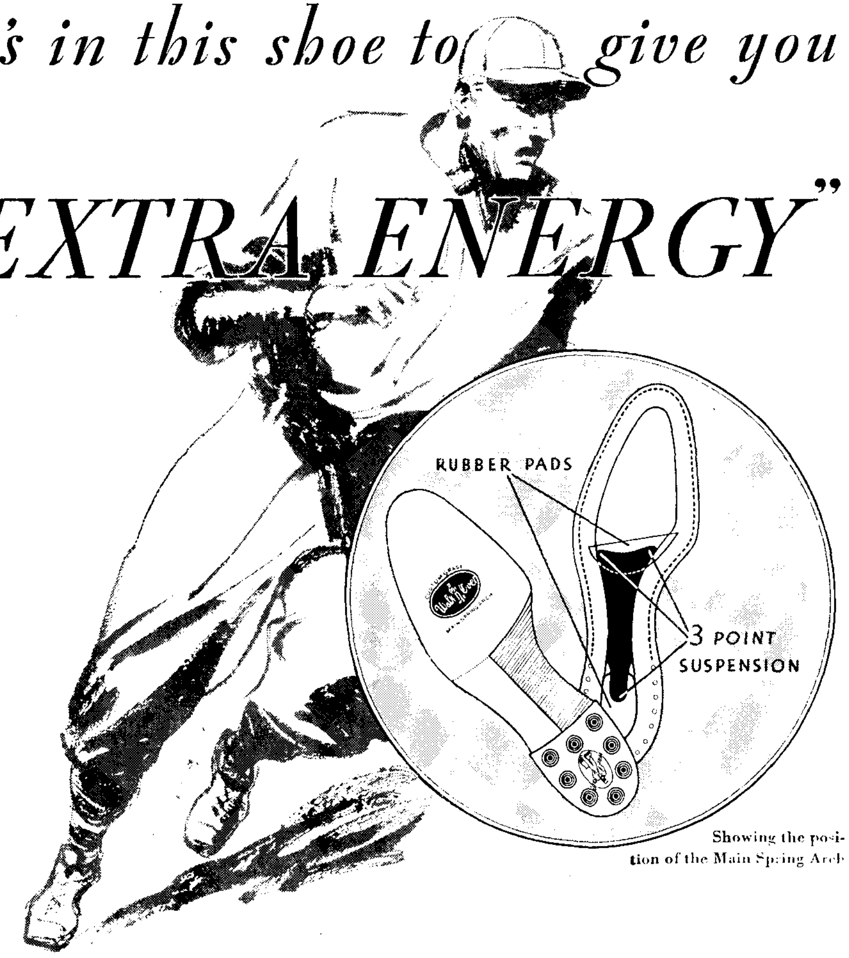
## LIBBEY·OWENS·FORD
SAFETY GLASS

It put athletes on their toes
It's in this shoe to give you
"EXTRA ENERGY"



Showing the position of the Main Spring Arch

WALK-OVER Shoes with the built-in Main Spring*Arch have revolutionized walking. They not only give the utmost comfort to tired feet — but *add speed and energy to normal feet.*

Famous athletes, young, vigorous, wear Main Spring Arch shoes off the field to conserve vitality. And, recently, many have had this Arch built into their playing shoes. They're enthusiastic about the results. "It put me on my toes," said one. "Now I get more speed," said another. How about you? Couldn't you use more speed around town? Extra energy?

Scientifically designed in lightweight, resilient steel, the three-point-suspension Main Spring Arch supplements the natural functions of your foot. It makes it possible to walk further and faster without fatigue. It strengthens foot muscles, directs your energy forward. Cushioned on an air vacuum and rubber, it absorbs the jolts of walking.

Many smart styles to choose from at the Walk-Over dealer in your neighborhood. How about this PLYMOUTH? Black calf. And only $8.50. Made by Geo. E. Keith Company, Campello, Brockton, Mass.

* REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The Main Spring Arch is built into this custom grade Walk-Over to give you Extra Energy. Today Walk-Over quality is even finer, styles smarter, at new prices that are lowest since 1917.

WALK·OVER
SHOES WITH THE "MAIN SPRING ARCH"

Last Lap

Continued from page 11

until three to see Bardoli, but he wouldn't see her. She'd return, she said, in the afternoon when she had finished work in a telephone exchange, and see McCarthy.

He crumpled the note and stuffed it into a pocket where he kept his money. Then he noticed a smell of cigar smoke.

"Who was in here?" he asked the boy who brought him a jug of beef tea.

"A big wop and his friends," said the boy.

"Any women?"

"Yeah—two," said the boy.

McCarthy put out the lights. But he didn't sleep. He lay wondering what might be troubling Kitty Cleary. A nice kid, and stuck on Bardoli. Something was going on he knew nothing about. But he'd make it his business to know. He wanted to win this race, his last race. To win he must keep Bardoli out of any row, especially a girl row, until it was ended.

THAT afternoon when he'd finished the second of two three-hour grinds and left Bardoli to hold their position of fifth for another two hours, McCarthy took an airing. He was entering an elevator to go to the Garden roof when an usher told him a girl wanted to see him.

It was what he expected—Kitty Cleary. She looked pretty but somber.

"When can I see Bardoli?" she asked.

"He's riding," said McCarthy.

"He doesn't want to see me," said Kitty.

"You come around in an hour," he said—and left her.

Below, in his bunk, he figured it out. Bardoli had gotten the girl into trouble.

Jimmy Smith came in to see him.

"Won't keep you long, Limp," said Smith. "But do you know the wops are betting their heads off on you and Bardoli? This bird Ramotta, I hear, has five grand up on you."

"Oke," said McCarthy. "I hope he wins."

"Well," said Smith, making his cigar travel, "keep Bardoli away from those blond dolls."

"You can do that," said McCarthy, lengthening on the bunk. "Shut 'em out from back here. Women ain't wanted."

Just before he took Bardoli's place he paused to growl into the youngster's ear:

"You see Kitty Cleary—she's waiting."

Bardoli paid no attention.

Lumière the big Swiss worked his way to McCarthy's side as they swung around the track.

"Bardoli won two hundred in sprints," he said between the scattered yells of spectators.

"That's good," said McCarthy. "I'll take you now."

He did, in a vigorous sprint that carried the few spectators off their feet. As it ended and an usher swept up a sprinkle of bills, he shouted in a dead silence: "Yodel, Swiss!"

There was laughter, but McCarthy dropped back to rest his legs in a spell of coasting.

Before he was through with that period the Garden had filled with theater crowds, and Ramotta, his girls and his blue-chinned mobsmen were in their box. When Bardoli sped out to replace him, McCarthy heard the kid's name carried all about the Garden while the other riders grinned and mocked.

Limp expected to hear or to see Kitty Cleary. But nobody bothered him. He looked at the score board. He and Bardoli were six laps ahead of the field. That was enough to sleep on. So he slept, forgetting about Kitty Cleary, Ramotta and the blondes.

It was Tuesday noon before the girl came back. She was brighter. McCarthy talked with her in the pen.

"I haven't seen him yet," she said. "But I've thought everything over and decided not to bother him till after the race."

McCarthy let it go at that. He said nothing to Bardoli between their spells at the track until Wednesday night. When he went in to rest in the middle of the evening between the pre- and after-theater rush, he found Ramotta sitting on his bunk.

"Hello, McCarthy," said Ramotta. "I wanted to meet you."

They shook hands.

"I'm betting on you and Bardoli," said the big Italian. "You're still five laps ahead of the mob. Think you'll win?"

"We're trying," said McCarthy.

"If you do there's a grand in it for you," said Ramotta. "A grand each."

"That's nice," said Limp.

The big man shook hands and went out. Limp decided he didn't like him, but a grand of Ramotta's money was a grand, and if it came his way he'd take it.

Thursday passed, with the Bardoli-McCarthy lead cut down to three laps. Bardoli had been shooting the fireworks in picturesque sprints that netted him several hundred, but cost two laps. McCarthy's only words with him were a warning to hold down on sprints and get in the steady stuff of lap-gaining.

They had twenty-four hours to go when Limp left the track at Friday midnight with the boos of a mob of drunks in his ears because he'd refused to test his speed with Lumière and Valdez again.

Jimmy Smith came around to the cubicle.

"Limp," he said, "I've got something to tell you."

"Say it," said McCarthy.

SMITH looked cautiously about, closed the curtain behind him and sat on the bunk where McCarthy lay.

"Detective Brady of the Twenty-seventh was in to see me," said Smith.

"I don't know him," said McCarthy.

"You will," said Smith. "There's a cop in that precinct named Cleary."

"Don't know him, either," said McCarthy.

"Cleary's got a sister," said Smith. "She used to go out with Bardoli, and her brother's got to hear about it."

"Why not?" said McCarthy.

"I think it means trouble for Bardoli," said Smith.

He left McCarthy to think that over. Limp worried himself out of an hour's sleep. When he got up to relieve Bardoli, he thought of something. He dug into his money pocket and found the note Kitty Cleary had written him that first night. As he figured, there was her telephone number.

Finishing his grind in the middle of the morning, he went to a telephone booth, called up Kitty Cleary and told her he wanted to see her. In the caller's pen he saw some of Ramotta's blue-chinned boys.

Before he had finished his rest he heard men talking low in the alley outside. He peeked out. The blue-chinned boys were there, waiting, he knew, for Bardoli.

"Listen, friends," said McCarthy.

(*Continued on page 39*)

Canada is fisherman's country—every mile of it . . . Trout in the unspoiled lakes and streams of Eastern Canada, Ontario and the Canadian Rockies. Salmon in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Pike, bass and powerful muskies in the densely wooded Laurentide and Ontario waters . . . For information on where to go and how to get there, guides, outfitters and equipment, write the Canadian National Outdoor Bureau, Montreal.

The Totem Pole Tournament from September 3 to 10 will bring leading golfers throughout the United States to this championship course at Jasper Park Lodge.

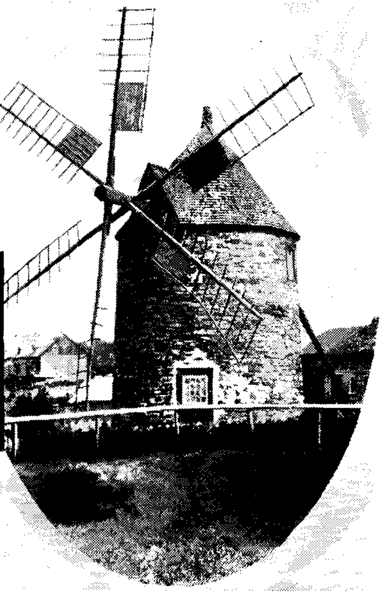
This is the Year to Vacation in CANADA

COME north to Canada this summer—and the vacation of a lifetime! For to unlimited vacation opportunities, Canada now adds *greater economy than ever before.*

Revel in the quiet loveliness of the Cape Breton seacoast or Prince Edward Island. Poke about in quaint "foreign" cities. See the breath-taking beauty of the Canadian Rockies. Or choose from a hundred resorts to spend refreshing weeks at golf, tennis, canoeing and the finest fishing on the continent. Everywhere in Canada you are close to the beauty of forest, lake and stream. Everywhere the summer climate is cool and invigorating.

Canadian National not only offers direct connections from all points in the United States but also operates hotels, camps and lodges to meet every vacation budget. Write for booklets—or tell us the kind of vacation you would like and let us make suggestions.

The famous Lodge at Jasper Park in the heart of the Canadian Rockies. Luxurious accommodations. Perfect food. Rates from $9.50 per day American Plan. Season June 1—September 30



A typical scene along the St. Lambert Highway. Everywhere you go in the Province of Quebec you'll find old-world scenes and old-world ways.

CANADIAN NATIONAL

The Largest Railway System in America

OFFICES

BOSTON
186 Tremont St.
BUFFALO
420 Main St.
CHICAGO
4 So. Michigan Ave.

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LOS ANGELES
607 So. Grand Ave.
MINNEAPOLIS
634 Marquette Ave.

NEW YORK
673 Fifth Ave.
PHILADELPHIA
1422 Chestnut St.
PITTSBURGH
355 Fifth Ave.

PORTLAND, ME.
Grand Trunk Ry. Sta.
PORTLAND, ORE.
302 Yamhill St.
ST. LOUIS
314 No. Broadway

ST. PAUL
83 East Fifth St.
SAN FRANCISCO
648 Market St.
SEATTLE
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1 Rue Scribe

Another Hour of Life in Twenty-four!

This is a woman's world we live in—full to overflowing with wonderful things to do—fascinating things to see—pleasant places to go—

No wonder that the modern woman demanded more time in which to explore and discover and experience the outside interests that today offers her—no wonder that American inventive genius has made for her a score of silent electric servants to free her from time-consuming housework—to give her an extra hour to live in twenty-four!

Go forth and do and see and live! Make the most of every golden hour that modern household helps make possible!

Let electricity help sweep the rugs, polish the floors, cook the dinner, clean the dishes, beat the batter, do the family wash and iron it!

Meet these willing, tireless workers in the advertising pages of modern magazines; they are at your service for penny-a-day wages—and no time off!

Books to read, friends to meet, plays to see—the whole wide world of freedom lies just beyond the threshold—push a button, pull a switch—an extra hour in twenty-four is at your fingertips!

Last Lap

Continued from page 36

“Leave the kid alone till he's finished tonight.”

The men grinned at him, but said nothing.

Limp went to the track. As he relieved Bardoli he warned him.

“Cut that visit back there short,” he directed. “We need everything we've got today.”

“Oke,” said Bardoli.

McCarthy took that for a good sign. He went into the mill with the stamina he'd been saving up all week, and at the end of his jaunt, he and Bardoli had gained a lap and stood four up on the field. Kitty Cleary was waiting when he left the track at four in the afternoon.

McCarthy wanted to get rid of her until after the race.

“You've got a brother—a cop,” he said, driving at the point. “I understand he knows about you and Bardoli.”

“He knows more than that,” said the girl.

“What does he know?” said Limp.

The girl flushed.

“They say Ramotta's fixed Bardoli to throw the race,” she said.

McCarthy grinned.

“You made that one up, sister,” he said.

The girl's eyes flashed angrily.

“What do you mean?” she blurted. McCarthy stared around, afraid they'd be heard.

“You're trying to get even,” he said.

Just as he took another look around, a glove smacked against his cheek. The girl stalked away.

McCarthy was red, but still grinning when he went to his bunk.

The alley was alive from its lull after the excitement of the opening. The new and keener excitement of the closing of the race was in the stuffy air. Snores came from some of the bunks. Riders walked around with taped legs and faces hollowed by the wear of the grind. McCarthy had a vigorous rubbing, ate a solid meal, and rested.

WHEN he went out at six o'clock for his next-to-last grind he noticed that Bardoli had dropped a lap. By eight o'clock, when the next switch came, McCarthy had failed to make it up. The Garden was rapidly filling. There were whisky and noise and the fever of ten thousand gummy-eyed die-hards in the air.

The alley boy told him Jimmy Smith wanted to see him in the front office. Limp dropped on his bunk, so Smith came himself.

“Shake out of that a minute, Limp,” he said.

Limp sat up.

“I've got something important,” said Smith.

“So've I,” said McCarthy. “I'm goin' to win that race.”

Smith actually took off his hat and gestured with it.

“Come with me,” he said. “You'll be back in ten minutes.”

McCarthy wearily followed the manager—grumbling about his missed rest. Smith chewed his cigar to stop talking where too many could hear him. They threaded through rear corridors with the beat of mob roars drumming along steel and concrete.

In the office was Kitty Cleary. She was pale but very pretty.

“Miss Cleary,” said Smith, shutting the door and getting down to brass tacks, “says Ramotta has fixed Bardoli to throw the race.”

“I heard her the first time,” said Limp.

“It's true,” snapped the girl. Her eyes were electric. “My brother's a cop. You know that. He knows a bookie this Ramotta has bet thousands with that Bardoli will lose. Haven't I been trying to see Bardoli all week?”

Limp's mouth straightened: “Was it about this?”

“I told you it was,” snapped the girl. “He's too nice a kid to be roped in by crooks and bootleggers.”

“Is he?” said Limp.

The girl winced, but her face held the hard calm of a woman who's spoken her mind.

Smith, saying nothing, let McCarthy open the door. Then he said: “What are you going to do, Limp? We can't afford dirt.”

“It's my last race,” said McCarthy. “I'm going to try and win it.”

He made it a point to avoid looking at Bardoli when he went out to relieve him.

Bardoli had dropped half a lap. They were only three and a half ahead. McCarthy drove himself mercilessly until his legs worked like automatic pistons while his head was filled with other things. He gained nothing, lost nothing but earned bushels of Bronx cheers by his dogged refusal to plunge into sprints.

AS HE made the finishing lap of that stretch he saw the big Italian Ramotta take his box, with girls and friends.

Bardoli stopped him at the entrance to the bunk alley.

“My right ankle's sprained,” the kid said.

“I'll tape it up,” said McCarthy.

“It's taped,” said Bardoli.

“Then go in and ride,” sneered McCarthy.

The kid did. There was a vicious sweep of wheels as the crowd shrieked. Lumière the big Swiss cut across a Norwegian rider, a plugger who had no chance in the thousand-mile drive, but who hung on for occasional sprint money against tired betters. The Norse reeled and spilled, Lumière with him. The crowd yelled. The Norwegian got up and walked off the track. Lumière chased Bardoli.

McCarthy was in his bunk, figuring things out. He'd planned this campaign to let Bardoli take the final hour—use the kid's speed in the pinch. Now he'd change that. A boy called him at ten. He sent word back for Bardoli to hold the track. The kid returned saying Bardoli's ankle was giving out.

“Tell him my leg's blooey,” said Limp.

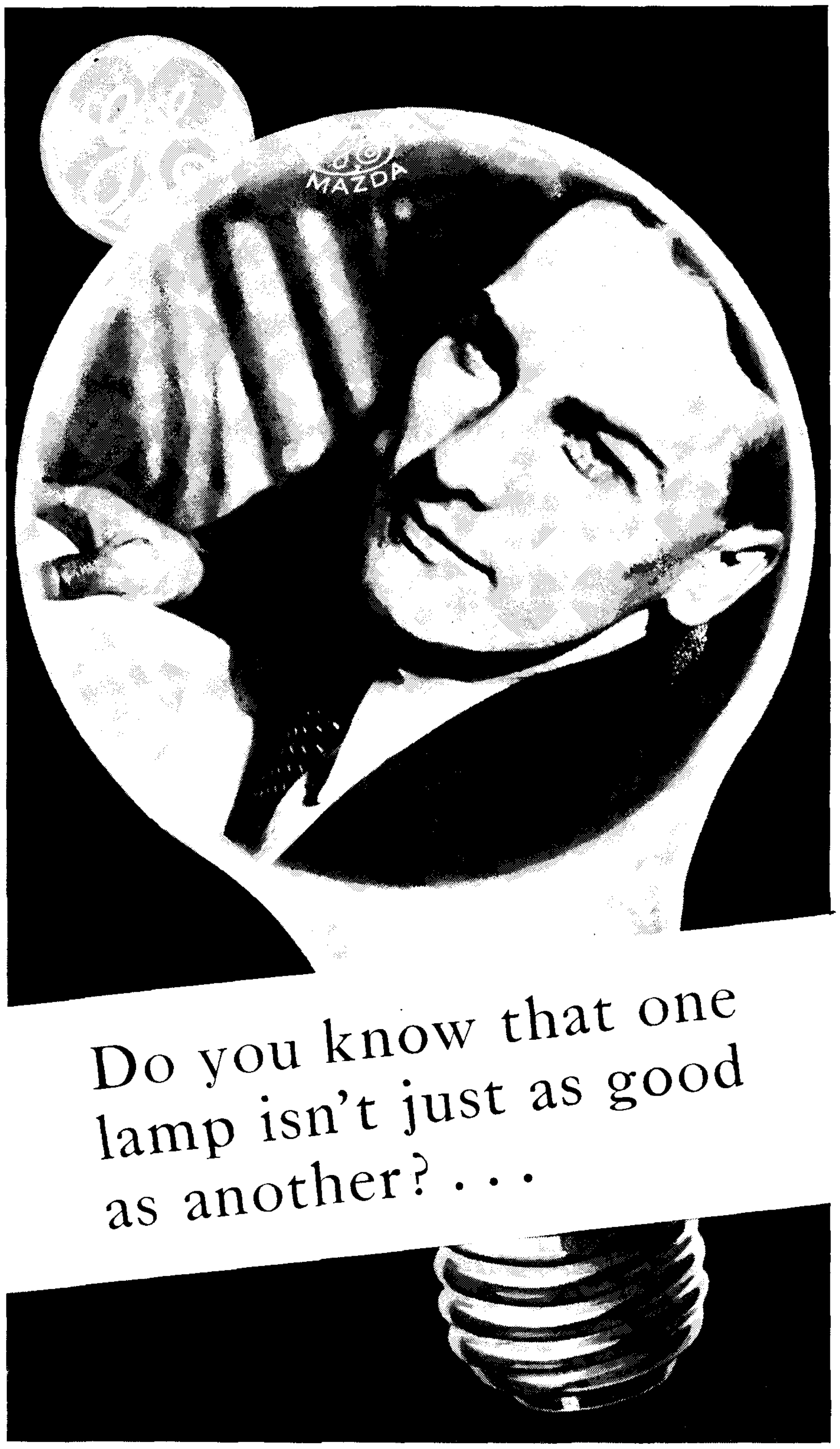
He let that go for half an hour—resting. Then he rubbed his legs and went out. Through blurred figures and voices he heard the steady, maniacal uproar that marks the end of a six-day race. The scoreboard showed Bardoli and McCarthy only two laps ahead.

“The kid's been dogging,” Limp thought.

He slid in beside Bardoli. “I'll take the last half hour,” said Bardoli.

McCarthy nodded and plunged into the race. He found a united opposition to beat him out of the inside track. Time and again he bore grimly towards it, to discover heretofore unnoticed rivals—a bony Scot and a squat Italian were particularly bothersome—taking turns to balk him. Limp raced halfway up the ramp as the trick-wise parts of the mob yelled laughter. Skirting the rim, he passed Ramotta's box. Valdez the Spaniard bore after him. A loud voice called for a sprint. Mc-

(Continued on page 40)


MAZDA
Do you know that one lamp isn't just as good as another? . . .

“WE TOO, USED TO GO into a store and ask for a “lamp bulb” until we discovered that different makes of lamps vary in their efficiency in changing electrical current into light, just as radios vary in their ability to convey the full depth and beauty of voice or music.

“Now we ask for General Electric MAZDA lamps *by name* . . always. When we see the initials G. E. on the end of the bulb, we know that we are not getting obsolete carbon lamps that may cost less over the counter, but may provide as little as *one third the light for the same amount of current consumed*. We know that we are not getting unmarked lamps, which, while they may look like G. E. MAZDA lamps, *may burn out prematurely or operate inefficiently*.

“Now that we know we are getting the light we pay for, we no longer hesitate about using plenty of light at *every* living room chair and at each end of the davenport. Better lighting has provided new ease for reading and studying and has made our home more livable and attractive.”

Have You A “One Chair” Living Room Problem?

Then try this simple and inexpensive experiment. Place a lamp . . . either a bridge or table type . . . at either side and slightly to the rear of each unlighted chair and see what happens. Truly you will be surprised at the haven of comfort and relaxation that light has suddenly created. *Every* chair has suddenly become an inviting *easy* chair. General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

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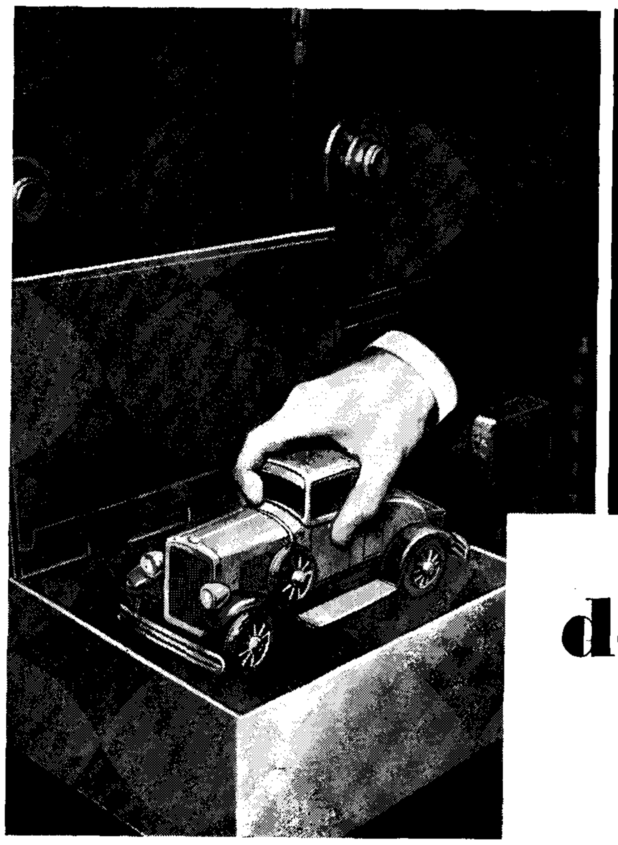

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Are you gambling an automobile against the few cents per quart you "save" on low quality oil?

Fine lubricating oil is like a safe deposit box for your car—it protects—safeguards against the unending forces of wear that rob your car's efficiency and depreciate its value.

Low operating cost, long life and real economy come from eliminating repair bills and minimizing wear—not from saving a dime a quart on oil. The *cheapest* oil you can buy is the one that gives complete motor protection under all conditions. An oil like HyViS that is rugged, rich, pure, dependable. One that builds a tough wall of resistance against wear.

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(Continued from page 39)

Carthy tautened his legs and tore into it. A tough go, but he won—by half a wheel.

Spinning past Ramotta's box, the Italian wadded something and threw it. As McCarthy swept around again he snatched something from an usher. He could see it was a fifty-dollar bill. He whirled another lap, and slowed just enough in passing Ramotta's box to toss the bill into the Italian's face.

A TERRIFIC roar greeted this. Ramotta laughed like a pale pig. As McCarthy raced past the entry gap he saw Bardoli, white and tense, gesturing at him. The kid swung in his wheel and caught up to McCarthy.

"Get out of here," snarled Limp. "I'll finish this."

"There's eighteen laps to go," barked Bardoli. "I'll make it."

"Your ankle's gone," sneered McCarthy.

The kid paced him until McCarthy suddenly swerved and Bardoli sprawled into the rim wall. He was dragged off the track as the crowd hooted and whistled. Limp, blinded by perspiration, went racing on. Racers passed him. He felt his legs jellying. His heart thumped. His head sang; but he went on.

He dropped another lap with ten to go. Hugging the handle-bars, he clamped his teeth. His stomach seemed to be leaving him as he pumped the strength from his legs. All he could see was patchy white lights and a filled track.

The crowd came to sense the fight he was making. At every turn as he painfully gained on one rider after another cheers came and grew until his name filled the place. In a clear moment he saw Ramotta sitting fat-faced, grinding a cigar between his teeth and glaring. McCarthy grinned.

Bardoli was shuttling his wheel to break in. McCarthy swore at him as he passed. He dropped half a lap in the next four. Then the crowd arose to the fight he was making. It waved at him as he rounded every bank. Balzac the Frenchman came up from behind and passed him. Balzac was nearest to the score, only two and a half laps behind, and he was vanishing along the track to take back a lap. Lumière the Swiss, out of the race, but still in it to dog McCarthy, pulled alongside.

"You're through, Limp," he snickered.

McCarthy grunted, resisting an impulse to push Lumière away.

His forehead was a streak of dampness. He felt water trickling down his spine, and the shouting and din were a numb wall of sound in his ears. Even Bardoli's strained face was unrecognizable as he tore into the last desperate effort to win.

A gun spoke, and McCarthy was still driving. Jimmy Smith and an usher picked him from his wheel and carried the collapsed figure amid thundering cheers to his bunk.

A stiff shot of whisky revived McCarthy. He was alone, but for Smith, and the alley boy, who had a message.

"Show her in," said McCarthy.

Kitty Cleary came in. She clasped his hand.

"I saw the finish," she said, smiling.

"I'm going to bring Bardoli," said Jimmy Smith.

"Now you'll see him," gasped McCarthy.

"I don't want to," said the girl.

Both ignored the wide-eared alley boy.

"Bardoli's out in the pen," said the boy. "With Ramotta and that bunch."

"You wait here," said McCarthy to the girl.

He picked his way slowly among a mob of back-clappers. Lumière the Swiss sent him staggering with a hearty thump.

McCarthy's eyes were still a bit dim when he walked into the pen. Bardoli was there, fully dressed, in the middle of a group that contained Ramotta, all talking fast in Italian.

WITHOUT a nod to anybody, McCarthy walked up to the group. His hand reached out and grabbed Bardoli's shoulder.

"There's a young lady to see you, Kid," he said.

Ramotta jerked Bardoli away; but McCarthy held on to him.

"I don't want to see her," said Bardoli.

McCarthy widened his shoulders. His fist crashed into Bardoli's face.

"That's to remember me by," he said.

He turned. There was a stir behind him. But nothing happened.

Kitty Cleary was waiting for him.

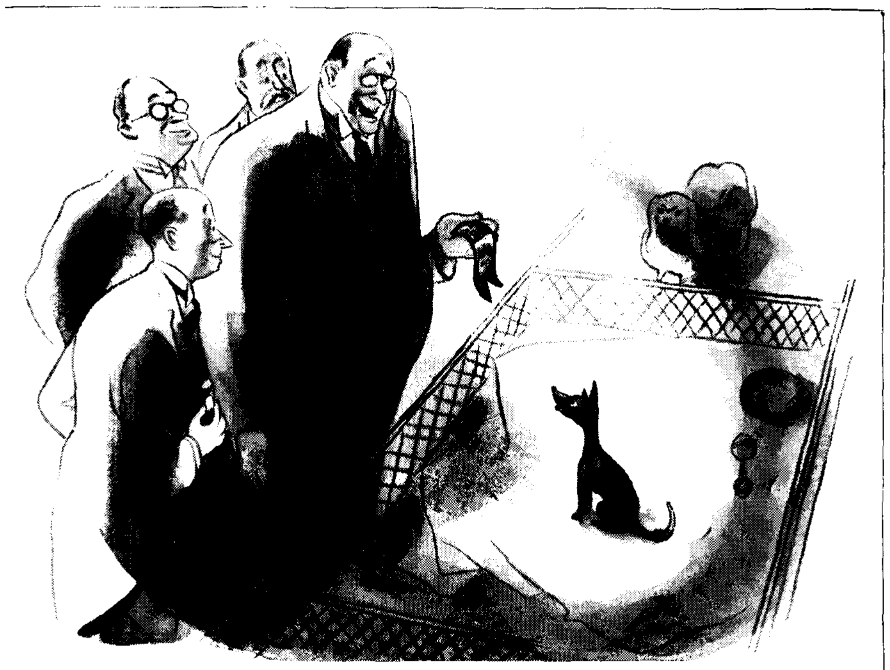
"I'm sorry for having struck you," she said as they stood together in the cubicle.

"I just paid that back where it belonged," said McCarthy.

The girl kissed him.

"Wait here a minute," he said. "I forgot something. That wop Ramotta owes me a grand."

He went out to collect it. He did.



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Richard Decker

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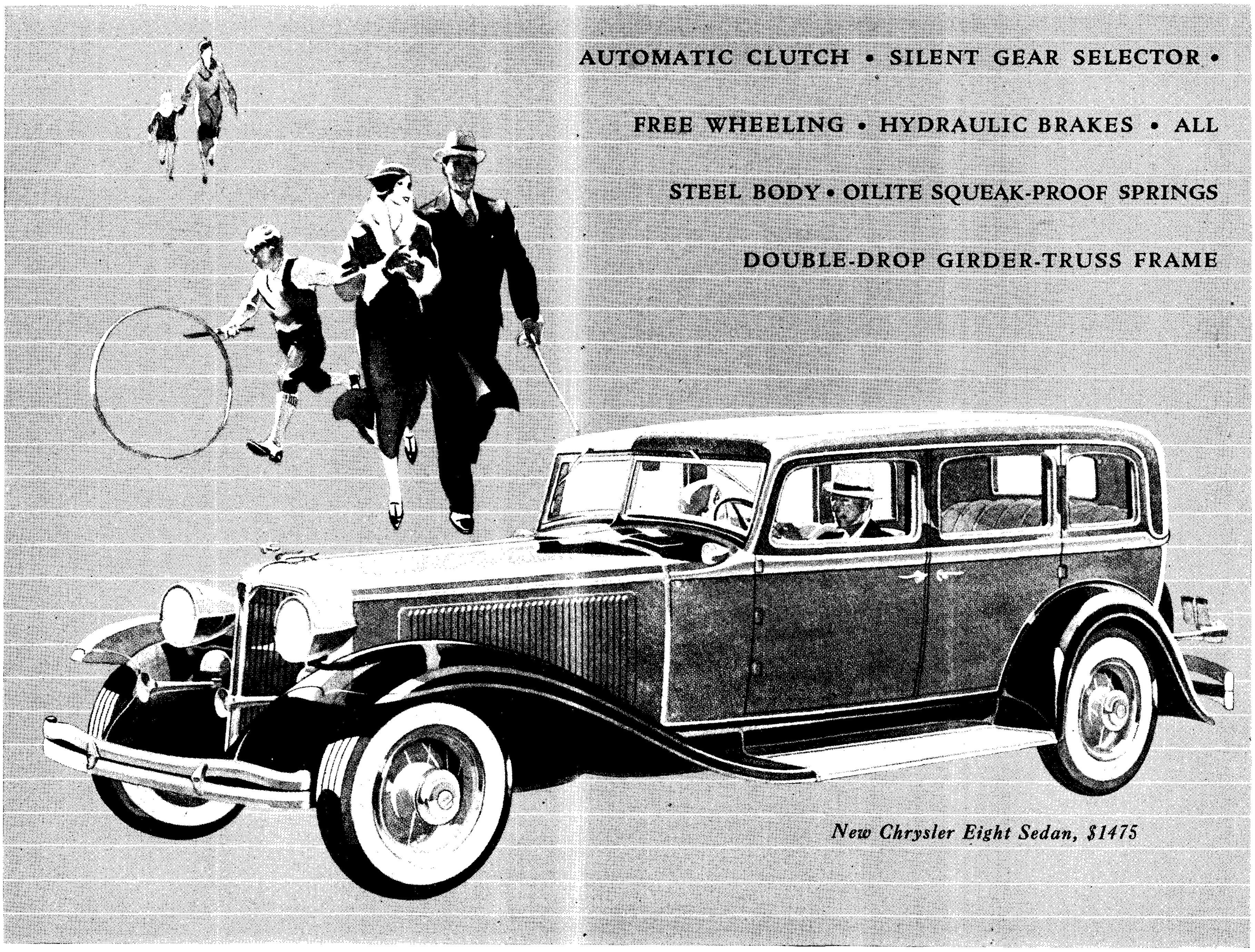
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New Chrysler Eight Sedan, $1475

What is Left for Anyone to Offer?

Chrysler has put so much, so *very* much, into the new Chrysler cars the question naturally arises—*What is left for anyone to offer?*

A few minutes study of a new Chrysler, and a few minutes at the wheel of a new Chrysler *in action*, and you know for a certainty that no motor car in 1932 can escape being drawn into comparison with Chrysler.

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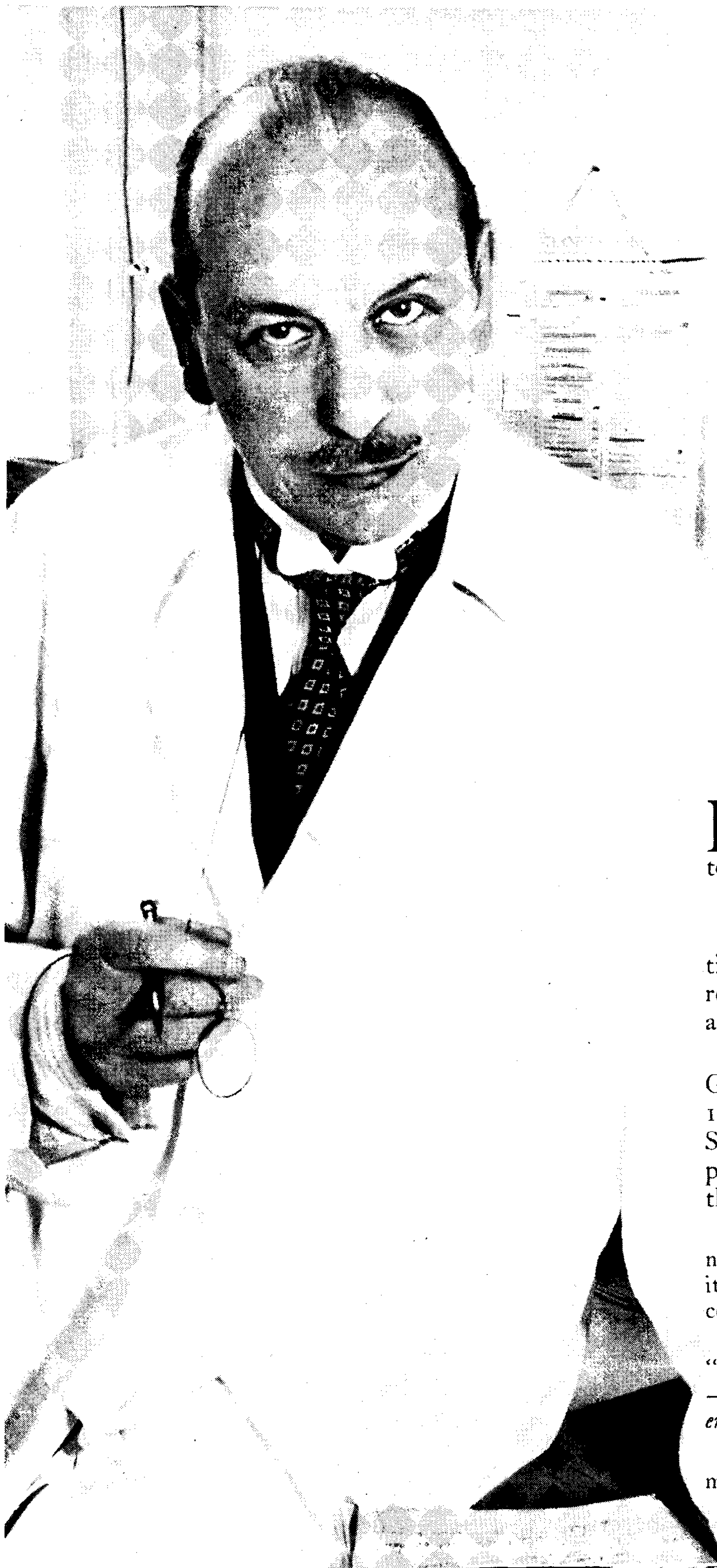
You'll be happier with a Chrysler

A new Chrysler Six, 5 body models, $885 to $935 (Automatic Clutch and Oilite Squeak-Proof Springs on all Sixes at slight extra cost); a new Chrysler Eight, 4 body models, $1435 to $1535; a new Chrysler Imperial Eight, 2 body models, $1925 to $1945; a new Chrysler Imperial Custom Eight, 6 body models, $2895 to $3595. All prices f. o. b. factory. Duplate Safety Plate Glass obtainable on all models at slight extra cost.



Don't be ashamed of your skin! Attack the underlying cause of hateful eruptions.

It's remarkable how quickly such SKIN ERUPTIONS disappear

explains DR. SINGER, *of Vienna*

DOES your skin keep breaking out—in spite of everything you do to keep it unblemished and clear?

Read this . . .

"I long ago proved that skin eruptions such as pimples and boils are the result of intestinal stasis (constipation) and putrefaction."

Those are the words of the noted Dr. Gustav Singer, physician-in-chief of the 1st Medical Department of the Rudolf-Stiftung, famous Vienna hospital, and physician to members of ex-royalty and the diplomatic corps. *He adds:—*

"We know that the best way to eliminate intestinal germs is with . . . yeast. By its action intestinal disorders such as . . . constipation are corrected.

"In connection with this," he explains, "a very remarkable result can be obtained *—a sudden disappearance of ugly skin eruptions . . .*"

Eaten regularly, Fleischmann's Yeast mixes with accumulated food residues in your intestines . . . softens them . . . gently stimulates the intestinal action that removes them regularly.

Thus your whole system is internally "toned"—purified. Your blood clears. The principal *cause* of skin blemishes, bad breath, headaches, etc., is no more!

In addition, Fleischmann's Yeast increases the germ-fighting white corpuscles in the blood . . . actually raises the skin's self-disinfecting power!

So start eating Fleischmann's Yeast today, and eat three cakes every day, regularly. Eat it before meals, or between meals and at bedtime—just plain, or dissolved in water (a third of a glass).

And write for free booklet on Yeast for Health. Standard Brands Incorporated, Dept. Y-EE-5, 691 Washington St., N. Y. C.

Skin Specialists advise Yeast

DR. PAUL GASTOU, famous Paris dermatologist, says: "If you are troubled with skin eruptions, I advise fresh yeast." DR. LÉVAI, physician-in-chief, Central Hospital, Budapest, states: "I've prescribed yeast for years for boils and acne."

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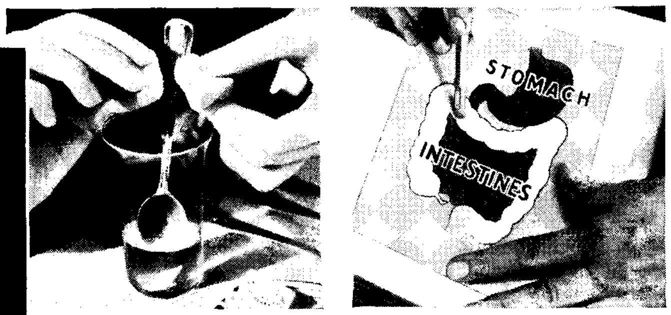
"My complexion was so poor, I hated to go out. I was miserable . . . my system was sluggish and very few things I ate would agree with me.

"Some friends were eating Fleischmann's Yeast. I tried it, and began to feel so much better, I forgot all about the indigestion—it was gone. But most important of all, the ugly complexion blemishes went away and my skin became clear . . . I have long hours now, but don't seem to get tired, as I did."

HAZEL MORRIS, *Tulsa, Okla.*



(*At right*) Here's where poisons form that seep into your blood and cause pimples, boils, bad breath, coated tongue, etc. Eating Fleischmann's Yeast keeps intestines clean—clears up the skin. *Eat three cakes regularly every day.*

Important

Fleischmann's Yeast for health is sold only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It is yeast in its fresh and effective form—the kind famous doctors recommend! At grocers', restaurants and soda fountains. Rich in health-giving vitamins B, G and D.

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Star Dust

Continued from page 19

edge of the field. Then he zoomed just as he had seen the experts do. The less careful experts, that is. It made him feel like a man. He leveled off and turned his head back over his shoulder. In the girl's wide eyes was a look of sheer wonder.

Somewhere over beyond the silver streak of the Seine, draped now with tattered curtains of morning mist, he swung round once more. Then, back over the field, he came down. Concentrating, he made a three-bump landing—a record for a bouncer like Wilber, and when he had handed her out of the cabin he faced Jane's radiant smile.

"Like it?" he inquired.

"It was wonderful!" Taking a quick step toward him, she squeezed his hand. "I shall always remember it, Mr. Weaver, but—"

"But what, Jane?"

SHE looked up at him, quickly. "Please don't tell anyone."

"I won't tell a soul." He paused, recalling their conversation last night. "You are a mysterious person—talking to me one minute on the terraces and gone the next, arguing with the handsome stranger."

"Monsieur Laval? He's the assistant manager of the hotel." They were walking back toward the hotel. "I was just going to tell you something nice. About yourself."

"Too bad! And I missed it. What was it?"

"I'm not sure it's right now," she laughed. "At any rate about flying. I thought you worried too much about things—in the abstract. I put you down as an idealist. About Vivien Crayne, I mean."

"Idealist?"

"You'll think I'm crazy, but—probably I've so little else to do—I like to read people. You take things and make them fit into what you are convinced they ought to be. You think flying is terrifying, and that's what you make it. So I thought—"

"And Vivien?" Wilber did not quite follow this.

"It's the sort of thing every girl must dream about. I mean the way you look at her, and the lovely things you think and do for her. It's—it's fine!"

Strangely he did not feel embarrassed. "The lovely things I think for her? How do you mean?"

"At first I thought you were the sort who got hurt—terribly hurt when the bubble burst. Then I knew you were not that kind. You shape things to fit the ideal, and even if things let you down badly you keep the ideal. It's not the ideal that is smashed."

For a while he held her eye. It all seemed very serious to her. "For a girl of your age," he told her finally, "you think too much. What you want is breakfast."

While he was at breakfast things began to happen. Henry Moon made his way to Wilber's table. "You'd better come and see Vivien," he said. "Tell you more later."

Inside Vivien's suite, he locked the door. "Bad business," he explained. "Vivien's just getting over hysterics. Someone was in here yesterday—last night—and got away with all the stuff she carries around with her. Worth a young fortune, as you know, and it's not covered."

"Not insured? Her jewelry?"

"She wants to see you. I've called in the police, and the hotel people will know sometime. They don't know yet."

Half-dressed, Vivien was stretched on the bed, a maid fluttering round. "Oh, Wilber!" she moaned, "why did this have to happen to me? While I was out last night with Henry— Oh, you know how attached I was to my jewelry!"

Wilber stroked her hand. He knew her passion for diamonds. She was childish in her gratitude for the odd pieces he had given her from time to time. The greater part, in fact, of her famous collection had come from Wilber, and in the public's mind the name Vivien Crayne was closely associated with famous gems from the Russian court, from Austria, from the priceless hoards of Indian potentates.

"I shouldn't worry too much," he offered lamely. "There's plenty more to be bought. I can easily—"

"You're a darling, Wilber," she broke in, dabbing at her eyes. "It's not the value. Only—think of all the upset! I'll never survive it."

A thought had occurred to Wilber. "They'll get the stuff back," he argued. "How can anyone sell stuff like those Russian emeralds?—and that plaque thing with the rubies the Rajah of Bhompur gave you?"

Vivien shook her head. "Tell him, Henry."

"It's like this, Weaver," Moon explained. "You don't have to take these Russian and Maharajah tales too seriously."

"You mean—Vivien hasn't got crown jewels and—"

"She had a nice little pile—you ought to know that. But the Rajah and the Russians were trimmings to keep the public interested in a good publicity line. They soon forget. You aren't a star for fun. It's a living."

Vivien rose. "You don't want to be mixed up in this, Wilber. Be a lamb and wait for me downstairs." At the door she recalled him. "Keep those papers I gave you."

It was in the foyer that he saw Jane—and suddenly he recalled that he had seen her leaving Vivien's suite the night before. For a moment his mind refused to think; then he felt sick. She was with the old lady and, leaving her, she spoke to the clerk at the letter racks. The immaculate young man was reading the paper. He ignored her until he had finished his paragraph, then tossed a pile of letters onto the counter and turned back to his page. Illogically an angry flush mounted Wilber's cheek.

AS THEY passed him Jane shot him a quick, half-shy smile of recognition. With a face like a basilisk he looked right through her, and it seemed to him her smile faded into a look of apprehension. This girl, with her frank, level eyes, the friendly, confidential way—a crook! Incredulity was giving way to anger now! He was used to the way people tended to take advantage of his unsophistication, but no one had taken him in like this before. Last night a man had called her in from the terraces. Sooner or later he had to inform the police.

The more he hesitated about interviewing the detectives the less decided he grew. Fairness demanded he should tell the girl what he knew. Fairness—to a crook? In the foyer once more he almost collided with Jane.

"I dislike mysteries," she began. "And I loathe rude men. Perhaps you'll explain, since I have come to ask you, why you have twice cut me dead? It is," she added levelly, "a compliment if you work it out."

Searching her steady eyes, a landslide of emotion took him. He knew then that the idea of this girl as a crook was fantastic. The pinched look in her almost childish face made him want to kick himself. "I'm sorry," he said gruffly. "I don't know where I am this morning. Upset—there's been a burglary in Vivien's suite, and—"

"It must be awful for you. Everyone's talking about it. I'm sorry, too. Sorry I was such a little fool." She sighed. "The police have arrived and I've just seen reporters in the elevator."

He managed a smile and she returned it eagerly. No girl, he was telling himself, could be such a perfect actress.

"I suppose you've been to see her?" she asked. "I mean Miss Crayne?"

"I went up first thing this morning—when she found out. There's nothing I could do."

"The press will have a good time," she prophesied. "My brother Jack is on a newspaper in Paris here—the Continental Daily Tribune. I used to knock round with him a lot. There's been a big fuss made of Vivien Crayne's jewelry in the papers over here the last two months. Her new film opens in Paris next week, doesn't it?"

"That's what she's here for," he told her. "To attend the opening."

She nodded. "They do. They have to—to help the picture along. It isn't all fun being a star." For a while she seemed to hesitate, undecided, and a sinking sensation swept over Wilber. "Will you—" she began, and stopped. Then—"Will you promise me one thing, Wilber?"

"About—this business?" So he had been right, after all.

SHE avoided his eyes. "Yes. Before you do anything—anything that it seems you have to do, will you tell me? Tell me first?"

It was not until then that he discovered how fond he was of this girl. "I'll promise that," he said, amazed at his calmness.

She smiled at him. "It's lucky you're not the sort that gets hurt when the bubble bursts. Good-by."

With the newspaper held before his face Wilber thought the business over when she had gone. He found that he was occupied in composing likely excuses for Jane. Of one thing he was sure: there was some good reason why she had taken the jewels. With his millions and all his resources he was going to see her through her trouble. But in spite of it all he was still dazed by the abruptness of it.

Vivien did not appear until noon, and as she approached Wilber saw that she was dressed for travel. She was, he thought, the most beautiful thing he had ever seen. But, strangely, he was conscious of a slight feeling of hostility.

"Wilber, darling!" she began, "I'm almost demented. I've scarcely had a word with you, and all this arrives. I have to travel to London now. In two minutes. I'm heart-broken." She looked round over her shoulder at the group of pressmen. "Would you be a darling and stand just for one little moment out on the terraces with me? These awful men positively demand a photograph, and I've had to promise them so that they'd leave me alone. Be a sweet!"

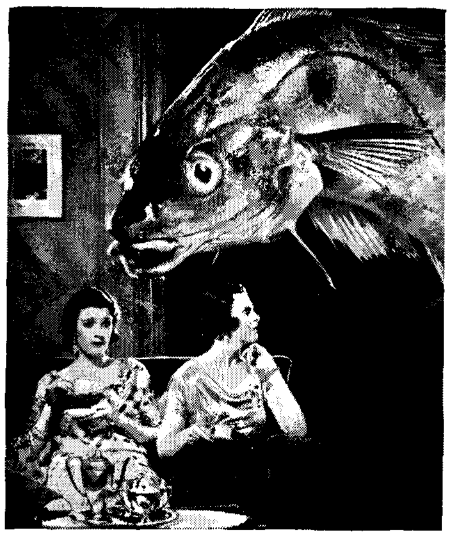
He followed her out onto the terraces. "Hat off, dearest," she whispered, and as he took it off the cameras, a battery of them, clicked and wheezed. Back in the foyer, Wilber was left with an impression of rain falling on Vivien's clothes and of the wonderful, sad

(Continued on page 44)

Dill's Best
Since 1848
Tobacco

Everybody's proud of the kind of men who smoke Dill's Best Tobacco. And Dill's Best smokers write us enough "fan mail" to show that they're proud of Dill's.

The Fish they couldn't forget!



YES, the fish had tasted delicious. But how they hated the *smell!* All evening it haunted the living room.

Patapar would have prevented this. No odors escape when you cook fish or vegetables in Patapar!

Better yet, all the original flavor of the food is saved. Wrapped in the pure folds of Patapar, it *cooks* richly *in its own juices!* No wonder it tastes twice as savory this way. Especially when the butter and other seasonings are cooked in the Patapar along with the food! And with Patapar you can cook several vegetables in one pot, saving fuel, time and stove space.

All you need is an ordinary pot and Patapar. Ask for it today at your grocery, hardware, housefurnishing, department or ten-cent store. Large package, 35¢. (Slightly higher Denver and West.) Trial package, 10¢. Or use the coupon.

Protects Perishable Foods

Many foods you buy—butter, lard, bacon, celery, asparagus, etc.—are protected by the commercial form of Patapar—Paterson Vegetable Parchment. For it is an ideal sanitary wrapper. Insoluble, grease-proof, odorless and tasteless—it keeps all kinds of contamination out and seals the goodness in!

Look for this Keymark, the identifying symbol of Paterson Vegetable Parchment, on food wrappers and store signs. It is your guide to the best food protection money can buy!

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Enclosed find 10¢ (coin or stamps) for which please send, prepaid, the trial package of Patapar Cookery Parchment with complete cooking chart.

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(Continued from page 43)

smile that had fixed itself on him as the cameras clicked.

"You've no right to ruin your clothes just because you're too kind-hearted to refuse those men," he protested. "You—"

"I'm going to change, darling," she told him. "I had to have contrasting colors, black and white, because of the poor light. It was sweet of them to want you too, wasn't it? They knew I'd be broken-hearted and would like you near me. The man I'm going to marry. The man with eight millions to spend before he could recognize what a penny was, apart from something to suck. You—darling!"

"I don't—" To Wilber she seemed worked up into a state of false elation.

"Listen, honey! If they ask you, let them think you're coming to London with me, to comfort me. I'm so upset I can't face attending in person the first showing of the picture. I want you, though, to stay here and look after everything that turns up. Henry is coming to London with me."

"You can't attend the first night? But, Vivien—think of all that's been written about it. People—they'll be so disappointed."

"I just hate to let them down," she told him, and there was a catch in her voice. "I owe a lot to—to everyone. But, Wilber, I just can't stand . . ."

As she pushed unsteadily to her feet through the crowd of reporters toward the elevators, "You're a darling," she confided, louder than she knew. "In times like this a girl needs a man."

While he was still blushing Wilber became conscious of Jane. But she did not see him. She was following Vivien closely as she disappeared into the lift. A hard look had settled in her eyes.

THE day was a worrying one for Wilber. When Vivien had slipped secretly away for London, using a back entrance, the reporters left the hotel and Wilber was free to show himself. It was the hour of five-o'clock tea when he left his suite and somehow he found himself sitting with Jane, tongue-tied, balancing a cup in the Dutch Room before the fire. Conversation, in spite of his efforts, kept drifting round to Vivien.

"It's too bad she won't make a personal appearance," Jane sympathized. "The reporters told me. One of them was a friend of my brother's. I told you about him."

She had taken up the poker to thrust at the fire when a bell-hop called: "Mr. Wee-ver. Mr. Wee-ver."

Stopping him, Wilber found he was wanted on the telephone. When he came back to the Dutch Room his face was white. "I suppose I have to tell you about this for a start," he said. "Vivien has just telephoned from Calais, or somewhere. She wants me to fly over to Croydon to take—take a parcel she left with me last night."

"Fly!" The girl had stiffened. "On a night like this? Why—it's mad. You'd have to be a professional pilot to do it!"

"It's most important. I've simply got to. The parcel of papers has a contract amongst them, and she has to have it tonight. Has to."

She held his eye. "And—are you going to?"

"Yes." He cleared his throat. "It means a lot to me. Not letting Vivien down. Besides, it's easy enough. Start off right and keep on going. Not like crossing the Atlantic, or anything heroic."

For a while the girl was silent, then: "Why not take me with you? I know the route, and the lights. I have a passport, too."

Afterward Wilber could never decide what made him take her. A drizzling rain was falling through the dusk as the ship took off from the field at six o'clock that evening. Following the Seine this time, with the girl advising him through the earphones, he quickly reached Le Bourget. He had to land there to clear his papers for the trip. At seven-fifteen they were off again. Wilber did not know it, but from Le Bourget they were telephoning ahead asking a look-out to be kept.

"I think we're going fine!" Jane's voice kept drumming into his ears. "But no girl ought to make you do this."

ONCE, after he imagined he saw the side of a mountain racing into the propeller and pulled the ship up almost vertical on its tail, he asked her what her mother had said about the trip.

"She doesn't know," Jane told him. "And she isn't my mother. My mother died ten years ago—in Paris. Jack and I were at school. He took to newspaper work when he had finished school. I took to being a companion soon after. That old horror is nothing to me—except a living. I've followed her round Europe for two years."

"I'm sorry," Wilber told her after a pause, "I called you one of the idle rich." Wilber had no idea why the motor should quit at this time, but it did.

The events of the next minute were blurred. Wilber saw a clear space, and did his best. But something—a tree—clutching at a wing swung the ship round as it landed. Wilber presently found himself with his face pressed into the wet grass. Pushing to his feet, he found he was unhurt.

"Jane!" he yelled into the darkness. "You all right?"

A heap at his feet shifted violently. "I'm fine. Enjoyed it immensely, and thank you very much for a topping evening. Would you mind standing off my legs?" Then illogically, as he dragged her a safe distance away from the wreck, she burst into tears.

He found his flashlight and switched it on, and the first thing that met his eyes was Vivien's parcel. It had burst open, and spilt over the paper wrapping was a fortune in jewels. He laid it before Jane, dry-eyed now.

"Vivien's stolen jewelry," she recorded. "It should have occurred to me—only making you fly seemed to me just a whim. Are you shocked?"

"I don't understand," was all Wilber could say.

"You didn't see a thing from the first," she told him, not without a touch of bitterness. "That's why, I suppose, I wanted to mother you. Half the reporters had their tongues in their cheeks. So I guessed something was going to happen. In fact, I nosed round a little—as my brother would have done. You never knew you almost caught me at it, did you?"

"No," lied Wilber quickly. "You mean, they arranged a fake robbery for—publicity?"

"It's done every week. Quite safe as long as there is no claim on insurance. When the uproar about Vivien not attending the first-night is dying down, the man Moon will announce Vivien will be there after all—as she meant to be all along. It keeps the public interested. Clever."

It was all a little swift for Wilber. He could not get his mind away from the picture this girl made in the narrow circle of light from the flashlight. Something about her crumpled hat, the pinched look on her face, moved him deeply.

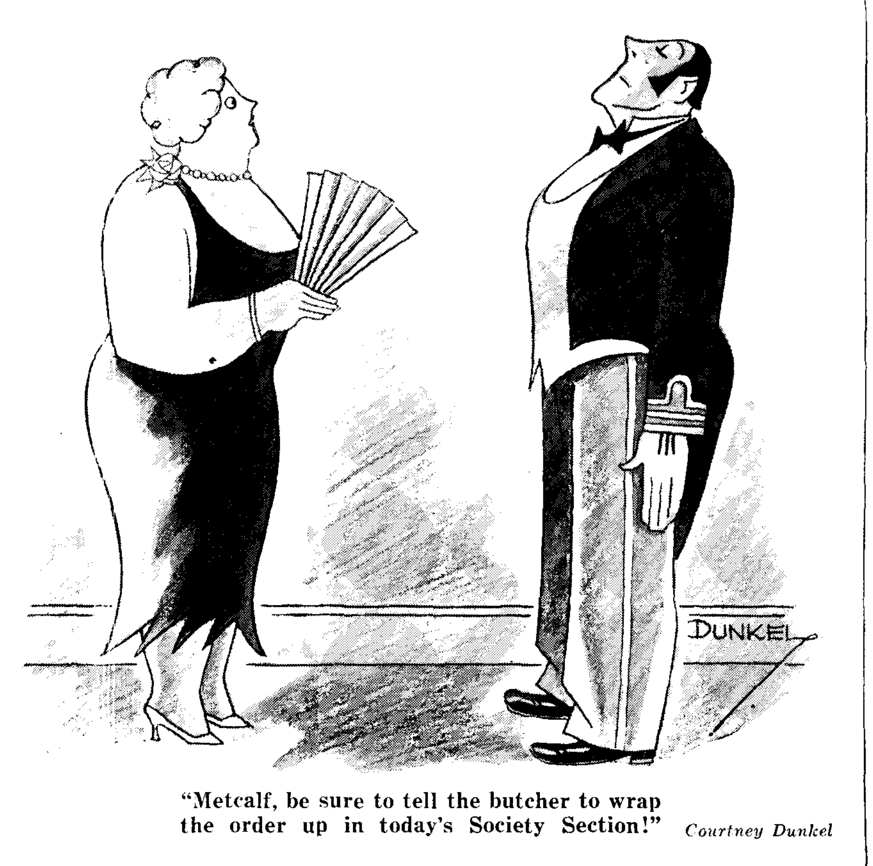
"They couldn't take the jewels through the customs, I suppose, without declaring them. That's why they worked the business off on you. When did they hand you the parcel?"

"The night before," he told her, without interest.

"The night," she said, "they left the door of the suite ajar. You'll have a cute little woman for a wife, Wilber. Now, what about finding where we are, or something?"

A FIRMER line had come to Wilber's jaw. Out of all this confusion of quick thinking one thing emerged clearly. "Never mind where we are," he told her. "That can wait. And I am going to have a cute little woman for a wife—you see!" He pulled her to her feet. "Jane—" he began huskily and folded his arms about her. Finding her lips, he left the rest unsaid.

"I do believe," a thin voice sounded at length, "the man means me! Well, that's all right, Wilber. I've been simply crazy about you from the first. . . ."



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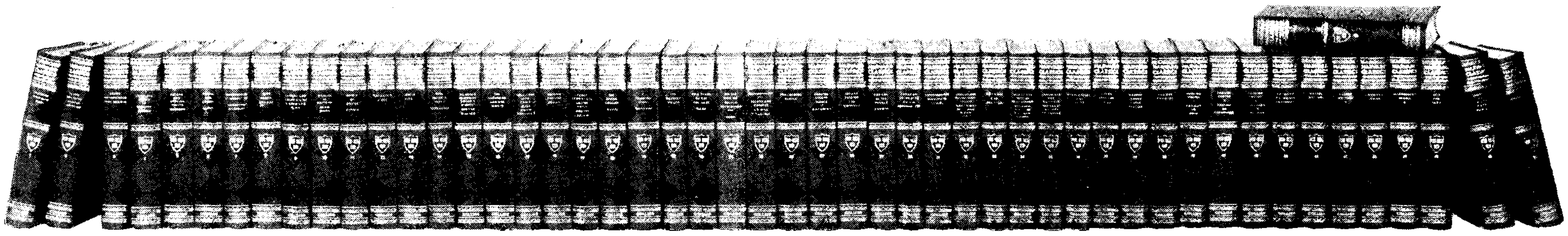

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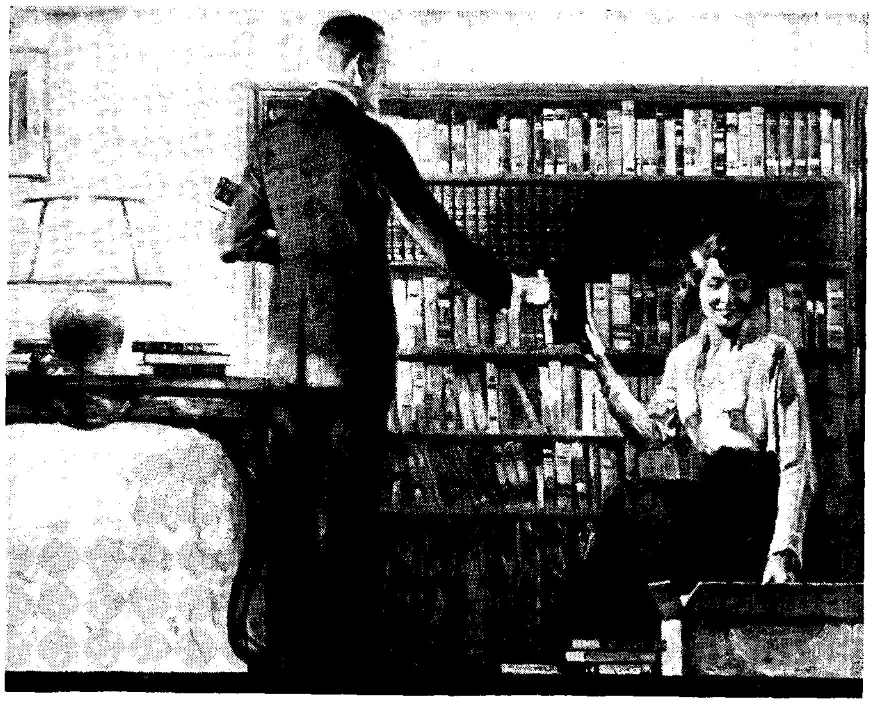

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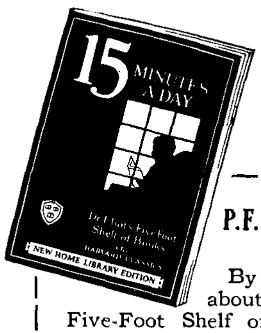

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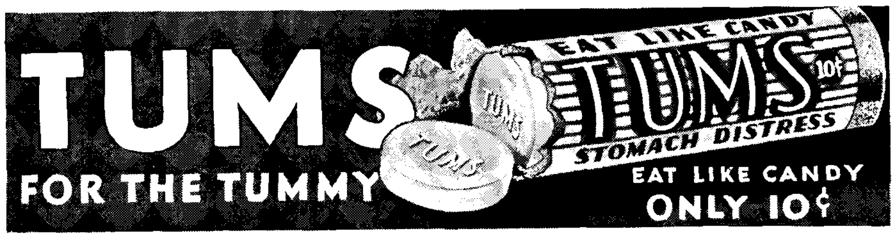

P.S. Sweeten the Stomach and You Sweeten the Breath

Common Ground

Continued from page 8

multitude of clubs to his shoulder, protest and bewilderment on his brow.

A small figure was now in front of him, bowing. A knickered person not more than five feet tall, wearing gold-bowed spectacles and smiling with a wide flash of teeth. . . . A Japanese.

The small figure spoke:

"K. Nakamura is my name. I have no partner this morning. You have no partner. So they have us play together. So pleased."

He spoke with strange little gutturals, pausing now and then to draw in his breath sibilantly, then to resume, smiling the while.

He again bowed. "So pleased."

ANGER boiled in Bartley Gregg. Up at five o'clock in the morning to play golf on a municipal course—and with a Jap! For less than nothing he would have turned and gotten out of there, if he could have done so without making it look like a retreat. But ever since he had lost his money all precipitate acts looked like retreat, where heretofore they had merely appeared as the whims of one above all comment. Now he was *in for it.*

The other continued: "If you will please drive first."

Flickering of eye, Bartley Gregg teed up. And in that simple act of bending over and putting his ball on its peg, a feeling, long dead, went swiftly through Bartley Gregg to his very finger tips, filling and overflowing his whole being. Golf! Teeing up again. The feeling that goes through every golfer in greater or lesser degree as he pegs up his ball for that first drive, whether it be on a rocky, few-hole, self-kept course, or the majestic one with a keeper at the gate and fore-caddies in uniform. Off once more!

Bartley Gregg breathed deep. Then he put a straight, long left arm, and a pivot, and a whipping, finishing right hand into it, and the ball went soaring away, white above the greensward in the morning light.

He stepped back, a pleased glow going over him. There, let this gang on this municipal course match that! And, on ahead down the fairway, municipal course golfers Rosenberg and Mulcahy acknowledged the drive's distance by turning to look back, while golfers Ostrowski and Canepa, the next pair on the tee, made appreciative murmurs. As for partner K. Nakamura, he inhaled sharply, showing a wealth of teeth.

"Very fine drive!" he breathed.

Bartley Gregg made no comment. Of course it was a fine drive, but what was it to them, and what did they know about fine drives anyway?

Whereupon partner K. Nakamura, who was just above five feet in height, and whose driver was almost as tall as himself, stepped up to his ball and swinging so fast that the arc of the club-flight was difficult to follow, sent the mate of Bartley Gregg's drive winging above the grass.

Bartley Gregg blinked.

"I think we have a fine game," said K. Nakamura.

Again Bartley made no comment. He was too busy watching where K. Nakamura's drive had rolled . . . beyond his.

They halved the first hole in par. So did they the second. They walked to the third tee.

"Uh. . . . I don't believe that I quite got your name," said Bartley Gregg.

His partner bowed:

"Nakamura. K. Nakamura. The K. is for a long name, very difficult for some people to pronounce, so I am just K. Nakamura."

"My name's Gregg," said Bartley. "Bartley Gregg."

"So pleased," said K. Nakamura. Whatever feeling he may have had for Bartley Gregg's not giving his name on the first tee was in no way evident.

"You play a good game," said Bartley.

"Thank you," said K. Nakamura. "I try."

They drove and started along the fairway. The small man fell into step.

"And at what do you work?" he asked.

"Work?" said Bartley.

"Yes."

"Why, I don't work," said Bartley, and he almost snorted the denial.

The small man shook his head solicitously.

"Oh, too bad. Work very hard to get now."

Bartley Gregg grew warm at the misunderstanding.

"I don't work at all!" he said shortly.

The small man regarded him. "Oh, I understand." Then after a pause he said: "*You are in politics, perhaps.*"

Bartley Gregg looked sharply at the wearer of the gold-bowed spectacles. Was this sawed-off Oriental trying to kid him?

"No," snapped Bartley. "I . . . uh . . . I just travel."

"Ah," beamed K. Nakamura, and complete understanding was upon him. "You travel to learn. Very fine idea. I also have traveled to learn. Now I work here for steamship company."

It came to a startled Bartley Gregg that he was playing golf with a deck steward or something or other. He, Bartley Gregg! He muffed two shots in a row.

"A very difficult hole to approach," said K. Nakamura. "I had much trouble with it at first."

"Yeah?" growled Bartley Gregg.

THE next hole was played in silence. At the following one the course turned back, and when the two came to the tee which was the most westerly of them all and lay overlooking the great expanse of ocean, the small golfer paused for a moment, cap off and eyes on the horizon, and thus he stood, with the manner of one looking far beyond the ocean rim.

"I always stop here for a moment," he explained simply to Bartley Gregg, "and again see in my mind my home, which is so far away."

An odd little cuss, thought Bartley Gregg.

They drove, and played on up the grassy slope, and for the first time in his life Bartley began to learn just how heavy a fully filled leather golf bag can be. He shifted it to the other shoulder, but it kept on bearing down. And for the first time in his life it also came to Bartley that perhaps every club that he owned wasn't absolutely necessary.

"Golf bags just like passengers," smiled K. Nakamura. "They like to sit back when riding uphill."

The climbing pair now overtook two figures poking along the rough of the course. Municipal golfers Mulcahy and Rosenberg had lost a ball. They looked up to make greeting.

"Hello, there, K. Nakamura," said golfer Mulcahy. "How's'a game? Par all the way?"

"Not quite," said K. Nakamura. "But going very well. My partner is going very well too."

"Well, I ain't," said golfer Mulcahy. "Honest, I got a slice this morning that goes around and hits me in the back of the neck."

"Too bad," condoled K. Nakamura. Then he bowed. "My partner Mr. Gregg—Mr. Mulcahy, Mr. Rosenberg."

"Pleased to meetcha," said Mr. Mulcahy.

"Pleased to meetcha," said Mr. Rosenberg.

"How d'you do?" crisped Bartley Gregg, inclining his head a quarter of an inch.

"YOU two go ahead and play on through," said Mr. Mulcahy. "I'm going to keep on hunting for this ball. I *would* shoot an almost new one on this hole. Say, how's'a steamship business?"

"Please, not too good, thank you," said K. Nakamura.

"You said it for everything," said golfer Mulcahy.

"The paint business as well?" inquired K. Nakamura.

"Awful!" said golfer Mulcahy.

"And the print-goods business also?" The small man turned to golfer Rosenberg.

"Worse," said golfer Rosenberg.

"Fortunate we still have early-morning golf left," said K. Nakamura.

"I'll say so," agreed golfer Rosenberg. "If we didn't, I'd be jumping into the ocean."

K. Nakamura and Bartley Gregg went on.

"Very pleasant men," said K. Nakamura.

"Are they?" said Bartley Gregg.

They came to the top of the rise, and after they had holed out K. Nakamura once more paused, this time to look down upon the mighty harbor entrance below. A steamer, inbound, was plowing its way over the waters. The towering brown cliffs on the channel's far side were a-kindle in the morning sunlight. A breeze was whipping in from the west, and overhead the sky was a clear, light blue.

"I like to look at this scene all that I can," said K. Nakamura, turning finally to Bartley Gregg, "so that its picture will always be bright before me. When I return to my own country, and stand on its shore looking east, I shall again see all this and remember America and all that it meant to me."

It was on the tip of Bartley Gregg's tongue to ask this five-foot combination of teeth and eyeglasses if all he did was to go around talking like a nit-wit poet and introducing people to other people that they didn't want to meet in the slightest. But he refrained, and took it out by knocking the cover off the ball. Whereupon K. Nakamura became silent, and remained so — meanwhile shooting hole after hole in par. All that Bartley could do was to hang on and try to hold him, telling himself that if he wasn't carrying a heavy bag, if he only knew the course, if a dozen things, he would be tying this sawed-off opponent into knots.

Then Bartley Gregg rammed down a long, swift, breath-taking sort of putt all the width of the green for a birdie, and K. Nakamura came out of his daydreaming like a squirrel popping out of a hole.

"Ooh, wonderful putt!" He inhaled as noisily as a small engine. "Very wonderful putt."

"It was a pretty good putt," admitted Bartley, satisfaction going through him—the putt had won the hole. "Mighty lucky, yet pretty good, too."

K. Nakamura beamed upon him. "These last holes, I have not talked, having so happy a time watching you play! When you are acquainted with this course, you will defeat your opponents with the greatest ease."

"Oh, I don't know about that," said Bartley, yet the satisfaction continued. Praise is praise the world over.

They moved on to the next tee, and here Bartley holed out his best drive of the day. K. Nakamura could not match it. They set off down the fairway.

"So," said Bartley Gregg, expansion still upon him, "you're in the steamship business, are you?" He had somehow given up the idea of K. Nakamura's being a deck steward, but still saw him as one in minor position. Nor was his surmise wrong.

"Yes, thank you, in the steamship business," said his golf companion. "But only very small in the business. At a desk. When I have learned sufficiently, I shall return home—but I shall also be small there." The little man walked in silence for a moment, then smiled at Bartley Gregg. "How could it be otherwise, when there is my father and my two older brothers? I am the youngest."

Over this, Bartley Gregg puzzled for two shots. What a bunch of cuckoos these Japanese must be—waiting for a desk job to be handed down, father to son, and just because one was the youngest. . . .

They came to the last hole. . . . Putted out. And golfer Nakamura gave a double bob of the head.

"Such a wonderful morning! Now I must hasten to work. Will you be playing tomorrow, or will you again have started on your journey?"

"Why," said Bartley Gregg, "I guess I'm staying here for a while. And . . ." Why not play tomorrow? What else had he to do? He might be able to win—although the mere defeating of this odd little golfer didn't seem to enter into it. All that seemed to enter into it, strangely enough, was dawn and fairway and sea; the wind in the clear blue sky, ships moving over the waters, the flight of a golf ball above the grass. . . .

"Why, yes," said Bartley Gregg. "Let's play tomorrow."

THEREAFTER they played every morning. An oddly assorted pair, yet not oddly assorted, for this much they had in common—youth and the love of a game; one coming from far to the West, and one from far to the East; the one from the East having no desire to return to a scene of disaster, the one from the West knowing that he must soon go home, yet always hoping that he might return. Above the mighty harbor entrance, on the golf course. . . . Common ground.

So they golfed. So they talked. So, without greatly realizing it, Bartley Gregg told of himself, a word here, a word there, and K. Nakamura, eyes on sea and sky, listened.

So, at the end of a game one morning, the small golfer made announcement, with much indrawing of breath and bobbing of head the while. He had two friends, two Americans, who worked for another steamship company, and who sometimes played golf. Would it be asking too much if they also played with Bartley Gregg the next morning, making a foursome of it?

"That'll be fine," said Bartley.

So, Bartley Gregg met Larry Brown and Jack Connors. Pencil-pushers they called themselves—clerks they were—in a great American steamship organization. They proved not even average golfers, being given to horrific swings and terrible misses, followed by the most pungent of comment. Yet they thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

They returned to play other mornings, their golf no better, their cries always picturesque, their talk centering upon ships and shipping and the far fringes of the earth. Which Bartley Gregg more and more took up, as

(*Continued on page 48*)

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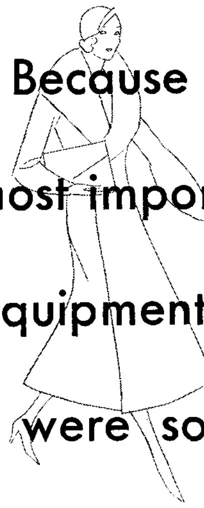
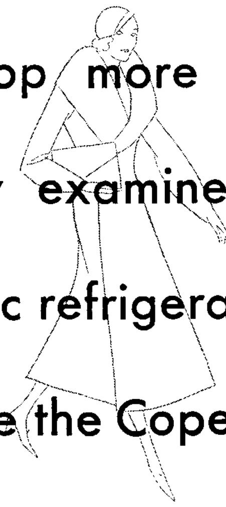
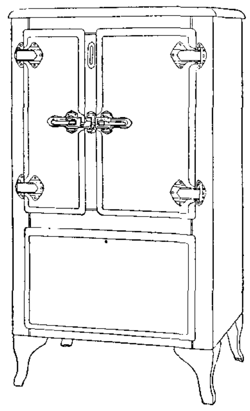






(Continued from page 47)

a brick takes up water. And when finally there was casual mention by Larry Brown and Jack Connors of a desk-job chance for a beginner at their office—not much of a job in these times, but something—there came winging to Bartley Gregg, crazily enough, the wondering as to whether he couldn't fill such a job just as well as the next one, if he got right in and buckled down to it. Golf could . . . why, golf could be played early mornings, also. In fact, golf seemed suddenly to have become merely a sort of background.

Haltingly, Bartley made his wondering articulate.

"Why, sure," said Larry and Jack. "We'll see what we can do about it."

They did, and Bartley Gregg became Clerk Gregg. A most left-handed, perspiring clerk, but one who made up for much by his zeal. During the first week the left-handedness grew acute as the knowledge came to Bartley that clerks Brown and Connors were a little higher in the organization than they had implied, and the perspiration became a Turkish bath when the truth filtered in that K. Nakamura, sitting at his desk over in the Japanese steamship office, and whom golfer Bartley Gregg had once taken for a deck steward, was of the seafaring family that controlled a hundred ships.

Above both these facts rose the dawning knowledge that K. Nakamura had engineered it so that people of Bartley Gregg's own race should offer him a position and a future.

On the golf course the next morning Bartley Gregg tried to thank K. Nakamura, and that small golfer blushed, and twisted in his embarrassment.

"It was nothing," assured K. Nakamura. "I just helped to do a little something for a friend."

Nothing . . . a little something. . . . For the first time Bartley Gregg had labored, had received payment, had walked the road of life by the efforts of his own feet and not by those of others. Nothing? In sweeping exuberance of spirit that morning he broke par on the course.

"You should play in some of the course tournaments!" exclaimed an enthusiastic K. Nakamura.

"No, thanks," said Bartley Gregg. "Some time, but not now."

"You are the fortunate one," said K. Nakamura. "You can play in them any time, and my time here is short. I enter them all, not so much with the desire to win for myself, but to carry back, if I should win, some trophy by which I could remember this happy spot."

"Some day," said Bartley Gregg, "we'll go in together."

THE year waned. Winter came. Clerk Bartley Gregg played but little golf. Then spring and longer days swung up out of the eastern sky, and Bartley was once more afoot at dawn.

Talk of the coming annual municipal championship filled the air, and it now found in the hard-working, golf-hungry Bartley Gregg an eager listener.

"I'm going into it," said Bartley to K. Nakamura, who long before had already slapped down his name.

"You will win it!" said K. Nakamura.

"An outside chance," said Bartley. "There are forty who can shoot as well as I."

"Have any of the forty carded a sixty-nine in practice?" demanded K. Nakamura.

"That was in practice," returned Bartley Gregg. "How about your own seventy last month, and played in competition?"

"But I was beaten the next day," said K. Nakamura.

"We'll see what we see," said Bartley Gregg.

They saw. In a crush of entrants, they qualified. Neither one was the medalist, but both were well in. The draw split them wide apart—upper and lower bracket. And like two sides of a triangle marching toward a common point, the two marched straight and inexorably to the finals.

"Whooie," said Bartley Gregg, running a hand across his forehead and regarding the other finalist, "I . . . I didn't figure on this."

The other finalist was pale beneath his olive skin: "It was the farthest from my thought."

They continued to look at each other, in silence. Then the smaller man said, speaking with an effort: "We shall play against the course. We shall play the very best golf that we know how. We shall play the very best golf to the end."

In silence they shook hands.

TO THE great gallery that witnessed the finals of the municipal championship over the rolling course above the mighty harbor entrance on that bright spring morning, there was exhibited as magnificent golf as any championship could show. The two opponents, each playing the course as though he walked it alone, stroked fairway and green in a detachment and perfection that brought them an ever-swelling gallery. Hole after hole, neck and neck, a little advantage here, a little there, and then noon and the halfway mark—and all even.

In tumultuous buzz the gallery broke away to make a gesture of eating lunch, to come swarming back to make a gigantic horseshoe about the first tee.

To the tee stepped Bartley Gregg. At the same time his opponent started to thread his way through the crowd. And it was here that fate, careless of mere men and their small affairs, came spilling the dice box of its own game and calling out the score.

To the ears of golfer Nakamura there sounded, from the direction of the roadside, voices coming nearer, pitched in agonized debate—and in his native tongue. He caught the tenor of it. . . . "Shall we tell him now, or shall we wait? Shall we . . ."

He saw them. They saw him. And they knew that he had heard.

He turned to meet them.

Deathly pale, their hats held in their hands, the three who were the heads of the city office of his father's steamship company advanced to him.

They bowed. . . . Strove to speak. . . . Failed.

"Tell me," said K. Nakamura, and his request was a command.

"It is of your father," said one.

"And your brothers," added another.

"In a boating disaster," said the third, "in a sudden storm while sailing, they are drowned—all drowned."

Like a bronze statue the small golfer of the spectacles and the long plus fours stood and regarded them. They started to speak, but he raised a hand. For another minute he continued to stand as though graven. Then he spoke:

"My grief is as wide as the world. I shall be with you as soon as I can, and all that you wish then, I shall do. But for the next several hours of this afternoon I cannot leave here. There are certain things expected of me, and I must do them."

He bowed. He made his way to the tee.

"If you will please to drive," said K. Nakamura to Bartley Gregg.

Bartley Gregg had teed up, had taken stance, before intuition, or the faintly altered manner of K. Nakamura, or whatever it might be, came whispering to him. He wheeled.

"Something has happened," said Bartley.

"You will please to drive," said K. Nakamura.

Bartley Gregg put a hand on the small man's shoulder; his gaze met the other's:

"I won't drive until I know what it is. It's something . . ."

"It is," said K. Nakamura. "And since you might guess it, I shall tell you if you will promise me that you will go right ahead." And he told Bartley Gregg.

As Bartley's head went back, the small man put up his hand.

"Please, not a word. All of our friends are here waiting to see us play golf. We must play."

They played. Those who saw that contest will tell how the two matched strokes as though golf were the only thing in the world—straight down the fairway, hole after hole. They came to the turn of the course, to where the westernmost tee lay overlooking the wide expanse of ocean. And here, as always in the past, golfer K. Nakamura took off his cap and stood looking far beyond the ocean rim. Then he turned, and drove tremendously up the fairway, and only Bartley Gregg knew the titanic effort that had gone into that drive.

They came to the top of the rise, and here, as always, after they had holed out, K. Nakamura looked down upon the mighty harbor entrance below. Looked, long and long. And Bartley Gregg, watching, knew that this small golfer of the lengthy knickers and gold-bowed spectacles, of the flashing teeth and ready smile, was saying farewell; would never again in youth and freedom look upon this sight. Already about him the headship of the house of Nakamura had begun to stiffen its mold.

THEY played on with little advantage in the match to either—a hole here, a hole there, and back to even-up. Over and over to Bartley Gregg sounded the refrain: All this shall never come again. Gone—soon to be gone. . . . Their last game.

They came to the eighteenth tee, the match still all even. The smaller golfer, now playing wholly on nerve, hit a straight, fair drive. Bartley Gregg stepped up to his ball. The last hole of the championship match . . . never to come again. And then Bartley Gregg had it; had all that he had been thinking since the first tee of that afternoon. Crystal clear it was before him. With swift intake of breath he hooked his drive . . . hooked it long and wild . . . out of bounds.

ON THE dock, the day that K. Nakamura, head of the house of Nakamura sailed for home, among many people stood Bartley Gregg. He had not seen the small man since the end of the match when, out of weary, bewildered eyes, a victor-greeted K. Nakamura had tried to fathom just what had happened. But now . . .

Hands fell upon Bartley Gregg's arm. The small man whom Bartley had once taken for a deck steward was before him, in a traveling suit, looking him through and through, his eyes alight.

"My friend, my friend!" cried the head of the house of Nakamura. "I have been searching for you. Now I know. . . . You drove out of bounds—to throw the game away. You . . ."

"I threw no game away," said Bartley Gregg. "It had to be."

"Why?" said K. Nakamura.

Bartley Gregg placed hands upon the other's shoulders.

"So that when at times you shall stand upon your shore looking eastward and see our fairways again in your mind's eye, you shall remember that once you were the champion of the course you loved so well."

Long did K. Nakamura look at Bartley Gregg. "I shall remember," said he, "that I had a most wonderful friend."

The ship's whistle sounded for the last time.

"I must go," said K. Nakamura.

"Good-by," said Bartley Gregg. "I don't know that we'll ever meet again, and I want to tell you all that you—"

"We shall not say good-by," said K. Nakamura. "We shall say *Sayonara* . . . if it must be so. But we shall meet. Some day you will come and visit me and be my guest. And we shall talk . . ."

He was up the gangplank . . . was leaning over the rail. The gangplank was hauled away.

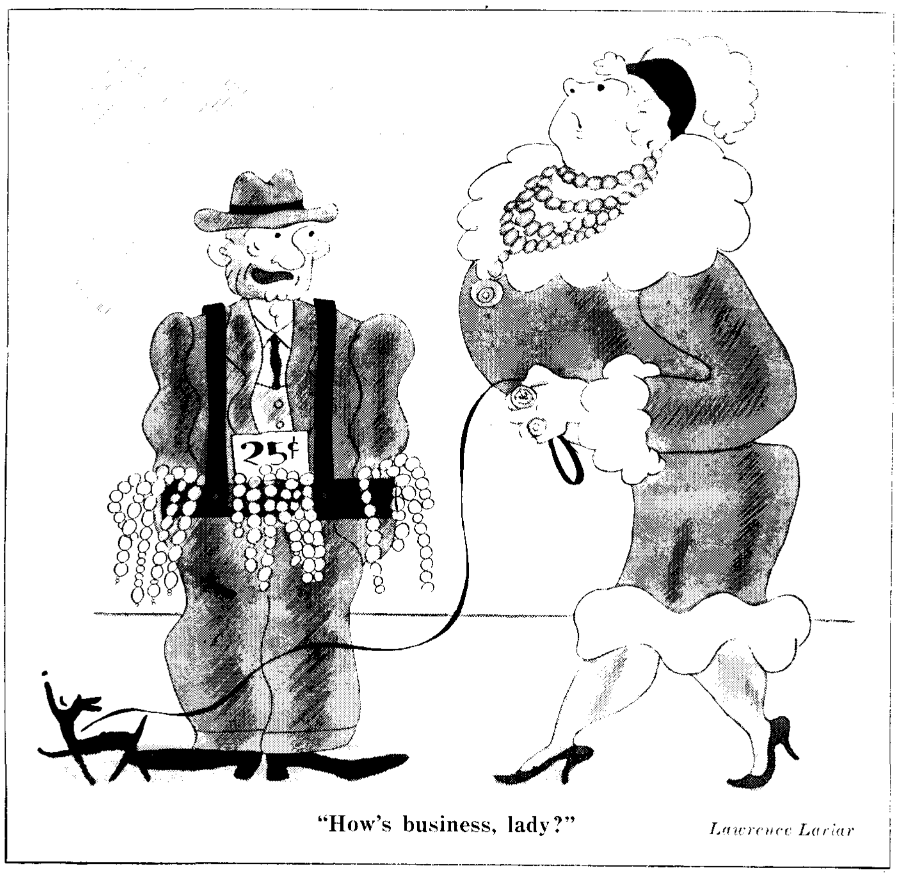
The great ship—the Nakamura ship—began to move.

Still Bartley Gregg saw him among the many others.

"Good-by!" cried Bartley Gregg.

"Sayonara!" called the small man. "Sayonara . . . Sayonara!" . . .

Ship and small man were gone.



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Lawrence Lariar

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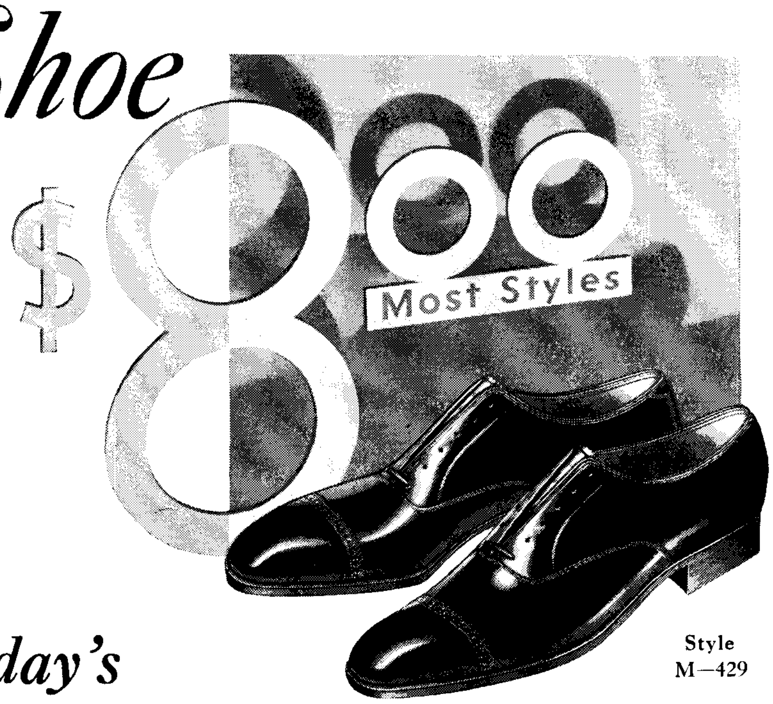

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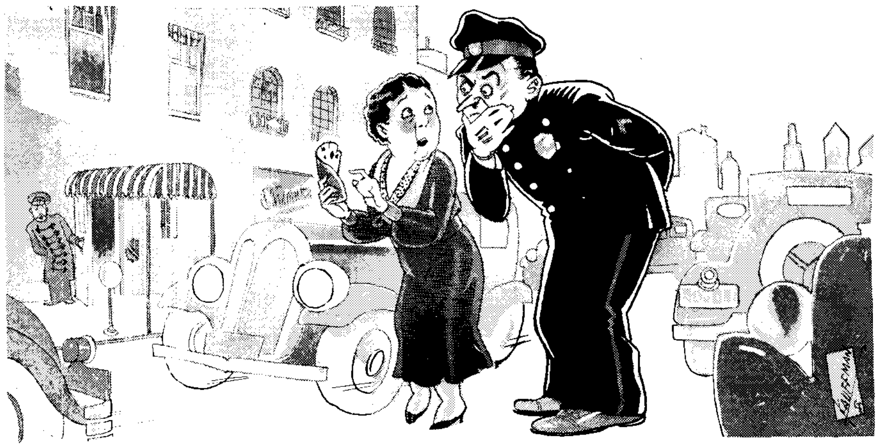

"My partner bid two No Trump and our opponents went three Spades. What should I do?"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge in a Nutshell

North
S. A-7-4
H. K-J-7
D. J-10-5
C. K-8-6-3

West
S. K-6-3-2
H. 8-6-5
D. A-K-4
C. 7-4-2

East
S. 5
H. 9-4-3-2
D. Q-9-7-3-2
C. Q-J-10

South (Dealer)
S. Q-J-10-9-8
H. A-Q-10
D. 8-6
C. A-9-5

WITH the above hand, which appeared in last week's Collier's, neither the "auction" of Auction Bridge nor the "contracting" of Contract Bridge (the department of either game which is popularly known as the bidding) would be particularly difficult for the players.

In Auction South would bid one Spade and West would pass. North, with an Ace and two other Spades and considerable side suit strength, would consider himself too strong to make a preëmpting bid in Spades; and in spite of his evenly divided hand, too strong in Spades to bid No Trump with an unstopped suit. Therefore North would pass and South would obtain the contract.

The hand was played in one of the many Duplicate Contract games which take place in Cleveland. South's one-Spade bid was passed by West, but North, assisting his partner, called two Spades; East then passed, and South, with a hand which he could appraise as worth six tricks, made the game bid. South's one having been raised as far as two by North, five and a half tricks in the South hand fully justified the call of four.

In view of the evenly divided hand, some players in the North position would call No Trump over South's Spade, despite the adequate Spade support. In this case the unsoundness of abandoning a strong major-suit position and venturing No Trump with a hand containing a three-card unstopped suit, is self-evident. East would open his long Diamond suit and he and West would set a three No Trump contract one trick before Declarer started to play. In the Cleveland Duplicate game all the North and South players stuck to Spades and at every table South played a contract of four Spades.

All the West players produced the King of Diamonds for the original lead and when East played the encouraging Seven every West continued with the Ace, and then a third Diamond round in response to East's signaling Deuce. Every South ruffed and led the Queen of Spades which won when West ducked and North finessed. South continued with the Jack of Spades and West, with three Spades headed by the King left in his hand, and dummy's Ace accompanied by only one more Spade exposed to view, ducked again; North of course did likewise and South's Jack won. When East refused on the second round of Spades, most of the Declarers conceded a trick to the adverse King of Spades and also gave up a Club. These tricks, with the two Diamond tricks previously lost, set the contract by one trick.

The Declarer at one table refused to surrender so easily. He saw that if West had three Hearts (of which there was a reasonable probability) and East could be forced to win the third round of Clubs (an even chance), and the adverse Clubs were divided three-three (which was not so probable), game could be made in spite of the unfortunate distribution of the adverse trumps.

Of course the chances were against all these distributions being as Declarer hoped but he only had one possibility of making game, so he had no choice and was obliged to subject Dame Fortune to a severe test. As it happened the adverse cards were distributed so that his cleverly conceived scheme would work, he exhausted the Hearts in his two hands, tricks 6 to 8; and, tricks 9 and 10, he led his two high Clubs. After capturing these five tricks he led a third Club to trick 11 and when East *turned up with the vital Queen and West also had a Club*, the Declarer felt that he could indulge in a little self-congratulation. That lucky distribution left East in the lead at trick 12, holding the thirteenth Heart and thirteenth Diamond; of course it did not make the least difference which he led. South had the Ten and Nine of trumps, West the King and Six, and North the Ace of trumps and the thirteenth Club. When East led one of his thirteeners, South of necessity was forced to play one of his two trumps of equal value, and then if West should cover with the King, North would win with the Ace and South's remaining trump would take the last trick. If West played his Six, North would discard his Thirteenth Club; either way, Declarer's game was absolutely assured.

Next Week's Hand

North
S. 9-7-5-3-2
H. None
D. 9-7
C. K-Q-J-10-9-5

East
S. 8-4
H. 9-8-6-4
D. 5
C. 8-7-6-4-3-2

West
S. None
H. A-K-Q-10-5-3
D. A-K-Q-J-6-2
C. A

South (Dealer)
S. A-K-Q J-10-6
H. J-7-2
D. 10-8-4-3
C. None

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A Man Must Fight

Continued from page 17

to lick you," and continued on his way.

Undaunted by my showing against Greb, Gibbons signed a day or two later to box me in New York on June 5th. I felt that the time had come when I was ready for Tom Gibbons. I held him as the best fighter in America next to Jack Dempsey. I had watched him, studied him and knew him. He was acquainted with all the tricks of his craft. He was fast, clever and could hit a terrific blow with an incredibly short movement of the arm. To Tom Gibbons fighting was a science and he was master of it.

Studying Mr. Gibbons

I had seen Gibbons for the first time back in 1921 at the Pioneer A. C. on East Twenty-fourth Street in New York. Tom's opponent that night was Paul Sampson, with whom I had boxed a ten-round no-decision bout a little earlier, and who later became heavyweight champion of Germany under the name of Paul Koerner. Gibbons, in dispatching Sampson, who was a pretty tough fighter, showed me the finest exhibition of effective boxing I have ever seen in the ring, though the contest lasted but a round and a half. It was just a clean-cut, workmanlike job. Tom's unpretentious entrance into the ring, the completeness of his job and his exit reminded me of a first-class journeyman carpenter arriving at one's home with his kit of tools, patching up the leak in the roof and leaving. That was Tom Gibbons. On seeing this exhibition I decided that it would be several years before I would be ready for him but I believed the time would come when Tommy would have to be removed on my climb to the contendership.

I agreed to meet him in 1922, provided he whipped Greb, only because of the silly notion that unless I could defeat every light heavyweight in the country I had no right to call myself champion. Greb, in defeating him at that time, relieved me of a pretty tough job.

All during the year of 1924 and the early part of 1925 Gibbons gave me no rest. He hurled challenges and defis at me wherever he went. I bided my time. I did not feel I was ready for him in 1923 or 1924.

Though Gibbons was unaware of it, I was training to fight him from early 1923. Under the pretext that I wanted Jock Malone to help me train for the second Greb match, I sent to St. Paul for him. I knew that Jock boxed a great deal with Tommy Gibbons and believed he was acquainted with his style. I asked Jock numerous questions and had him demonstrate the different blows that Gibbons used. I never told Jock the reason for my curiosity.

I practiced defenses and counter offenses for Tommy Gibbons' leads and punches almost constantly. On my long hikes I would practically shadow-box the whole distance, imagining situations that might occur in a ring with Gibbons. In 1924, having learned that Jimmy Delaney helped train Gibbons for his match with Georges Carpentier, I sent to St. Paul for him to help me train for my match with Carpentier. I was looking for any added information I might get about Gibbons. Jimmy Delaney was of great help. He also knew Tommy very well. His style, caused by constantly boxing with Tommy, took on some of the Gibbons mannerisms. With the added information I got from Delaney, I felt that I knew Tommy Gibbons. On June 5, 1925, when Gibbons walked into the ring, he never suspected I had had him in a test tube for over three years. To have his feints and leads foiled and blocked was baffling to him. He could not understand how he was being beaten to the punch. Not only was he baffled, but his seconds, newspaper men, and the ringsiders all shared in the confusion. Tommy was so completely routed and beaten that when the final knockout blow came in the twelfth round, he seemed to accept it as inevitable.

The night of June 5, 1925, was the hottest June 5th in New York since weather records have been kept. Added to the natural heat was that of the powerful lights above the ring which had been installed to take moving pictures of the match. The canvas covering on the ring was as hot as a griddle. I had blisters on both feet at the end of the first round and a dull headache from the second to the finish. I have never experienced such heat or discomfort. I did not, however, let that affect my execution. I realized that it was just as hard on my opponent and, having an advantage in age, I made myself believe it was worse on him.

For that fight I weighed 181½ and Gibbons about the same. Knocking out Gibbons in twelve rounds, which Dempsey had failed to do in fifteen, boosted my stock tremendously. It brought my name to the attention of the boxing world. Even Dempsey cabled me congratulations from Germany, where he was engaged in a series of exhibition matches. For a while it put into the shadow the dark, menacing figure of Harry Wills, the Boxing Commission's pet challenger. It also disappointed and made uneasy several of the split-commission men who had "pieces" of Harry Wills.

The newspapers began the next day to talk about a Dempsey-Tunney match. One tabloid in an editorial demanded that Dempsey come back from abroad to fight me. The chiselers around Harry Wills became frantic. Something must be done to get Tunney out of the picture. He was menacing the dark menace's chances. Here Harry had been put in a position of comparative security by the Boxing Commission and now this upstart, Tunney, had come along to threaten the best-laid schemes of the kindly parasites hoping to live off the Negro. Something must be done to discredit him.

Pride Fighters

Then were started the most cowardly and contemptible whisperings: "Didn't you know Gibbons took a dive for Tunney?" "It was in the bag, I tell you." "They're building Tunney up for a Dempsey fight. Dempsey'll kill him if the public ever stands for the match, but it won't."

The whole thing was preposterous and no one knew it better than Tex Rickard. There is a peculiar absence of any appreciation of ethical standards in certain elements of boxing, as in certain groups outside the profession. Everyone knows that to engage in any boxing contest where people have paid to see a fight and not to put forth one's best efforts is taking money under false pretenses. It is fraudulent. Such a spectacle is a fake. Yet there have been a few prominent fighters who would rather have the public believe they had been faking than that they had tried their best and failed.

As an example of this, there was the Jack Johnson-Jess Willard fight in Havana, Cuba. Six years earlier, John-

(*Continued on page 52*)

HOME ECONOMY

. . . Cut Down the Upkeep

HOME equipment, no matter what the first cost, isn't cheap at any price if it rusts out. Bankers realize this as a result of handling mortgages on homes. And architects are so convinced of it that the leaders of the profession strongly recommend rust-proof construction.

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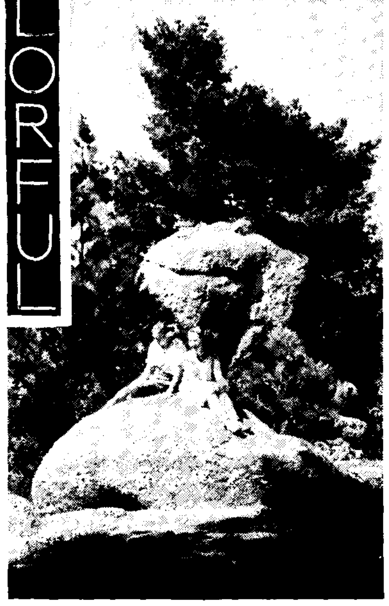

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(Continued from page 51)

son, at the age of 34, at the peak of his prowess, met and defeated Jim Jeffries, who had been termed by the press agents "the hope of the white race." During the intervening six years Johnson, as far as dissipation went, lived sixty years. He traveled to the capitals of Europe, being wined and dined by the officials, sportsmen and shady characters of every country. He never took the trouble to train. In his twenty-round fight with Frank Moran in July, 1914, in Paris, he entered the ring fat and out of condition. Moran, a comparative novice, went twenty rounds with him and was never in danger of being knocked down.

Two years later in Havana he met a bigger man than Moran, one who had trained conscientiously with good heavyweights for a whole year in preparation for the fight. Jess Willard was six inches taller than Johnson and had an advantage of twenty pounds in weight and about a foot in reach. Johnson was at least forty and unable to get into condition. He was fighting a young, strong, well-trained, 240-pound giant. It has been said Johnson faked the fight. Johnson subsequently in an autobiography, My Fights and Loves, confesses to this fake. It always has seemed strange to me that he went twenty-six rounds in a broiling hot Cuban sun before taking the dive. The fact of the matter, as I see it, is that Johnson saw he could not knock out this young fellow or make him quit, so he quit himself. Yet he would rather have "admirers" and fans believe he sold out than that he was all washed up. One has only to understand physical condition to appreciate the nonsense of Johnson's so-called confession.

At this moment there is a rumor going the rounds which Jack Sharkey has made no attempt to stop. It attempts to deprive little Mickey Walker of a hard-earned, honestly won victory (though the official decision was a draw) over Sharkey by suggesting that Sharkey was "under wraps."

Another element of professional boxing that adheres to the "highest" code of ethics can be found among the managers. There is a certain group of these fellows who like to be known as shrewd, cunning pilots. They are more jealous of a reputation for cunning than for honesty. These managers hate to make a match in which their fighters unexpectedly lose. This is a reflection on their cunning and ability. When a rumor starts, which occasionally they see to, that one of their fighters was "under wraps" or faked a fight, they make no attempt to check it, but rather acquiesce by a knowing wink or refusal to discuss the thing. To be mysterious is to be considered wise, they reason.

Tex Steps In

On July 3, 1925, I boxed in Kansas City, Kansas, Italian Jack Herman, whom I knocked out in two rounds. Wondering why the first metacarpal of my left hand, injured in the Gibbons match, was still sore, I went to see a doctor.

He examined my throat and said the soreness was probably due to diseased tonsils. He suggested I have them removed.

I came east and, after having this diagnosis corroborated by Dr. Bob Shea, had the tonsils removed.

While recuperating from the operation, Billy McCabe, my old friend from the A. E. F., and I took a motor trip through upper New York State. Billy received a telegram from Tex Rickard, whom he had never met, requesting McCabe to come down to New York for a conference. We immediately suspected it had something to do with me. This was about the end of July, 1925.

Rickard told McCabe he was unable to get in touch with Billy Gibson, my manager, to talk over the possibilities of matching me with Jack Dempsey. Rickard later told me that Commissioner Muldoon and he decided on that match and Muldoon advised Rickard to make it immediately. Muldoon has corroborated Rickard's story.

We met at the home of Jimmy Eagleton, at Fourteenth Street and Eighth Avenue. McCabe and I were in Eagleton's apartment when a limousine drove up to the door—an unusual sight for this part of the city. We saw Tex step out with his walking stick on his arm and a cigar in his mouth. He looked around to make sure he had the right number. Jimmy ushered him up to the apartment. As Rickard came in, I walked toward him with extended hand. Upon shaking, he said, "Gene, I want to match you to fight Dempsey."

"There is nothing I want more," I replied.

We sat and talked for about a half hour. In answer to my query why he had not gotten in touch with me immediately after the Gibbons match, he said, "Gene, the next day I telephoned Gibson's office and have telephoned an average of three times a week since, but each time he is out. Billy owes me some money and he probably thinks I have been calling him to ask for it. To hell with the $17,000—what I want is his consent to have you box Jack Dempsey."

I hastened to assure Rickard that, though his great concern was to make the Dempsey match, he need have no fear about the money Gibson owed him. Billy sooner or later paid his debts.

As Tex got up to leave, he said, "Gene, you are going to win the championship from Jack Dempsey." (I subsequently learned Rickard was kidding me about this particular thing.)

"All I want is a chance to try," I replied.

"How much do you think it will cost you to live a year after you become champion?" I thought this a rather curious thing for him to ask.

"Oh, $10,000 or $12,000 a year would certainly be all I could find use for," I said.

Tex laughed and added, "$70,000 or $80,000 will not pay your bills."

He underestimated, as I later found out.

Tex's interest in my annual money needs became understandable as I got to know him better. We had numerous contacts after I won the championship. Eventually he opened up. The first consideration of all Tex's efforts was to get a good stake, something that would assure him a decent income. He thought in terms of annuities but, as far as I know, never established one. This anxiety about secured income undoubtedly developed from his long experience as a gambler. Gamblers have their ups and downs. Tex knew the lean years as well as the fat ones. He tasted of the bitterness of adversity in his youth, and as he matured wanted to secure himself against it in old age. But Tex was a born gambler, and though his reason dictated the setting up of an insurance annuity, his instincts were to take a chance.

He did and, unfortunately, his wife and child lost.

"The Fight's On"

As the Rickard limousine pulled away from the curb, I saw the gap between plan and achievement bridged with the assistance of the great builder, Tex Rickard. The years of planning, designing, training, fighting and climbing had brought me to the mountain top from which I could see the promised land.

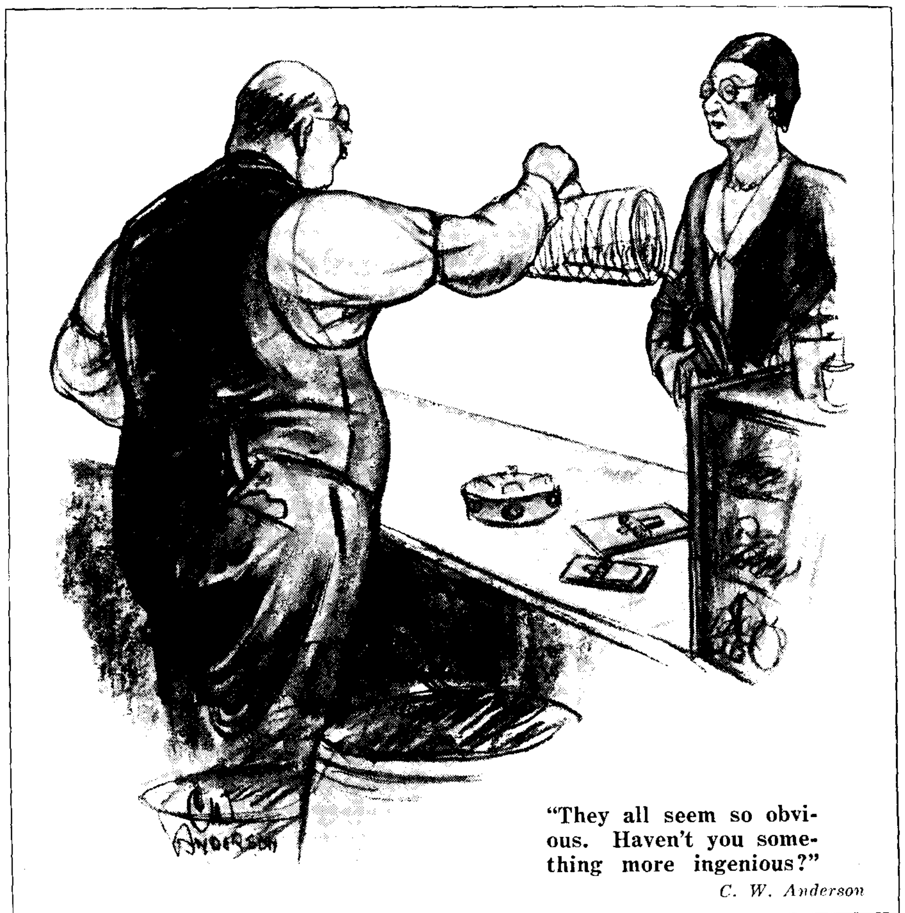
Several days later I received a telephone call from Tex Rickard at Saratoga Springs. He said he was coming up to see me to talk over a Wills match to force Dempsey's hand. During this conference between Rickard, Billy Gibson and myself, Rickard advised he had found out that unless I eliminated Wills, the New York State Boxing Commission would not recognize me as a challenger for the world's heavyweight championship. I agreed to fight Wills.

Rickard said: "I will give you a guaranty of $150,000."

"Make it $200,000 and the fight is on," put in Gibson.

"All right," said Tex, "the fight's on."

Mr. Tunney will continue his story in next week's Collier's.



"They all seem so obvious. Haven't you something more ingenious?"

C. W. Anderson

SMOKER PENS CONFESSION

Is Devoted to One Tobacco

Pleads with Makers To "Keep Up Good Work"

Loyalty is a common attribute of pipe smokers. But the loyalty of Mr. N. Sadlier-Brown, a resident of British Columbia, is of a kind and degree that would make any manufacturer feel proud of his product. Here is Mr. Sadlier-Brown's letter:

Blue River
British Columbia
November 26, 1931

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va., U. S. A.

Dear Sirs:

It seems to me that I have been overlooking an obligation in not writing to you what I think about your valuable product, Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco. If a good thing is made, it should be boosted by its users.

Edgeworth is the coolest tobacco I ever smoked, and I've tried plenty. It has a flavor all its own, and the "flavor lasts" to the very bottom of the pipe. It's a high grade tobacco, and other tobaccos priced the same don't touch it for quality.

Most important of all, it's the only tobacco I can smoke. I have a bronchial throat, and every make of tobacco I ever tried irritates it—except Edgeworth.

So keep up the good work, for if you stop making Edgeworth I shall have to stop smoking.

Yours faithfully,
N. Sadlier-Brown

The makers of Edgeworth assure Mr. Sadlier-Brown that they certainly *will* "keep up the good work." And they want to assure him too that he will find the same fine quality in the Edgeworth he buys *anywhere*, for Edgeworth quality is always the same. Indeed, Edgeworth has been man's priceless friend for more than 30 years.

Perhaps you have never smoked a pipe. Perhaps you tried a pipe and found it wanting. In either case you are missing some of the real joys of smoking until you know the solid satisfaction of a good pipe *with Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco.* Edgeworth is a blend of fine old burleys with its natural savor insured by a distinctive and exclusive eleventh process.

EDGEWORTH
EXTRA
HIGH GRADE
READY-RUBBED
SMOKING TOBACCO
LARUS & BRO. CO.
RICHMOND, VA. U.S.A.

Your name and address, sent to Larus & Brother Co. at 101 S. 22d St., Richmond, Va., will bring you a free sample packet of Edgeworth. Or you can buy it in two forms—Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice. All sizes from the 15-cent pocket package to the pound humidor tin. Some sizes come in vacuum tins.

Do you enjoy listening to the singing of spirituals? Every Thursday evening a group of Edgeworth workers gather at the Edgeworth factory to sing spirituals. You can hear them over the N. B. C. Blue Network. It's a novel and beautiful musical treat.

The Gracious Lady

Continued from page 21

of the Patroons Company, young Jack Colby smilingly assured them their decision was too late.

"I'm your attorney," he said. "If you want to make idiots of yourselves, it's not my affair, unless I can prevent it. This time I could prevent it. Jinny Carpenter telephoned me, and made me realize what a bonehead I'd been to tip you off, Dean. And fifteen minutes ago old Freddie Kelton came in with the money, and I signed the papers—"

"How the devil could you sign them?" exploded Dean.

"Under the power of attorney you gave me before you went abroad, old boy," grinned Colby triumphantly. "I signed for you, as secretary of the firm of Resolve and Company, and that signature will stand in any court in the country. According to your by-laws, either you or your father can sign for the company. And I can sign for you. What you going to do about it, men?"

"I guess," said Resolve, "there's nothing to be done, except hope to heaven that Jinny doubles her money."

HE TELEPHONED Jinny a little later, to learn that she was not at home. He tried again at the tea hour, and again later in the evening, to learn, finally, that the Carpenters, mother and daughter, had left for Palm Beach.

Two days later Dean received a note from her, written on the train.

"Dear old boy," he read. "Sorry not to have seen you before we rushed off, but we were crowded up to the minute we got away. Anyway, you wanted to thank me, and I hate thanks between friends.

"I'll be back in a few weeks, and then you can take me out to dinner and dance me around. I'm sorry I couldn't stay in town to report regularly to Rita about your behavior, but I guess you'll behave. You ought to, Dean, with a peach like Rita waiting for you.

"I don't know how she lived through it all. It would have been a laughing matter for a hard-boiled baby like myself, but for a gentle thing like Rita—well, she's steel underneath, bless her. If I catch a sailfish, I'll have him stuffed for you. JINNY."

He put the letter away thoughtfully. Some day, somehow, he'd do something for Jinny. . . .

Letters came regularly, during the weeks that followed, from Rita. She had arrived in Reno, and was establishing a residence.

He wrote to her daily, too. He told her quite truthfully that he had not seen her husband. He did not add that all New York rang with gossip about the Claybornes and Dean Resolve. . . .

Jinny Carpenter, beautifully tanned, returned from Florida early in February, and Dean, seeing her one evening at the Ninistry, crossed instantly to her table and took her away from the openly protesting Wallie Curtis.

"I'm borrowing Jinny," he said, "for three dances."

He slipped his arm about the waist of the girl, and they glided off.

"And now, you little wretch," he said, "how dare you come back to New York without telling me?"

"Because, Dean," she said, "I didn't want you to think you had to call, or ask me out, or—"

"I'd like to strike you," he said. "Hang it all, Jinny, I'm the one who ought to feel self-conscious, not you. If that million is going to come between our friendship—"

"Sorry, Dean. I know you'll call because—because you want to see me."

"That's better," he said.

Millie Ruggles came swiftly over to Dean and cut him out from the group that had just come in from the Kingstons'. It was the first week-end of April, and Dean had gladly leaped at the opportunity to play some early golf. So when Margery had phoned him, earlier in the week, and asked him down, he had accepted instantly. Jinny Carpenter would be there, too, Margery told him, and if there was the least bit of emphasis placed on Jinny's name, Dean didn't notice it.

"Will you bring her down?" Margery asked.

"Love to," said Dean. . . .

Packing his bag, he was handed a letter, special delivery, from Rita.

"Dearest: I will be free, and on board a train, on Monday night I'll wire you from Chicago what time to expect me. Is there any reason why we shouldn't go from the train directly to the City Hall, and from there to a minister?

"Is this bold, Dean? But you've suggested the same thing so many times, and I haven't answered it until now. Well, if it's bold, then it's love for you that's made me bold, Dean. I love you."

He wrote her a telegram:

"What's bold about your letter? It's too positively shrinking. You might suggest that I meet you in Albany and marry you there. What about it?"

He stopped at a telegraph office on the way to pick up Jinny, and the woman clerk, reading the message, beamed upon him as the world is popularly supposed to smile upon lovers but as the world does not always do.

"Rita leaves Reno Monday night, Jinny," he greeted that exquisite blonde ten minutes later.

If the words were swords—and they were to Jinny—no early martyr ever showed more indifference to pain.

"Isn't that too marvelous?" she cried. "And the wedding—"

"It ought to be Thursday," he exulted.

"It seems incredible," said Jinny. "Oh, Dean, you *are* sweet. And so is Rita. Do I get a bid to the wedding?"

"I'm going to ask you and Wallie Curtis to come along. Why don't you make it a double-header with him? That boy's been miserable for years, Jinny."

"He looks better when he's miserable. Thinner," said Jinny, cruelly. "Once I told him that I'd marry him, and we were engaged for ten days. He gained seven pounds, and I broke the engagement."

"YOU'VE a vicious heart, Jinny," said Dean.

"Some people think it's my most attractive asset," she laughed. She patted his hand. "Go on—tell me more."

"So you can deride me? Not I," he said. "Give you a stroke a hole tomorrow and play you for a dollar a hole."

"You've practically closed a big deal," she said.

She was great fun, Jinny. She had a great gift for foolery, and no one—save the Gracious Lady—could have been more companionable on a golf course. They took the Kingstons on in a foursome Saturday afternoon, and won comfortably.

And that night Margery had accepted the Ruggles' invitation to come over, after dinner, for dancing, or

(Continued on page 51)

Your loved ones deserve all the protection your money can buy

Of all the pictures of human misery none can compare with the wife and children *suddenly* left destitute because of an unthinking husband and father. Insure your life by all means—but, above all, see that your loved ones get *all the protection your money can buy*. You can do this with a Postal Life Policy.

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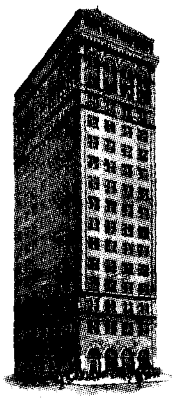
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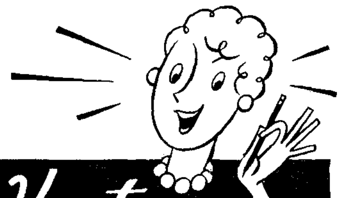
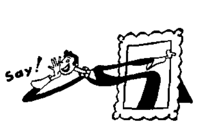


What an Idea!

A man contracted with an artist for a pencil sketch of his wife. "You can rest assured," the artist promised, "I shall give you a speaking likeness." "Well," said the man timidly, "if it doesn't cost much more, I really would prefer a still life!"



FINISH THIS LIMERICK
WIN $5.00

At bridge with Jim Looney last night
My dear wife and his staged a fight.
They kept score in their heads
For their pencils lacked leads

....

(Write your last line to the above limerick and mail to American Pencil Co., Dept. A, 212 5th Ave., New York City, before April 5, 1932. Five dollars in cash is waiting for the person who submits the best line. In case of duplicate accepted limericks, $5 will be paid for each.)

DO ALL 5¢ PENCILS LOOK ALIKE?

No sir! We put a distinctive natural cedar finish (not yellow) and a little blue band on every Velvet Pencil—to distinguish it from every other five-cent contender in the field. That natural cedar finish is the thing to look for—that's your guarantee of a full nickel's worth. Simple, isn't it? Your choice of five smooth, strong lead-degrees, from very soft to very hard.

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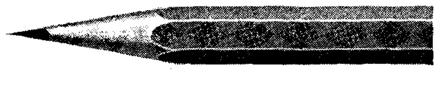
Yes, folks, step right up and see the marvel of the century! Unique is its *name*—and it *is* Unique—this new thin-lead colored pencil. And why? Becuz: You can sharpen it to a fine needle point like any good black lead pencil. Becuz: You can have your choice of 24 colors—count 'em—24! Becuz: All 24 colors write fast, smooth and nice—and you can erase if you want to. Who uses Unique Pencils? Accountants, architects, artists, engineers—and anyone who wants to make interlinear notations, mark school papers, color maps, check or okay orders, add color to sketches—and so on into the night. So step right up, ladies and gentlemen, and see Unique Thin-Lead Colored Pencils at your nearest stationer's.



A "VENUS" PENCIL FACTORY PRODUCT

UNIQUE THIN COLORED LEAD

UNIQUE THIN-LEAD COLORED PENCILS

24 DIFFERENT COLORS 10c each

(*Continued from page 53*)

bridge, or what people willed. And now, barely arrived inside the Ruggles home, Millie Ruggles was drawing Dean aside.

"My dear, I could *die*," said the bubbly-voiced Millie. "And you must forgive me, Dean."

"Forgive you? Anything in the world, Millie, my pet. What is it?"

"Oh, it's not my fault," she almost wailed, her bubbly voice quite inadequate to any solemnity. "How did I know that the Templars would have Sam Clayborne visiting them? I didn't know anyone ever asked him anywhere. And I called up the Templars and told them to bring their crowd over, and who walks in, five minutes ago, but Sam Clayborne with them. I asked May Templar, and she said that they *had* to be nice to him, that Tom was in some deal with him—well, I phoned Margery's, but you'd left. And now what are we going to do?"

"Do? Nothing," smiled Dean. "I imagine Clayborne will behave himself, and I'm sure that I will."

"Bless you," exclaimed Millie. "Of course I knew you would, but I was afraid that maybe you'd not want to see him, and—it's all right?"

"Absolutely," said Dean.

HIS hostess fluttered off, to whisper to her other guests of the contretemps.

"Why Millie's huge excitement?" asked Jinny a moment later.

Dean told her.

"I'm disgusted with Tom Templar," said Jinny. "After all, if he has to do business with Clayborne, he doesn't need to inflict him on his friends. And I'm amazed that Clayborne has face enough to make an appearance—and we *must* speak to him. He's Millie's guest. Dean, don't quarrel with him."

"Don't be silly," he laughed.

He saw Clayborne a moment later. His squat body, with the tremendously wide and powerful shoulders, was half-turned away from Dean; but, as though some animal sense informed him of the presence of one whom he chose to consider an enemy, Clayborne turned until he was looking directly at Dean.

For a moment their eyes met, and Dean could feel that half the guests were staring at them, taking in the situation. If Clayborne bowed, he would return the bow, coolly, but—he would return it. But if Clayborne didn't. . . . And he didn't. With an insolence that was unmistakable, Clayborne shrugged his wide shoulders and turned back to the man with whom he had been speaking.

Music struck up, and Jinny Carpenter walked directly to Dean.

"Ask me to dance with you, Dean," she breathed.

They moved out upon the floor.

"Dean, go back to Margery's," she whispered.

He looked down into her upturned blue eyes, usually so gay, but now wide with fear.

"Why, Jinny, what's the matter?"

"I'm afraid of that man. I tell you, I'm afraid of him, Dean. I watched him as he recognized you. He meant to be insulting in his manner. He hates you. Dean, he has no shame, no pride. He'll make a scene here—"

"He'll do nothing of the sort," he assured her. "He's in a decent house for probably the first time in months. He'll not jeopardize his position here. Why, Jinny, he's let Rita get her divorce. After all his talk of what he would do, how he'd fight—he's done nothing. He'll continue doing nothing."

"I hope you're right," she said. But her voice was somewhat relieved, and the strain left her eyes.

Nor did the next three hours' events do anything to diminish Dean's confidence in the correctness of his estimate of Clayborne. If he asked no one to dance with him, if he confined his conversation to May and Tom Templar, that was not indicative of a sulky brooding; it was rather, Dean reluctantly conceded, an exhibition of good taste. The man knew he was in disfavor and he forced himself on no one.

"See how silly you were about Clayborne?" he said to Jinny later.

"I guess I was," she laughed uneasily. "Dean, it's stifling in here. Let's get a breath of air."

It was unseasonably hot, and the opened French windows leading to the lawn did little to alleviate the atmosphere. Dean led her through them out upon the grass.

But a night that seemed warm inside was chill without. Jinny began shivering instantly.

"It's not June, after all," she said. "We'd better get back inside."

But, when they were once inside again, Jinny's sudden chill did not yield to the warmth induced by dancing. She signaled Dean, as she drifted by in the arms of Wallie Curtis, and Dean cut in, to Curtis' professed rage but real amusement. Desperately in love with Jinny though he was, Curtis had sense enough to recognize that he made better progress with Jinny by being gay than in any other way.

"I think I'm catching cold, Dean," said Jinny. "And I refuse to stay here until the sniffling stage arrives. And if Wallie takes me home he'll remember that there's a moon, and oh—life is so hard on a young girl."

"The intimation being that it would be a gallantry, as well as a divine pleasure, for me to escort you home?" laughed Dean.

"Gallantry for you and divine pleasure for me? If that's gallantry, I want none of it," pouted Jinny.

"You know what I mean, brat," said Dean sternly. "You come right home, and we'll prepare a mustard bath—"

"Bless you. We'll say good night to Millie, and explain to Margery."

He said good-by to Mrs. Ruggles and waited for Jinny while she retrieved a wrap. Then they found his roadster, parked along the drive, and he helped her into it.

"Well, I guess I was all wrong about Clayborne," admitted Jinny.

"No man makes the fortune he's piled up without having *some* sense," said Dean. "Such a man must know when he's beaten. And he's beaten."

"I guess so," said Jinny. "What's the matter?"

For Dean was slowing down the machine, and steering it close in to the side of the road.

"Flat tire. Feels like that." He stopped the car and alighted. "Nothing else but," he said bitterly, "and would you put the pink palms over the shell-like ears while a strong man gives way to his misery?"

"I HEARD some swell new words the other night in a speakeasy," said Jinny. "A bartender cut his hand on a bottle opener, but they can be used for a flat tire just as well."

"Words that a child like you would think useful are perfectly inadequate to a real emergency," retorted Dean. "Well, here's where I ruin two hundred dollars' worth of dinner jacket."

He got out his jack and tool-kit, and had the spare tire down from its resting-place, when a car drew up alongside and paused. Jinny screamed faintly.

"What's the matter?" asked Dean.

"I'm frightened," she said. "Silly, but—you know these Long Island roads, Dean."

"I've a perfectly good wrench in my good right hand," he smiled. "You need worry about nothing, my dear."

"Need any help?" called a voice from the car.

"No, thank you," replied Dean.

But the speaker alighted from his machine and walked leisurely toward the crippled car. Dean straightened up, and the faintest flicker of apprehension tickled his spinal column.

"Thought it was you, Resolve," said the speaker. "Looked like your car. Followed you when you left, but you took some short cut that fooled me."

Dean gripped the wrench more tightly. Now he recognized face and figure, as well as voice, as the man drew nearer.

"And why did you follow me, Clayborne?" he asked quietly.

"Oh, you and I owe each other a little talk," responded the other.

"It can be deferred," said Dean.

"Oh, I don't mind Miss Carpenter's hearing it," said Clayborne. "I owe her a little something, too. She was rather high-hat with me in the days when she and I occasionally met each other."

"I imagine she feels the same way now, Clayborne," said Dean. "I don't need any help, as I said before, so if you'll be on your way—"

"I'm in no hurry at all, Resolve," said Clayborne. "And keep that wrench away from me, Resolve. Remember once when you hit me I didn't pull my hand out of my pocket? Well, this time it's ready. I'll pull it out if you make a move."

"Why should I make a move?" asked Dean with meaning innocence. "You've done nothing yet."

"Yet," said Clayborne. "That's the exact word, Resolve. I suppose you know that Rita gets her divorce on Monday?"

RESOLVE stared at him, wordlessly. He was conscious that Jinny was climbing from the car. Brave little thing, ready to share a friend's danger. He realized, too, that three men had descended from Clayborne's limousine and were approaching, fan-wise.

"She has her tickets for Chicago for Monday night. But of course you know that," said Clayborne. His voice was taunting.

"Funny about new tires—the way they go flat. Valve leak, I guess. It ought to be. My chauffeur took the cap off. And so here we all are. The man that stole my wife; the girl that high-hatted me. The man that let a girl pay his debts and the girl that paid them. Rita knows all about that, doesn't she? Thinks it was sweetly, nobly generous of Jinny Carpenter.

"But if you two were found in this automobile, the machine slightly wrecked, and with plenty of evidence around that you'd been necking so furiously that you paid no attention to other cars; if there were testimony that you didn't have your lights on, and not too many things on, either—I wonder how my wife would like that. She might not believe it about an ordinary girl—but when a girl puts up a million to save a man—and it won't be my testimony, my dear boy. It will be testimony of the officer who finds you here after the—shall we call it accident?

"Resolve, I couldn't stop my wife from divorcing me, from marrying you. But I can make *her stop herself*. I can give you a scandal so that no decent woman would marry you, so that she'd realize that if you married at all, you should marry the girl whom you'd disgraced. Now, what do you think of that, Resolve?"

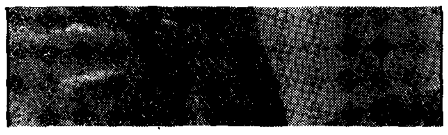
"I think," said Resolve, "that you've been needing killing for a long time, Clayborne. I won't postpone it any more."

As he spoke he stepped forward. Jinny screamed.

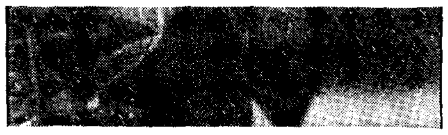
(To be continued next week)

"SORE THROAT? NO SIR!

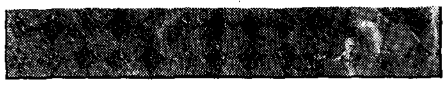
"THAT WAS YESTERDAY.



"I GARGLED LAST NIGHT.



"WITH BAYER ASPIRIN."



Colds are in the air. Hurry home to dry clothes and Bayer Aspirin. Take two tablets if you have so much as a sniffle. If your throat tickles, crush three tablets in a little water and gargle! This gives instant relief of all soreness, and it reduces danger of infection. Sufferers from colds, headaches, sore throat, neuralgia, neuritis, rheumatism, find winter comfort in genuine aspirin tablets stamped thus:

BAYER

The Unguarded Queen

Continued from page 15

occurred there. The farther end of the piazza around the cathedral had suddenly blossomed into a sort of immense open-air casino with rows upon rows of small iron tables surrounded by iron chairs, extending almost its entire width in front of the many cafés. Evidently the Illyrians were a sociable people. Then an automobile rolled up to the palace door, she heard her grandfather calling her, and she hurried down to meet him.

On the landing she stopped, amazed at his magnificence. He was dressed in pale blue trousers cut à la Turque and stuffed into high boots of soft black leather; around his abdomen, vastly increasing his girth, a heavy scarlet silken sash, or cummerbund, was wound several times over his white tunic. From this hung his sword and through it was stuck a small arsenal of silver-mounted pistols and daggers with long, curved handles, finely chased. Across his heavily embroidered shirt he wore the broad ribbon of the Grand Cross of the Victorian Order with its diamond emblem dangling just below his collar; his arms were thrust through a crimson jacket heavily faced with gold braid and covered with medals and decorations; on his head was the black-bordered Tsernagoran cap bearing the royal insignia.

"How wonderful you look!" she cried in genuine admiration.

"I've got all my feathers on!" he laughed. "We have to keep up appearances! You look rather wonderful yourself, my dear!"

A crowd had collected at the palace gates to watch them drive off and, as Stephan and his granddaughter appeared, a cheer arose.

STEPHANIE did her best to look like a royal princess.

She never forgot that first afternoon in Zeta—the broad parade ground beneath its rampart of mountains behind which the sun was already sinking; the groups of smartly dressed women, staff officers, military attachés from the legations, members of the diplomatic circle in golf suits and riding breeches, and young men and girls in tennis clothes; the rapidly marching platoons of fierce-looking soldiers, the wild, inspiring music, the hoarse commands, the rattle of the artillery, and, above all, the impressive figure of her grandfather, magnificent upon his white charger—all thrilled her to the core. She wished John Brent could have been there with her.

The reviewing stand was a blur of strange but cordial faces welcoming her. Josephine Ellis, the daughter of the American chargé d'affaires, made herself especially agreeable, surprising Stephanie with her voluble account of her life in Zeta, which was apparently just one gay party after another. Zeta, according to her, was full of young men. She was all agog to know what Helen Stevens, with whose name she was perfectly familiar, was doing there. Even when Stephanie explained the situation to her in detail, she still seemed confused.

"How should I address you? I suppose Father would know, but I don't. Shall I call you 'Highness' or just 'Princess'?"

"The best way out of it is for you to call me Stephanie—I'll call you Josephine. Then we'll always know whom we mean."

Josephine chuckled.

"I'll tell you a state secret. You know all the Illyrians call your grandfather 'Stephan,' so we always speak of him as 'Steve'! I hope I don't shock you! Of course when I talk to him I always say 'Your Majesty,' but once I forgot and nearly called him 'Steve'!"

"I don't believe he'd have minded in the least!" smiled Stephanie.

The sky was a brassy blue over the mountains as she walked back to the palace with her grandfather, and the breeze, whirling the dust of the parade ground into little spirals, was cool and sweet with the scent of roses and acacia, apple and cherry. A weird, high-pitched, nasal cry floated from the roofs of the lower town—repeated over and over again.

"The muezzin," he explained. "He is calling my Moslem subjects to prayer."

STEPHANIE was awakened next morning by the bleating of goats. She got up and looked out into the piazza, rose-colored in the dawn. A bent old man, in a felt skullcap and woolen cape, with a tall staff in his hand, was standing on the cathedral steps making uncouth sounds, and the goats were coming toward him from all directions. When several hundred had collected he and the goats disappeared down an alley between the Chamber of Nobles and the Law Courts. At breakfast Stephan explained that the old man was Ivan Yankovitch, the royal goatherd, and that at the end of the alley there was a hole in the wall of the citadel through which they found access to the mountainside.

The same family of Yankovitches had been herding families of goats on that same hill for over seven hundred years. The hole had been there for a century at least. Its sides had been rubbed quite smooth by countless generations of goats. He pointed out with some amusement that within a hundred yards of the same spot it would be possible for her to have her hair coiffured in the latest Parisian mode, or to order by radio a box of flowers to be delivered in Paris or New York. He suggested that there was a great deal for her to see in Zeta and that Miss Ellis would probably be glad to show her the things women were likely to be interested in. In fact he had told Nikola to telephone the American Embassy that she might call, if so disposed, around ten o'clock.

Josephine duly arrived all of a twitter at the royal invitation.

"Our telephone has hardly stopped ringing since people learned that I'd met you at the parade yesterday afternoon," she declared. "Father says your status is going to cause frightful confusion."

"What is his opinion of what I am?"

"Well, Father, of course, being a diplomat, is highly technical. He says you're in a sort of gray zone—'like a dummy director in a corporation before the charter has been issued'—I think those were his words. He advised calling you simply 'Madame' or 'gospodja,' but being *very* respectful!"

"Of course I shall insist on that!" laughed Stephanie. "I shall probably make you curtsy whenever you go by!"

"I shan't object. I like curtsying! And I *love* riding up to the palace—and having the sentinels come out and present arms!"

"How would you like to be my 'Lady-in-waiting'? I'll appoint you that right now. And I promise I'll never keep you waiting a minute longer than I can help."

"How perfectly wonderful!" She wrinkled her forehead. "Probably, as

(Continued on page 56)

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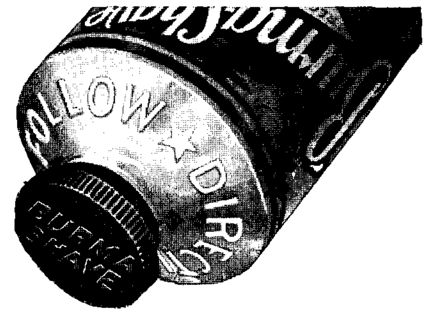
THE OVERLAND ROUTE



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REMEMBER the old fabric tires? How you used to skid around the corners? Too much slide and not enough P.A.R. (or properly adjusted resistance).

The same principle applies in shaving. Wet slippery whiskers—and you skid all over the face. Can't get at 'em. But give the shave the right P.A.R., which Burma-Shave does, and the whiskers come off easily and quickly. No skidding. No painful pull. And no after shaving lotions—because Burma-Shave itself is fine for the skin.

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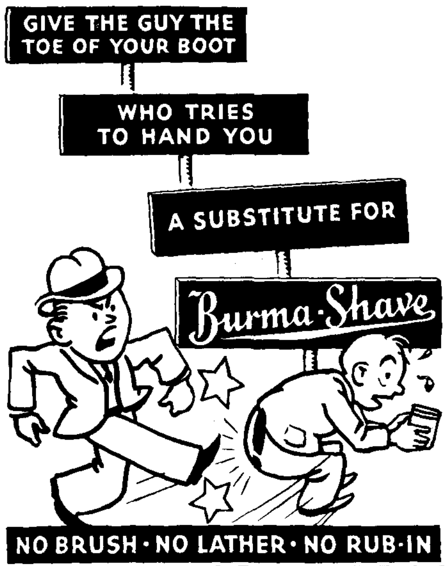
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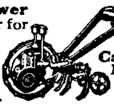

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When spaghetti shows no trace of its Italian origin, mix in some A. 1. Sauce. That's what the Romans do. And all over the world good eaters use A. 1. to season meats, fish, soups and salads at the table . . . Ask for it in hotels and restaurants.

A.1. Sauce
A WHOLESOME RELISH

(Continued from page 55)

an American diplomat's daughter, I couldn't be a lady-in-waiting to a *real* princess, but so long as you stay just an American girl like me, it will be all right. You know you seem ever so much more real to me as Helen Stevens than you do as Stephanie Stephanovitch, a member of the royal family, in spite of the fact that you're the King's granddaughter!"

"I fancy you'll get used to my being both. What do you say to a walk?"

THEY crossed the piazza and, passing beneath the postern, entered a cobbled street. Under the striped awning of a café, opposite a church with a golden onion for a dome, they ate little cakes of flour and burnt sugar with *dulceata*, a spoonful of jam taken with a glass of water—the nectar and ambrosia of the Balkans—a magic potion to transform a simple, tennis-playing American girl into a royal princess surrounded by a court of gallant knights at arms!

They were passing the cathedral steps on their way back to the palace when a young officer smoking a cigarette emerged from below the Chamber of Nobles and sauntered toward them. He was in the full-dress uniform of the staff, but, instead of the ordinary kepi, wore a gray astrakhan cap with an aigrette fastened in front by a jeweled clasp. Several orders, including a diamond star, dangled from the breast of his blue tunic. Tall and slightly built, he carried himself with a jaunty grace that showed an unmistakably good opinion of himself. His handsome, sallow, slightly dissolute face wore an insinuating smile, disclosing remarkably white teeth below a tiny but carefully pointed mustache.

"Good morning, beautiful lady!" he said, accosting Josephine in colloquial English, clicking his heels and bringing his hand to his temple in an exaggerated salute. "Where has my princess been walking without her bodyguard?"

Stephanie detected a subtle change in the girl's manner.

"Good morning, Prince Marko," she said, looking from one to the other as if she found the meeting awkward, if not malapropos. "Oh, I thought you knew each other! Permit me to introduce you— Oh, dear! Which should it be?—This is Prince Marko Stephanovitch—Miss—Madame Stephanie Stephanovitch. You're cousins, I believe."

Stephanie held out her hand and he kissed it ceremoniously. His stiff black hair grew low on his temples and far down the nape of his neck.

"I am honored! I heard that you had arrived."

He looked flirtatiously at her from under the almost continuous arch of his heavy eyebrows without attempting to conceal his admiration. In spite of his assurance she found his easy familiarity agreeable, even attractive. His unexpected appearance in that ancient square, in his dashing uniform with its touch of the Oriental, was as if in response to a rubbing of the lamp of her imagination. A Prince Ahmed had been needed as part of the picture and lo! there he was. His confidence, even his swagger, were consistent with his quasi-operatic surroundings. The stage set—"piazza of a medieval city"—could not have been more convincing. Nor could there be a finer young cock to strut in it.

"I am delighted to meet you, Prince Marko!"

"I am charmed to acquire so ravishing a cousin. Had I been aware of our relationship I should have been more loath to leave America!"

"Now that I have come to Zeta I hope we shall be friends!"

He gave her a glance of mock surprise, accompanied by a wink at Josephine.

"With your deadly rival? That is generous of you, Cousin Stephanie!"

"What is he talking about?" asked Stephanie.

Josephine, who seemed disgruntled at the tone of the conversation, said she hadn't the faintest idea.

Marko had turned and was accompanying them toward the palace.

"I was joking, of course, but the gossip that goes on in a place like this attaches extravagant importance to the most insignificant episode. When you have been here as long as Josephine, you'll understand perfectly."

"But I haven't yet. Please explain!"

"I SUPPOSE you know I'm what they call the 'heir presumptive'? Until you unexpectedly arrived—like a female little Lord Fauntleroy—if the King had died and anything happened to prevent Milan from succeeding him, I should have been next in line."

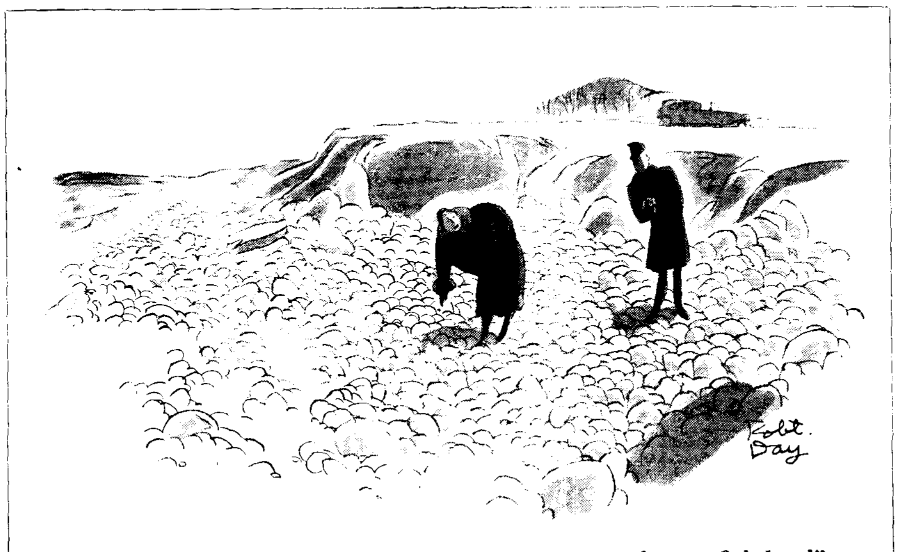
"But I don't see what I have to do with it!"

"Don't you? I'm sure Josephine does! Zeta is buzzing with it and no doubt Rome is, too. The diplomatic weather prophets have it all doped out!"

"Have what doped out?"

"What is to prevent the King, if he wants to get rid of Milan—and it's no secret that he does—recognizing you as a member of the royal family, altering the order of succession and making you heir apparent in Milan's place? He's absolute monarch of Illyria. He isn't obliged to consult the Council of Nobles about family matters. If he felt like it, he could even abdicate in your favor while he was still alive and make you queen tomorrow!"

(To be continued next week)



"Taylor, here is the rock I've had in mind for years for my fish bowl"

Robert Day

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MRS. WHITE: *The pain will soon stop now and you'll get a full night's rest.*

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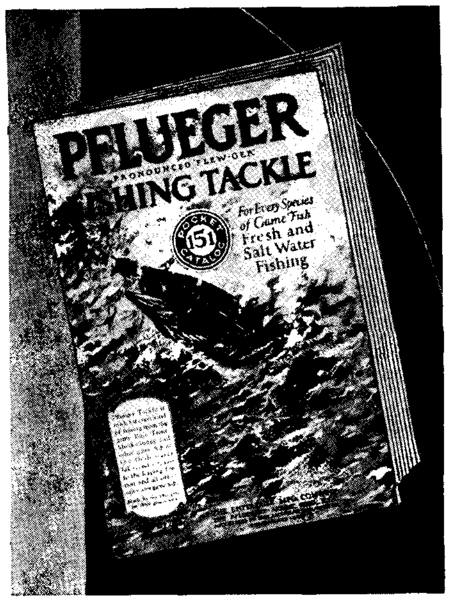

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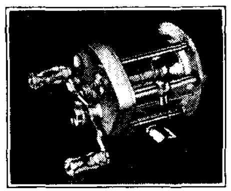

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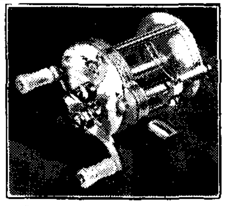

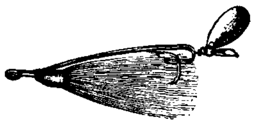

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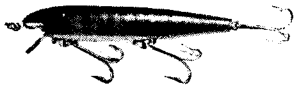

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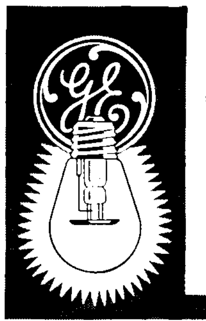

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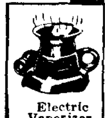


Electric Vaporizer

Over the Garden Wall

Continued from page 28

"I'm pretty good about returning calls," he said, standing on the gravel and holding his basket.

"Do come in," said Betty, "My aunt . . ."

"Yes, yes. Your aunt," said Martin. "I thought she might enjoy these few . . ." he dwindled away, as he entered Mrs. Hatchett's living-room, where her bed had been brought.

From her bed this small, anxious woman regarded him. For twenty years she had feared the worst and she had now achieved it. Her voice, however, was unimpaired.

"If it isn't Mr. Martin," she shouted. "Well, I haven't seen you in two years. How did you come to think of me now? Oh, fruit. I can't eat it. But I like to see it around." She concluded in a great burst of sound, "It looks as if somebody cared, even if nobody does."

MARTIN said three courteous words to her, listened to more violence, and vanished.

"Show me your garden," he commanded Betty.

She took him down to a small patch of phlox, not yet in bloom, and of iris, past its prime.

"Forgive me," said Martin; "how long do you expect to stay here?"

"As long as she needs me," Betty said.

"Good Lord. That may be forever."

"I'm out of work," said Betty. "Isn't it heartless? She knows that's why I've come."

Martin looked at her. "There's a maid . . ."

"I'm that one," said Betty, smiling.

When she smiled she was perfect.

"She's only twenty," Martin was thinking, "and I'm thirty-four. And I never meant to marry. I meant to do my work." Yes, yes, he told her—he loved the hardy phlox.

Now they heard Mrs. Hatchett's hardy voice, hailing Betty. As Martin fled, he said to Betty: "The garden, you know—my garden. I'm not there much. You go there whenever you wish—by the wall, or any way at all!" It was Martin who was blushing.

At his solitary dinner that night he saw Betty sitting opposite him. How had he dined for so long alone? He had imagined that he had chosen—life for him was to be work. His work was to be his romance. Yet when he settled to work that evening, she was beside him. When he abandoned work and took a book and his pipe, there she was still in the room. Good Lord, was he to adopt Mrs. Hatchett, move her over bodily, her and her voice, in order to get Betty, even if she would come? No, but he must save Betty from Mrs. Hatchett. He could pay for a nurse for Mrs. Hatchett.

He started up and went out into the garden. But how could he tell Betty now, when he had seen her only that morning, after years . . . absurd! He had known her always. Well, love at first sight was the only love. This waiting and weighing—there was nothing in it. But of course this wasn't love at first sight—he remembered well what an adorable child she had been. She was a child now. And he was thirty-four. . . .

He walked round to the side of his garden toward Mrs. Hatchett's cottage. The night was still and starry, and made for thoughts of Betty. Abruptly he heard, crashing in the stillness, the great, violent voice of Mrs. Hatchett crying:

"Help! Help! Help!"

They could have heard her in town, Martin thought, even as he ran. The only other house near by was dark. What had happened? Where was Betty? . . .

As he landed on the porch of the cottage Betty, in a blue kimono, came running down the stairs and went into Mrs. Hatchett's room. He heard her adorable tones—Betty's, not Mrs. Hatchett's—and then Mrs. Hatchett's strong sonorous words:

"I thought I was asleep on the curb, and somebody flashed a light in my face and ran away and left me all alone. . . ."

More of Betty's tones—then she emerged and closed the door. Martin backed onto the porch and she followed. "She dreams and calls out, poor dear," said Betty. "Yes, almost every night. At first it terrified me—but not now. I'm sorry it disturbed you. . . ."

Martin put his hands on her shoulders:

"Betty," he said, "you can't stand this."

She said: "Oh, yes, I can."

"But you're not going to. See here. Marry me, and live in my house and my vegetable garden . . ." he had no idea what he was saying.

"Oh, thanks very much," said Betty, "I couldn't."

"You couldn't?"

"No. No. I'm quite all right. I am, really. Don't trouble about me, Mr. Martin."

"But you do trouble me. . . ." How was he to tell her just how she troubled him? For she *would* not understand.

"You're very kind," she said faintly, "but I couldn't possibly . . ." that was all that he heard.

He bowed. "I see. I beg your pardon. I'm sorry. . . ."

He got to the gate and to his own house. He thought: "I don't get *rested* between kicking myself for being a fool. . . ."

Before daylight he was up and packed. He told Mrs. Emery that he had been called suddenly to town. As he was leaving he said, trying to be casual: "By the way, do what you can for Mrs. Hatchett and her niece. Take them things—help them out all you can. . . ."

In reply to Mrs. Emery's inquiry as to the probable length of his absence, Martin said: "It's indefinite. Probably all summer."

She gaped at him from the doorway. He thought how strong she was—that vast ketchup bottle of a woman. And over there, little Betty. . . .

HE DROVE by Mrs. Hatchett's cottage; he was even able to lift his hand to Betty, standing rather forlornly, he thought, in the patch of phlox and iris.

He had a wild fancy that her lifted hand beckoned to him, but he knew that this was impossible.

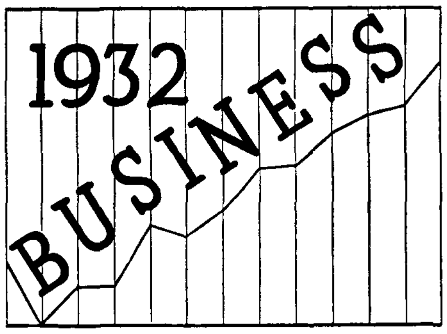
"I've been enough kinds of fool," he thought, and set his face toward town.

He stayed in town for nearly two months. Stayed through the chief glory of his garden, he knew. As the days passed he could measure them by what was blooming and bearing, and by what was gone. Now the peas were past, now the rambler roses; now the delphinium and the hollyhocks would be on—and oh, his corn and his tomatoes. . . .

Through the hot weeks he worked on in a little room at his club. His windows looked out on an apartment house—families living with no gardens. He wondered how they did it with children, babies, dogs. He wondered if they wondered how he did it with no children,

(Continued on page 58)

Voice writing
WILL BUILD



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At Battle Creek we maintain a staff of dietitians to advise you on any diet problem. *Check your particular diet problem on the coupon below* and mail to our Dietetic Department. We will send you suggestions for your individual diet, without charge.

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Dietetic Dept. The Battle Creek Food Co., Battle Creek, Mich.
I want to avail myself of your Free Diet Service. My diet problem is checked below.
☐ Constipation ☐ Acid Stomach ☐ Overweight
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PSYLLA

The Shaving Cream you would expect FROM SQUIBB

SQUIBB SHAVING CREAM
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You have a right to look for *an unusual* shaving cream from a house with Squibb's high scientific traditions—and you will not be disappointed.

In two definite ways, Squibb Shaving Cream increases the comfort of the morning shave. It contains a balm which helps the razor to glide smoothly, without rasp or pull. And a special ingredient supplies oils essential to the comfort of the skin, leaving your face soothed and supple instead of dry and smarting.

Squibb's produces a quick, full lather, whether the water is hot, cold, hard or soft.

Ask your druggist for a free sample, or send 10c for a generous guest-size tube to E. R. Squibb & Sons, Squibb Building, New York City.

SQUIBB SHAVING CREAM

(*Continued from page 57*)

babies, dogs. He went on with his writing, but his writing was not good—it was hollow, brittle, empty—what was it? How had he ever expected to write, having nothing in his life but writing?

Daily he marveled at the hold that Betty had upon him. There she was, settled in his imagination, companioning everything that he did. It was not as though he had wanted anybody to companion all that he did. Merely, she had arrived and she meant to stay—or somebody meant that she should stay. Martin himself seemed to have very little to do about it. There Betty was, and his thought was patterned about her.

LATE in August he decided to go abroad. He wrote of his intention to Mrs. Emery, and two days before his sailing he received a letter from her. She hoped that he would have an enjoyable visit, she was sure, and hoped he would not get sick or drowned. And she hoped that he would be careful about driving strange automobiles. . . .

"Why, good old Emery," Martin thought. "I believe she does like me a little. . . ."

There were, her letter concluded, a few things coming up about which she would not trouble him. He had left everything to her, and she would decide everything and he needn't worry.

It did not occur to Martin to wonder what she meant by that, but her letter made him homesick. He had still two days before his sailing. He would run down and have a look at his garden. He would arrive after dark and leave fairly early the next morning. He drove down that afternoon, unannounced.

As he reached the country that he knew so well, in the vicinity of the cottage, the moon came up over the dim meadows, huge and gold. How beautiful it was. What could any man want more than this—to live in such country, to have a garden, and to write all his days? Well—he might want more than these, but he must have these things too. The nostalgia which may seize on one at the moment of a journey—a journey alone—seized upon Martin.

He had not stopped on the way down for food. Mrs. Emery would give him something. Or if she wasn't there, he'd like rummaging in a refrigerator once more.

He went round to the garden—there was light enough to see what was in bloom. He poked among snapdragons and the stock, felt of the heavy heads of the hydrangeas, breathed the odor of the petunias. Then he went through the gate into the vegetable garden. How tall his corn was—and what tomatoes! He loved the smell of tomato vines. He sat down in his garden.

The moonlight was falling through the fruit branches; his apples were reddening. The moonlight was touching the tassels of the corn. How still and gentle it all was. Life must be still and gentle like this, but all that he knew of this he had had from his garden. There must be so much else, and he had missed it. Was a man's work worth that? Was *anything worth that?*

A brightness in his house drew his eyes. The little kitchen windowpanes had sprung alight. Very trim and white they looked, with their muslin curtains drawn and the outline of a potted plant on the sill. Home. His home. All the home that he had. All the home that he ever would have.

Well—and suppose that it were a real home. Not one over which Mrs. Emery presided, but somebody else. He put aside the image of Mrs. Emery moving about in there, that vast ketchup bottle; and in her place he pictured someone else, say Betty Palliser. Suppose the maid was out and they two were getting dinner. Suppose he had come out to gather something in their garden—not peas, as a rebuke to Mrs. Emery, but, say, tomatoes. . . .

He stooped and fumbled about among the vines, pulled off the ripe fruit, and with his hands filled, went toward the house. "I might have them for my own supper," he thought, trying to come out of his game.

He opened the door. The kitchen was warm and bright. Something savory steamed on the stove; the table was laid in the breakfast nook and bore a jar of snapdragons. He had never known Mrs. Emery to do that. . . .

Betty Palliser came out of the pantry. He stood staring at her. And all that he could find it possible for a man to say was, "I've brought the tomatoes."

Betty's mind was not on tomatoes. Her face was blazing, and she cried:

"I'm always doing this! First, the garden—and now the house. Oh, I do think Mrs. Emery— She said you were going to Europe."

"I am," said Martin, "that is, I was. I mean, I'll go now. . . ."

But there she was, of whom he had thought and of whom he had longed for news. He laid the tomatoes on the table, and said with a kind of roughness: "You tell me how things are with you . . . how they've been going."

"Very well, thanks," she said. "Mrs. Emery has been kind. She's come so much—to help with my aunt. . . ."

"The work's been killing you," he said. "You're thin—you're tired. . . ."

She shook her head. "I'm quite all right. But Mrs. Emery has made me come over here to rest—to get away—and lately she's had me stay all day while she takes my place. She's been an angel . . ."

His ketchup bottle an angel!

". . . that's how I'm here. But oh, if I'd known that you hadn't gone . . ."

"I'm glad Mrs. Emery had the wit to think of something," said Martin. "I couldn't. All I could think of was to ask you to marry me. And that wouldn't do."

"Did you suppose," said Betty, and stopped and went on again, "did you really suppose that I would be saved—and married—out of pity?"

Martin stared. "Pity!" he shouted. "I didn't pity you! Well, of course I did, but I *mean* I . . ."

"You were very good," she said. "Don't think I don't appreciate that. I'll go now. I'll send Mrs. Emery."

HE STOOD squarely in her path and kept on shouting at her. Afterward it seemed to him that his voice must have had the vigor of Mrs. Hatchett's own.

"You're thinking of nobody but yourself!" he cried out. "Think about me! I love you!"

At that she looked up at him.

"You didn't mention that, you know," she said.

"Mention it? But, good Lord, I lived it. I was it. I am it!"

"How was I to know?" she asked.

He couldn't stop to think of that.

"Well, you know it now," he said, still shouting. "I'm mad about you. I love you. . . ." He rushed toward her, took her in his arms. "Now can you understand? Oh—but you couldn't love me. . . ."

"Why," said Betty Palliser, "anybody would love you."

"You mean you? You mean you?"

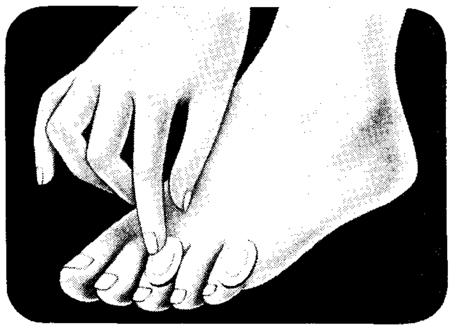
"If that's what you mean," said Betty.

An hour afterward, when Mrs. Emery looked in, there they sat, in the breakfast nook, still trying to dine.

"I thought," said Mrs. Emery severely, "you said you'd leave everything to me."

"We do," said Martin absently, "we do."

CORNS



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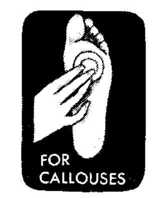

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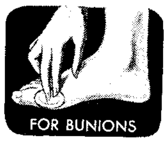

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FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

Local Boy Closes Gap

Continued from page 13

as he was. What happened after these retailers began to get together is too fast, too big and too full a story to tell here in detail.

"Let's buy together, in a bunch!" Coöperative buying by grocerymen had long existed in a few spots in the country, but the general idea seems to have struck large groups of retail grocers in various parts of the country somewhere along in 1926; only a half-dozen years ago.

They did buy together! And (to help cut an amazingly big story short) how! They went at coöperative buying on a big scale.

Getting Into Uniform

Groups of them in several parts of the country got together, pooled their orders and bought supplies in quantities only from the wholesalers who would give them the best prices. The other wholesalers could go hang. "Grocery coöperatives;" that's what such groups called themselves. The truth was that competition between wholesalers had become so keen that they were all enjoying a more or less profitless prosperity in trying to meet Mr. Jones' demands.

Lower prices to Bill Jones? Who ever heard of such a thing? But now it was a dozen Bill Joneses—twenty, fifty, hundreds of them—who were talking.

Right at this point let me say that there have been many definite leaders, including both individual men of wide vision and understanding and large organizations that might and should be named, except for lack of space, in telling of the varying rapid and gigantic changes in this surprising voluntary-chain-store movement. Everybody involved in this great change—retailer, wholesaler and food manufacturer—has been cutting trails through our economic jungle.

What next? Bill Jones and his allies had decided they were going to cut down expenses at the wholesalers' end. They had gone in for cheaper buying and they were going to have it.

Wherefore, some of these coöperatives established their own wholesale storage plant in some centrally located building in the city, county or district.

Result? Again an amazing change: This time, in most parts of the country, it was the wholesale groceryman's next move. He was closer to the manufacturers of foods. He understood the value of the manufacturers' national advertising. More often than not the wholesaler was a more experienced business man than the retailer. He began to suggest to retailers that they club together and buy from him. He would in return help them to sell to the public, by advertising and by better business methods.

And that's how we come to tomorrow's dictionary definition of that new thing in America, the voluntary grocery or food chain. It will probably be this: "A voluntary chain is a group of independent retailers, acting either coöperatively or with a wholesale grocer."

Buying out the wholesalers or joining a group directed by a wholesaler was a big move for Jones and his allies.

Grocers to whose states this movement spread and who were able to join it found their store profits increasing. They began to adopt uniform store fronts and even uniform shelving and fittings. They didn't hide the fact that each man owned his store, but they didn't emphasize it, either.

Pretty soon it became evident to Jones that, if you were going to *look* like a chain store, you'd have to *act* like one. Buying together had been a step forward; the next thing to do was to *sell* together. It was at this point that the wholesaler rendered special service to the retailers in his group.

Just as soon as the coöps struck that idea of selling together as well as buying together things began to move with extreme rapidity; some of the fastest growing businesses in the United States —growing in poor times as well as in good—are in this field of the voluntary food-store chains.

Bill Jones and his crowd hadn't needed much help in *buying* together; but the job of *selling* together was a far more difficult one. They needed outside help to get started.

Two friends came rather unexpectedly but most naturally to their aid.

Friend Number One was the advertising man. It was out in the Middle West, incidentally, that the advertising man did his first and biggest job in giving a lift to the voluntary-chain movement.

The advertising man went to a group of Bill Joneses who had been buying together and suggested that they select certain articles to be sold on a certain day, just as the regular chain stores do, fix a price that would be charged in every store and take space in the newspapers to advertise locally a sale of nationally advertised products that everyone would recognize. They did. And at last Bill Jones, with his bargains, realized the dream of his life—he was advertising his bargains in his home-town newspaper. He'd have had to pay perhaps fifty cents a line, advertising alone; it cost two thirds less to advertise in large space and he was called on to pay only a very small share of the bill.

Voluntary chain-store grocerymen in the United States will tell you that it was this joint advertising, especially of goods that had already been made famous by and had stood the test of national advertising, that first put them down on a real, sound, competitive basis with chain stores.

Wholesale Warfare

Friend Number Two—well, he bobbed up most unexpectedly. Who was he? Well, no less a person than the wholesale grocer himself, the fellow Bill Jones had been fighting.

The wholesaler, as he began to gather together groups of grocers, promised them concessions in price, service, advertising, etc., if they would agree to purchase certain fixed amounts of goods from him at certain fixed intervals and at certain prices. He promised to help the retailer sell goods.

One tremendously successful and powerful group of voluntary-chain food stores has grown up in the Middle West out of this idea. The wholesalers who have formed groups add themselves to a great group of wholesalers who have done likewise. You can call them "voluntary-chain wholesalers." Retail grocerymen in such groups, in order technically to qualify as voluntary-chain members, have uniform store fronts, plan to have uniform displays of goods and of store fittings, and to sell vast quantities of goods in extensively advertised sales arranged by committees of grocers weeks in advance.

It is true that, at the beginning of

(Continued on page 60)

MONEY SAVING
-EASY TO USE

Mends cracks and holes in plaster and concrete

Famous Ready-mixed Patchers make repairing so simple you can do it yourself.

Anyone, even without experience or special skill, can make permanent and thoroughly satisfactory repairs in plaster or concrete, without the expense of hiring outside help. If the cracks or holes to be mended are in plaster walls or ceilings, use Rutland Patching Plaster. If they are in portland cement or concrete walls, walks, driveways, cellar floors, etc., use Rutland Concrete Patcher. Each comes in a handy package and each contains correct ingredients ready-mixed. Just add a little water and apply. Get these products at your paint, wall-paper or hardware store and use them today.

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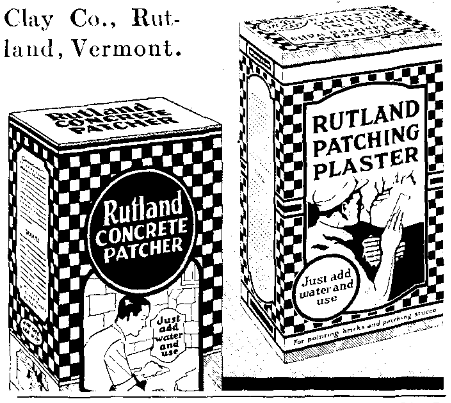
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Just add water and use
For pointing bricks and patching stucco

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A CANOE brings all the beauty of miles of water right to the dock of your camp. There's fishing on the stretch of a lazy lake. There's exploring . . . day-time excursions to secluded spots . . . overnight trips. It's no back-breaking work to go places in an Old Town Canoe. The easy stroke of a paddle takes you there and back — smoothly, quickly, and enjoyably.

Old Town canoeing is *not* an expensive luxury. There are 1932 models lowered to $63. And Old Towns give years and years of hard use without any expensive up-keep cost. Write for a free catalog showing paddling, sailing, and square-stern types. Also outboard boats, including big, fast, seaworthy, all-wood boats for family use. Rowboats and dinghies. Write today! Old Town Canoe Co., 345 Middle St., Old Town, Maine.

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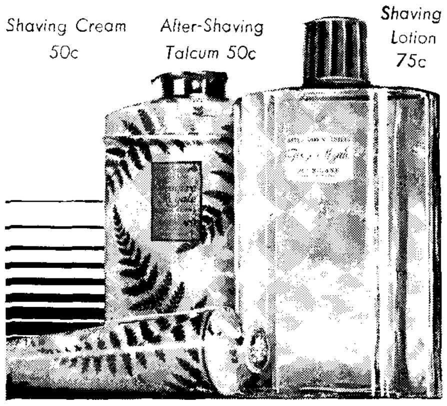
Hungry skin is starved by a sluggish circulation. It shaves hard—is tender—subject to inflammation.

Hungry skin needs a stimulant that speeds the circulation, influencing nutrition. Skin treated daily with Fougère Royale After-Shaving Lotion becomes supple, firm, easy to shave. It looks well-groomed.

First use Fougère Royale Shaving Cream. Then, a few drops of the After-Shaving Lotion from the new sure-grip bottle with its free-sprinkling vent and anti cross-thread cap. And last, the special tinted Talc. All three are essential to a cool, comfortable shave.



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After-Shaving Lotion
HOUBIGANT
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ACHING MUSCLES!

CAN YOU AFFORD TO LET THEM LAY YOU OFF?

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rub in relief

MANY a day at work has been lost by people who permit themselves to suffer with muscular aches and pains. And, in times like these, who can afford to miss a single day?

Don't let aching muscles lay you up; it's so easy to get relief. At the first sign of soreness, take Absorbine Jr. and rub, massage it on the paining parts. Almost instantly, you will notice a glowing warmth of increased circulation—a peaceful relaxation of tired, cramped muscles—a wonderful easing of pain.

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(*Continued from page 59*)

the wholesaler-controlled chain movement, retail dealers sometimes felt that a good deal of "hooey" was involved. The retailer was asked to pledge himself to buy certain articles from one wholesaler, to yield his window space to the wholesaler's window dressers and more or less put himself into the hands of the wholesaler. Salesmen still came around, but they were called "supervisors."

But before the year 1929 had dawned many wholesalers, including manufacturers who were also wholesalers, began, in dead earnest, to try to work *with* the retailers in the group. As confidence grew between the retailer and the real, on-the-square wholesaler, relations became sounder. The retailer yielded more to the advice of wholesalers who proved themselves able and worthy.

Keeping Up With the Joneses

The wholesaler, forced to greater efficiency and a refinement of costs, was able, without increased total charges to himself, to aid the retailer in advertising, in bookkeeping and accounting, in budgeting and in studying the groceryman's community and its food needs. More than this, he often drew for aid and advice upon the manufacturer of foods as well, until today the manufacturer is as much concerned as anyone else in the trade in the welfare of the voluntary chains.

Before long the salesmen-supervisors of the wholesalers became real supervisors; the bunk was squeezed out of the "supervisor" relationship and a supervisor could get into more trouble at his home office by selling too much to a member of the wholesaler's chain group than he could by not selling at all.

So there we have these two large though only six-year-old business twins in the food-store business; the retailer-owned wholesaler and the wholesaler-sponsored group of retailers. There are 294 of the former chains, according to the special study of the American Institute of Food Distribution, in the United States, and 338 of the latter.

Look underneath the surface of things in one of these stores and you can see, with your own layman's eyes, something of the great change that has taken place.

Mr. Jones used to be a sort of lone wolf. Way behind the scenes, somewhere, was a food manufacturer who sold food to brokers and to wholesalers and who didn't worry much about Mr. Jones' welfare.

Also way behind the scenes as far as the customer in Mr. Jones' store was concerned was the food broker or the wholesaler. They sold goods to Mr. Jones. They sold him as much as they could persuade him to buy. And that ended their duty toward him. If he didn't know how to run a grocery, if he bought too much or ordered goods unwisely, that was just too bad for *him!* Often enough the groceryman wasn't any too smart as a business man. The real experts of the day, in food distribution, were among the manufacturers, the brokers and the wholesalers. Poor Mr. Jones had to go it alone.

But see him today. He isn't *alone* in his store, as in the old days. If he is in a voluntary chain there are three elements in his store working to help him:

One of these elements is himself.

A *second* is the wholesaler.

A *third* is the food manufacturer.

As for seeing Mr. Jones—why, there he is in person. As for seeing the influence of the wholesaler, there are Mr. Jones' shelves. None of them is too big. None of them has too much goods on it. They are smaller shelves so that they may be quickly emptied for a new supply of *fresh* goods. If you could look at Mr. Jones' bookkeeping records you would see signs of the wholesaler's inside help; you would find scientific records scientifically kept.

You would see the wholesalers' or brokers' influence in lower prices paid by Mr. Jones now that he buys coöperatively, in quantity. Window displays, arranged by the manufacturer, special sales, a service of sales ideas, a hand with advertising, advice as to methods of sale and many other items visible and invisible would show you the interest of the great manufacturer himself in Mr. Jones' food store.

One good already growing out of the lull in business is the discovery by all three elements in the food business—manufacturer, distributor and retailer—how to work side by side, each mutually assisting the others, in Mr. Jones' grocery store.

Only two years ago the regular chains were about equal in number with the voluntaries. Since then the voluntaries have added over 16,000 to their list. And they are multiplying rapidly. Their next step is to increase in efficiency by refinements in merchandising. They have not as yet matched those of the chain stores that are the most highly efficient but many of them have caught up with the less scientific chain systems.

Something's happening in the grocery and food business. It's this:

Grocer Jones is learning the mass grocery business. The chains urged him on. They didn't crush him; they unwittingly forced him to learn teamwork in business, instead of playing the lone wolf. That means just as much profit for him as before, if not more. He gains in power and security.

And it means sure-fire lower grocery prices for Mrs. America.

How low? Well, it's time that more of us began to understand that there is such a thing in prices as those that are too low. The voluntaries are gaining on the chains by cutting out waste movement of goods, waste effort, waste motion and clinging only to real profits. Cutting profits, also, in desperate competition is dangerous.

"We voluntaries hope to strike the safe minimum in economic distribution," one wise man in the trade declared to me. "We won't go beyond that.

Perilous Prices

"The high cost of low prices will hurt us some day. Prices too low mean lower prices for producers; and that means lower wages, lower everything. Ever hear the story about the farm woman and her eggs? In one town the fight between the storekeepers was very hot. A farm woman brought her eggs to town and sold them to one grocer for fourteen cents a dozen. She took the money and went shopping at another store. There she saw a bargain in eggs—twelve cents a dozen. She bought some to take back to the farm for the family.

"Next week she went to town with her own eggs and went back to the first store to sell them.

" 'I want fourteen cents a dozen for them,' she said.

" 'I can give you only eleven cents this week,' said the grocer. 'We have to sell 'em for twelve cents to meet the other fellow's prices.' "

Mrs. Farmer had helped to bring on her own hard times in eggs.

Falling prices hurt her; beyond the safe minimum point, falling prices hurt everybody. Down in that range, rising prices are what we need most. Down there, when they appear, they may safely be looked upon as a sign of coming good times.

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Hunting egrets for their plumage is a profitable but prohibited occupation in this country today. The plumes are still in demand by Asiatic rulers who simply must have them in their headdresses.

The first and only exclusively Jewish city in the world is Tel Aviv, Palestine. It is a clean, modern place near Jaffa and all of its 40,000 inhabitants are Jews.

Japan has a number of companies which furnish fireflies for social functions. It seems that no Japanese party is complete unless fireflies light up the garden.

One of the silliest superstitions still existing in civilized countries today — the practice of sending chain letters—is now receiving a setback by the world's 3,000,000 Boy Scouts who have been asked to help kill it.

In the harems of the Far East, a new wife is first presented to the Master of Fragrance. He carefully analyzes her personality and then prepares a scent for her which he thinks will not only express her qualities but forever distinguish her from all other women.

More persons disappear in Paris than in any other city in the world. During 1931, a weekly average of 520 were reported missing, having taken "French leave" due to debts, disgrace or unknown causes.

The United States government today has no law which requires the manufacturer of a proprietary drug or medicine to divulge the *entire* formula of his product to anyone — purchaser, physician or the government itself.

The Louvre in Paris, which houses one of the world's richest art collections, is—exclusive of its contents—the most valuable building in existence today. It is worth $1,950,000,000.

Professional mendicancy is the world's greatest racket. Throughout Europe and Asia today, there are at least 10,000,000 skilled beggars who never have done or never will do a day's work. Some countries even encourage them because "they help to draw out the virtue of generosity."

The high tax on liquor in Great Britain has choked warehouses with a 20 years' supply of whisky, closed several distilleries and brought about, in Scotland, the widespread use of the deadly "red biddy"—cheap foreign wine and industrial alcohol—which is resulting in much insanity.

From its humble beginning in dilapidated street cars a few years ago, the lunch-car business has grown to be so extensive and profitable that today it is able to pay as much as $20,000 for its de luxe "dog wagons."

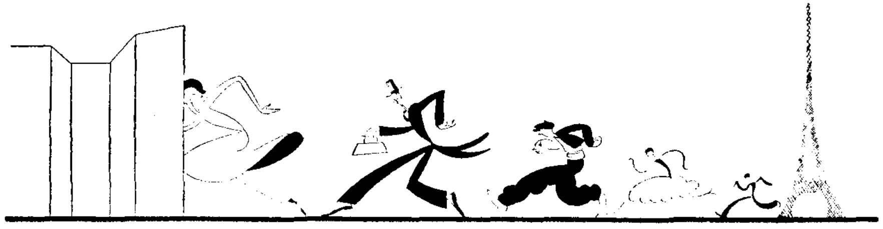
Kosher (meaning clean) meat still costs orthodox Jews from 25 to 50 per cent more than the meat that is sold to Gentiles.

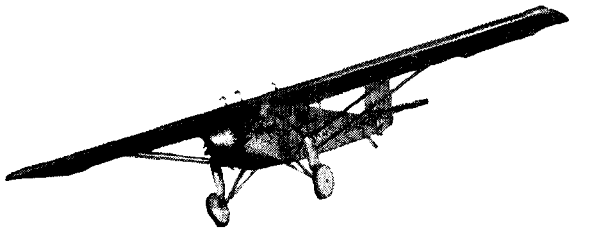
One of the world's most curious sects is the "Coklers" of Sussex, England. For 100 years they have denied themselves every luxury, sport and amusement, and read nothing but the Scriptures. A marriage or birth is not welcome, but death is a blessing—for it means "going to the higher life."

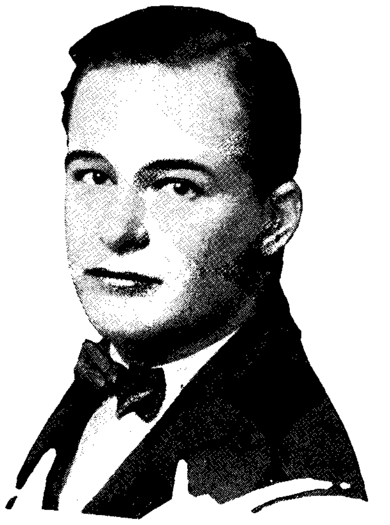
After centuries, laws now enforced in many countries have stopped the fiendish practice of blinding birds — such as quail — so as to make them efficient decoys for hunters. Paradoxically, a blind song bird sings constantly.

In Cairo, Egypt, the dead virtually hold phantom receptions. The cemeteries are full of palatial tomb - houses, some with finely furnished rooms and palm-studded courts, where the surviving relatives spend several days at a time in spiritual communion with their silent hosts.

Collier's will pay $1 each for unusual facts accepted for this column. Give precise source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.







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In the great aviation industry today, there are some names which are outstandingly important.

One of these is Guy Warner Vaughan, president of the Wright Aeronautical Corporation, manufacturers of the famous Wright aviation engine . . . the motor which carried Lindbergh across the Atlantic and Byrd across icy wastes to the South Pole!

Mr. Vaughan's career, in which an International Correspondence Schools course has played a vital part, is as dramatic as the development of the industry itself. While employed at his first job, he took the I. C. S. Engineering Course and studied it thoroughly.

Later he became vice-president and chief engineer of the Standard Automobile Company. While here, he won an international reputation as a driver and established a number of world speed and endurance records which stood for years. In 1912, Mr. Vaughan became consulting engineer for both Babcock Electric Works and Olds Motor Works; then an experimental engineer with B. F. Stearns Company, and when the World War came he joined the Wright-Martin Aircraft Corporation. Following the war, he was general manager of the Van Blerck Motor Company, after which he was president and general manager of Standard Steel and Bearings, Inc. Seven years ago he became associated with the Wright Company—today he is its president.

Speaking of his I. C. S. course, Mr. Vaughan says: "Without that course I would have done more playing than was good for me and I would not, today, be able to absorb the results of others' research in the engineering field. I recommend this course to ambitious young men who are interested in engineering."

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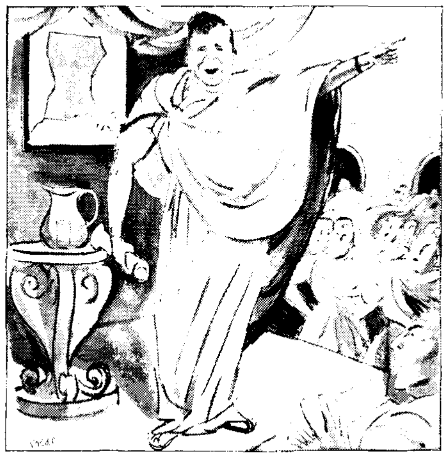


Long Lad

IN SPITE of his nose-diving start as a senator of the United States, we refuse to believe that the Honorable Huey P. Long will suffer the fate of Uncle Nedron's mule who, its owner explained to a wondering populace, was really quite intelligent but never had a chance to learn anything on account of the flies. No man with Senator Long's drive, ambition, pertinacity and swiftness to grasp the main chance is to be denied. And yet his path to a statesman's niche and honors is apt to be tortuous while Dr. Paul N. Cyr survives. Doctor Cyr, as you doubtless know, is Louisiana's self-deposed lieutenant-governor. Also he is a dentist, but not, he probably regrets, Senator Long's.

Recently, when the country, including quite a little of Louisiana, had given up hope that Mr. Long would relinquish the governorship of that great state and assume his new honors, he set forth for Washington to insert himself into a senator's toga and, in general, the larger scene. With becoming, if unwonted, humility, Senator Long paused in Atlanta to admit that in Washington he fully expected to learn something new.

Alas, Mr. Long had scarcely been sworn in before he delivered what is politically but erroneously known as a maiden speech wherein he told the public what he thought of the Hoover administration. Still out of breath, he swung aboard the next train for home.

All of which would leave us at a loss to explain Senator Long if, by unhappy chance, we were obliged to. Perhaps we should do best to accept the explanation implied by a reporter who, having listened patiently to a speech by the senator on the station platform, asked but one question.

"Senator," he drawled, "what does that initial P stand for in your name? Penrod?"

Professionalism

"WE KNOW for a fact," said Japanese Foreign Minister Yoshizawa, "that there is no small number of individual Chinese who actually make a profession of agitating against Japan."

If the Chinese hadn't lost their amateur standing there might not have been any trouble at all.

Our Stake in China

WHY are we Americans so peculiarly concerned over what Japan has been doing in China?

More than any other government our representatives have expressed concern over the repeated Japanese expeditions. Although we are aloof from the League of Nations, we have been as active as the League itself in attempting to halt the Japanese advance.

Three facts are important if the behavior of the Japanese is to be understood.

First and foremost, Chinese provocation, though unintended, was very great. The Chinese Imperial government broke down twenty-one years ago. Since the Manchu dynasty fell, no government strong enough to rule all China has been established. The consequence has been a bandit rule. It has been difficult at times to distinguish bandits from revolutionary soldiers. The bandit forces have been estimated as high as 2,500,000. This anarchy, punctuated with banditry, has been very irritating.

Second, the Japanese army and navy are not controlled by the Cabinet or Parliament. Japan has two separate governments, the Military Council and Parliament. Both are responsible to the Emperor. When, accordingly, the army decided to invade Manchuria, the Japanese Cabinet could not forbid the expedition. Japanese diplomacy could only seek to explain and justify what it could not stop.

Finally, the Japanese Military Council, controlled by men who learned what they know in the Bismarck school of a past generation, decided to do in 1931 what European powers had done in 1901 and earlier. European powers had seized parts of China in other years. Why should not Japanese power be used to further Japanese interests?

Of course there is opposition in Japan to the policy adopted by the war lords. But the opposition is impotent, as feeble as was American opposition to the war against Spain.

We have a national policy toward China. It dates back at least to John Hay, who was President McKinley's Secretary of State.

Secretary Hay used the words "Open Door" to define our attitude. We want no Chinese territory but we want the right to trade with China on equal terms with others.

Our business relationship does not, however, explain the activity of our government. Our unspoken fear is that Japanese aggression in China will lead to another major war from which we could not extricate ourselves.

Japan cannot expect to prosper in this complicated modern world by affronting world opinion. It is not necessary to threaten war to express disapproval of the course followed by the Japanese army. It is possible and proper, however, definitely to disapprove of these treaty infractions and to continue to withhold approval of the conquests.

The powers in the League of Nations could, for example, declare an economic boycott upon any country which seemed to be menacing the peace of the world. We could, if we chose, join in such a boycott.

Events won't, however, come to such a pass unless the army is able completely to ignore Japanese civil authority. Business Japan wants no boycott.

Neither does the Japanese war office. The Manchurian expedition is an expensive affair. Military adventures lead to higher taxes. Japan will have to seek loans abroad.

We may be very sure that before French, British or American bankers provide any money for loans to Japan, the Japanese government will have demonstrated its capacity to prevent its army from infringing treaties which it has signed or of jeopardizing world peace.

There go the Ships

THE next time a man points to an airplane and confides that you couldn't get him "up in one of those darn' things for a million dollars"—keep your million dollars in your pocket, but take a closer look at the man. Chances are great that you will find him to be past forty years of age. Airplane operators will tell you that most of the passengers in airplanes are men and women of the junior executive type. Elderly passengers, generally speaking, constitute what the air folks call "emergency flyers"—they've got to go some place in a hurry because of family illness or other trouble, and are not in the ship because they like to fly. The air-line officials are philosophical about it. They estimate that there are enough people under forty—the age beyond which wings don't grow well—to fill all the seats they can put into the air, either now or in the near future.

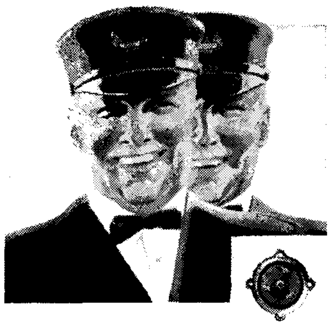
Close Strangers

OUR faith in radio as a force which links the separated and explains the unfamiliar remains unshaken. Even the struggles of an Oklahoma editor to understand an election broadcast from Louisiana we report here believing that it reflects the writer's awed wonder, not scorn:

"One night it was a 'leading citizen' pleading in monotonous though musical phrases for the election of a 'real suthun gen'emun' as governor. The next night it sounded like an excited French premier addressing a mad Chamber of Deputies in a French-Spanish patois, but it was only a native of one of the swamp parishes appealing to his neighbors to support for governor one of the candidates with French names. Another night when it sounded like either Amos or Andy impersonating the late Jeff Davis of Arkansas, it was a member of the lower house of the Louisiana legislature telling New Orleans voters they should support a certain ticket in order that the next state administration might 'make Loozieainnah duh biggess poat and duh bess poat in dese New-nited States.'"

It may be that residents of Louisiana have as difficult a time with the Oklahoma twang. At any rate, as you can see, the leavening agent is at work.

Westinghouse . . .



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A Westinghouse Refrigerator offers you *extra* economy . . . the economy of better food preservation PLUS the economy of completely-automatic, completely trouble-free performance. For only the Westinghouse is *Dual-automatic* . . . *doubly* safeguarded, *doubly* dependable, *doubly* capable of meeting all operating conditions. The superior features of a Westinghouse . . . its astonishing convenience and beauty . . . are PLUS values that will be yours *over and above* the actual money economy it provides. And the saving goes on year after year.

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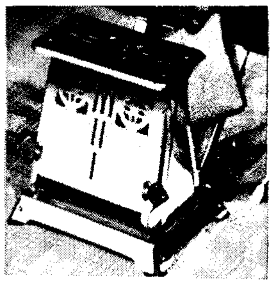

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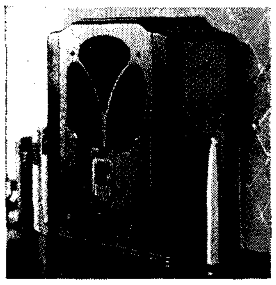

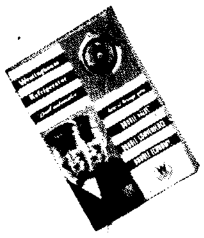

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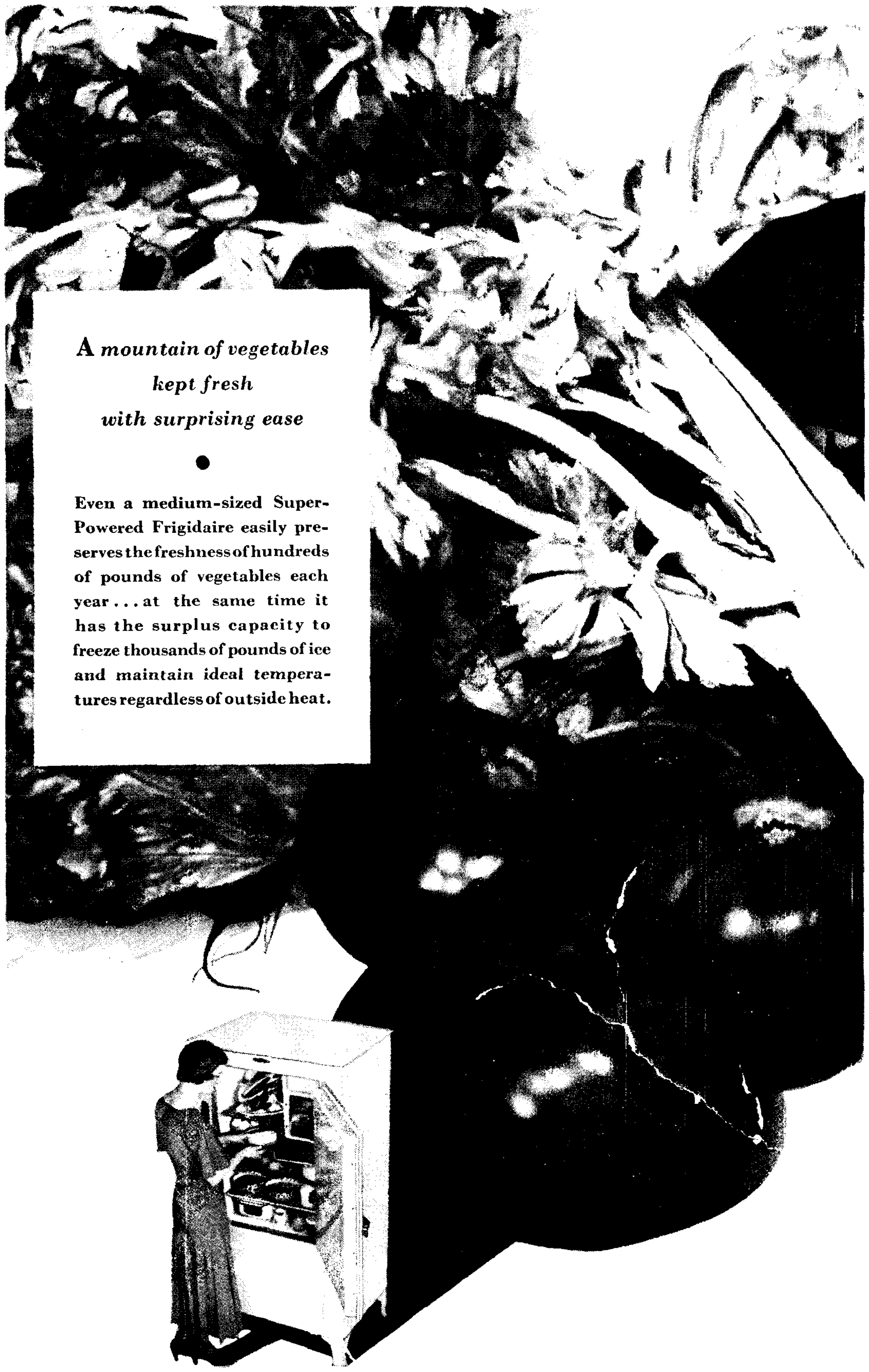

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